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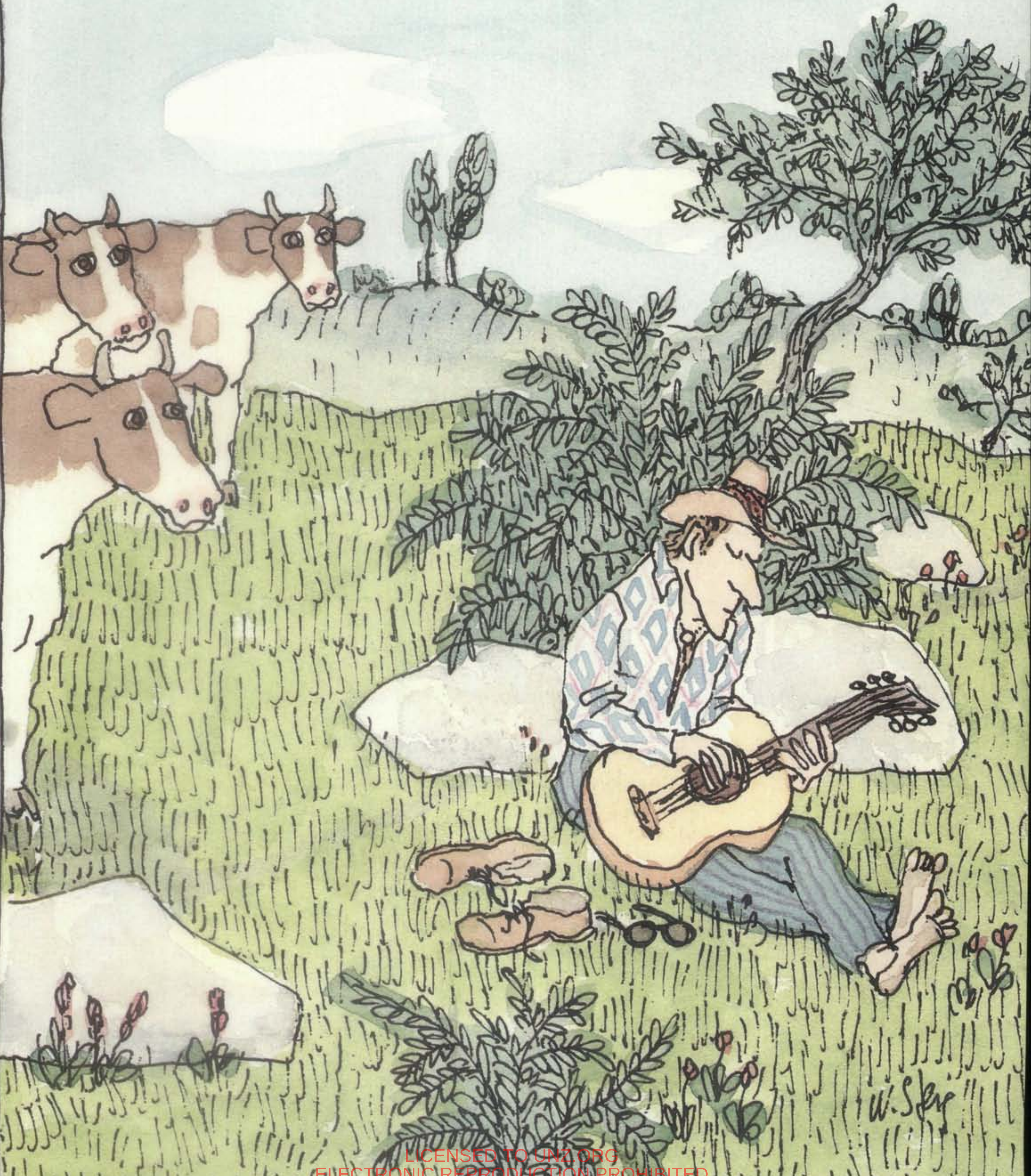

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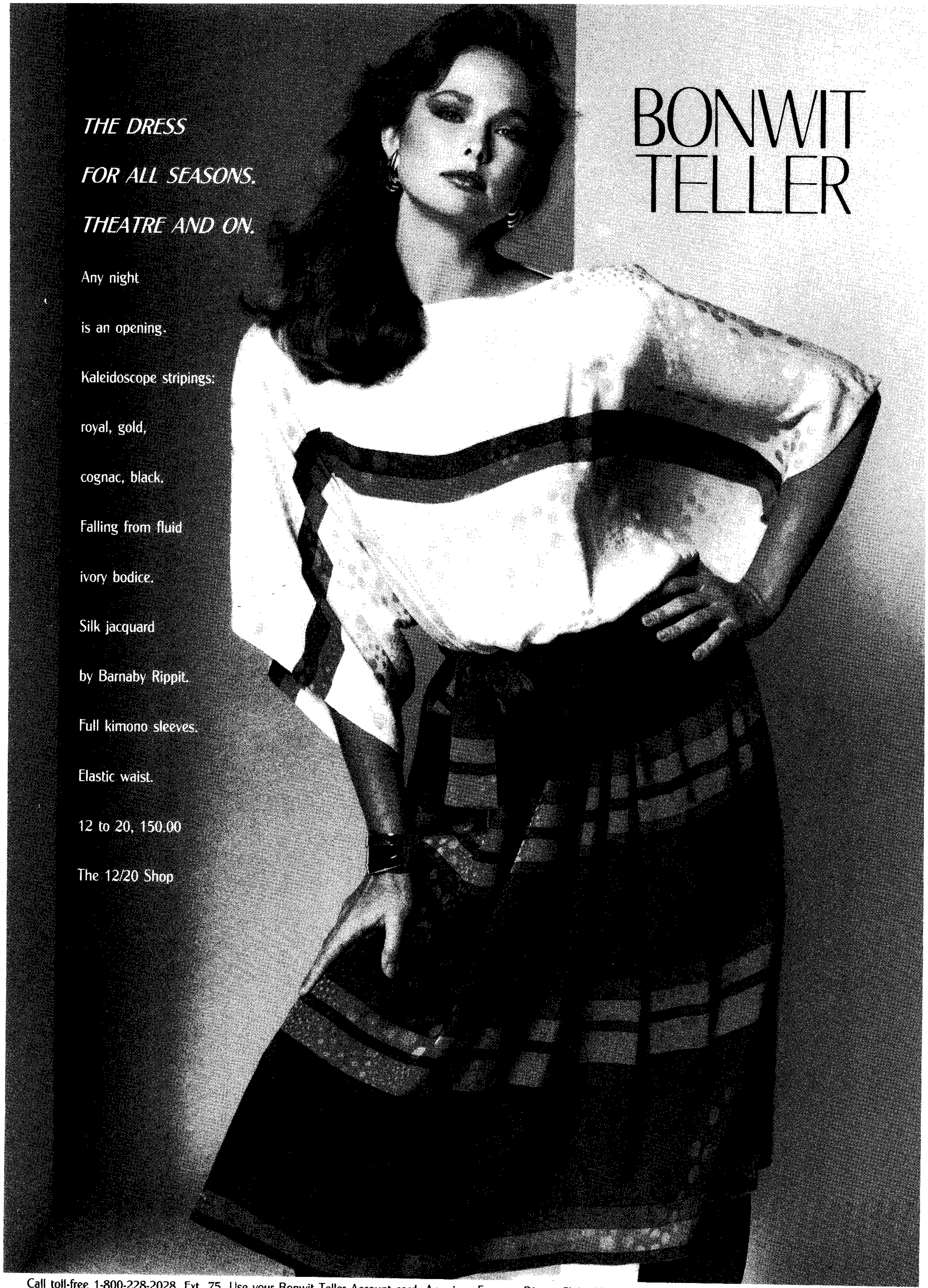

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Mia Dillon. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played in by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Jill Clayburgh, Raul Julia, and Frank Converse. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 14, Anne Swift will replace Miss Clayburgh. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Marge Kotlisky, Alan Rosenberg, Nicholas Hormann, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

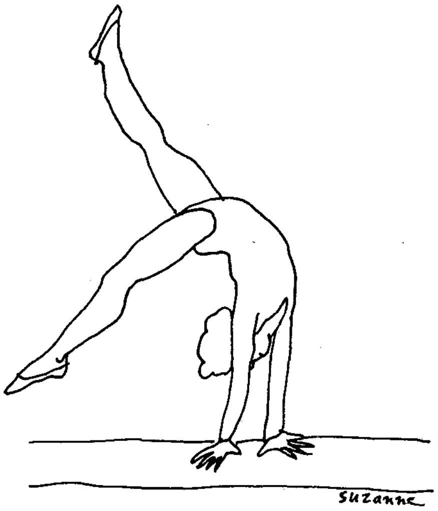
Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Mandy Patinkin is Seurat to the life and Bernadette Peters is lovable as Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork Boogie—A revised version of a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are George Hearn and Jamie Ross. Starting Monday, Aug. 13, Keith Michell will replace Mr. Ross. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,104 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Nureyev and Friends—Presenting a program that includes "Songs of a Wayfarer," "Apollo," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, Aug. 16, through Sunday, Aug. 26. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hyun Ja Kim Dance Company—In a program of traditional Korean dances. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 9-10, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** is in charge of the piano, singing songs by Coward, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) through Sunday, Aug. 12. Music in the Oak Room Wednesday through Saturday from nine to one, and in the Rose Room Sunday from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. **DAKOTA STATON,** a rhythmic, bluesy singer, performs with her trio through Saturday, Aug. 11; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will arive with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Aug. 8, the David Roche band and Mark Newman & the Body Electric; Thursday, Aug. 9, Tom Intondi, Lucy Kaplanski, and Martha P. Hogan; Friday, Aug. 10, the Whirling Dervishes, Viva la Rue, and Louie & the Obscure Music; Saturday, Aug. 11, King Crabs, with Mercedes Hall, Broken Promises, Rob Kramer, and the Shane Gang; Tuesday, Aug. 14, comedienne Nancy Parker; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, singer Dean Friedman. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**JEAN CARNE** sings here with her backing crew through Sunday, Aug. 12; on Monday, Aug. 13, the Patricia Laing quintet and Speak of the Sun will be present; and on Tuesday, Aug. 14, bebopist alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quintet, and **DON SEBESKY** will haul in his **ALL-STAR ORCHESTRA.** Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Thursday, Aug. 9, **AL KOOPER** and the Lenny Kaye Connection; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, comedians the Unknown Comic and Chris Rush; Thursday, Aug. 16, soul singer and saxophonist **JUNIOR WALKER** & his '84 edition of the All-Stars and pop singer Darlene Love; Friday, Aug. 17, rock singer John Hall and Soozie; and Saturday, Aug. 18, silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** and Cuban conga wiz **DANIEL PONCE & JAZZBATA.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, Aug. 11, and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** starting Monday, Aug. 13. On Sunday, Aug. 12, pianist Bill Mays and flutist Ali Ryerson will drop by. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Aug. 8, Future Funk, Ground Control, Richard X. Heyman, and the Egyptians; Thursday, Aug. 9, the Young Hegelians, the Lonesome Debonaires, the Action Faction, and Ned Sublette; Friday, Aug. 10, the Schemers, the Tapes, Attention, and the Popfront; Saturday, Aug. 11, Shox Lumania and Chemical Wedding; Sunday, Aug. 12, the Agnostic Front, Aggression, and Pleased Youth; and Tuesday, Aug. 14, Holy Trinity, the Altar Boys, and the Tales of Terror. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Irish music on Mondays and Fridays; Wednesday, Aug. 8, John Bottomley; Saturday, Aug. 11, the Jumbo String Band; Thursday, Aug. 16, mandolin guru **FRANK WAKEFIELD,** at eight-thirty; and Saturday, Aug. 18, the **ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER ORCHESTRA,** which plays the greatest folk hits of Eastern Europe. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's band; Wednesdays, the Hot Club of 54th Street; Thursdays through Saturdays, a tradition-minded house sextet; and on Sunday, Aug. 12, the **WAYNE ANDRÉ** trombone septet will be on hand. Music from eight-thirty to two. The Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** heads up his trio through Sunday, Aug. 12, and on Tuesday, Aug. 14, **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, will take over the stage. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and recording-studio innovator **LES PAUL** and a trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Aug. 8, Squad and Ben Vaughn; Friday, Aug. 10, the Bermuda Triangle and Andy Breckman; Saturday, Aug. 11, calypsonian **LORD BURGESS;** Sunday, Aug. 12, folkies **DAVE VAN RONK** and **CHRISTINE LAVIN;** Tuesday, Aug. 14, Lucy Kaplanski; Wednesday, Aug. 15, Ferron; Thursday, Aug. 16, T-Bone Burnette; Friday, Aug. 17, Catskill Mountain music men **HAPPY & ARTIE TRAUM;** and Saturday, Aug. 18, Frank Christian, Rory Block, and Robert Ross. Mondays are hootenanny nights. There are usually two shows, the first beginning after eight-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, pianist and singer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** Monday, Aug. 13, Avery Sharpe; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 14, pianist Patricia Barber. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays pianist Judd Woldin works with a bassist; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Most of the time, Tuesdays through Saturdays the pianist is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD.** On Sunday and Monday, Aug. 12-13, pianist and composer **SY JOHNSON** will be performing. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Aug. 8, singer **TRACY NELSON** and the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** Monday, Aug. 13, Soul Brother No. 1, the Hardest Working Man in Show Business, or, if you prefer, the Godfather of Soul, **JAMES BROWN;** Tuesday, Aug. 14, singer and blues-harp expert **PAUL BUTTERFIELD,** blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND,** and New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN;** Wednesday, Aug. 15, guitarist **ROY BUCHANAN;** and Thursday, Aug. 16, veteran folkie **RICHIE HAVENS** and the Aztec Two-Step. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—**SPHERE,** a close-knit quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE**—lovingly plays the music of Thelonious Monk and some Benny Carter tunes and some originals, too, *every night* but Monday. (So what's wrong with August in New York?) On Mondays, **JACK WILKINS,** a flashy but sensitive guitarist, backs up vocals by **NANCY HARROW.** Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A program called "Carol Woods Presents a Rare View of Mr. Wonderful—Sammy Davis, Jr." is the fare Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, **CARMEN LUNDY,** a very exciting young singer; Monday, Aug. 13, **JUMP STREET,** a moving R. & B. band; Wednesday, Aug. 15, Dawnn Lewis; and Thursday, Aug. 16, Queen Yanha. Fridays and Saturdays are now given over to singer **JON LUCIEN** and his musical support group. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, Aug. 17, the Dickies. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Bob January and the Satin Swing Orchestra provide music to dine, dance, or gawk out the windows to. The music hours run Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight.

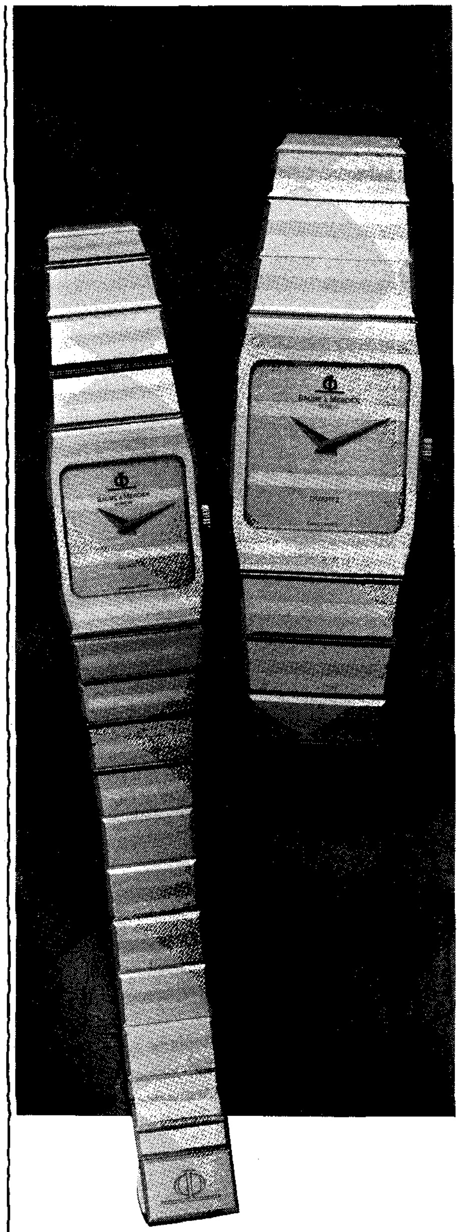
Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Aug. 9, Black Flag and Sisters of Mercy; Friday, Aug. 10, Bad Manners; Saturday, Aug. 11, Way of the West and Zerra 1; Tuesday, Aug. 14, British singer **NICK LOWE** & His Cowboy Outfit; Wednesday, Aug. 15, Talas and Harpo; Thursday, Aug. 16, Fela Anikulapo and Kuti; Friday, Aug. 17, Talk Talk; and Saturday, Aug. 18, Illustrated Man. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Wednesday, Aug. 8.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: drummer and jazz historian **ART TAYLOR** and bassist **RON CARTER** and their band through Sunday, Aug. 12, and showboating electric bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** will arrive on Tuesday, Aug. 14. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, tenor-sax wailer **GATO BARBIERI** and a five-piece band; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Aug. 14, Poeira; Wednesday, Aug. 15, congaist **DANIEL PONCE;** Thursday, Aug. 16, Mikata; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, **PÉ-DE-BOI,** which calls itself a power-samba band. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(242-1785)—Violinist and composer **LEROY JENKINS** and his band, **STING,** perform through Sunday, Aug. 12, and beginning Tuesday, Aug. 14, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will lead a quintet composed of trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS.** Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his youthful, vigorous orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues and Irish-music hangout. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on Aug. 13, **RUBEN BLADES Y LOS SEIS DEL SOLAR** and the **BAD STREET BOYS** will be present, along with guest soloist **BOBBY (WILDMAN) ENRIQUEZ.** New Orleans' own **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** holds forth with a traditional, swing-era, bebopping, and funky repertoire through Sunday, Aug. 12, and on Tuesday, Aug. 14, **TANIA MARIA,** a lively Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist, will take over. Shows at about ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, one will find pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** after nine-thirty nightly, except Mondays. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. And so are pianist **MAL WALDRON,** trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL** through Sunday, Aug. 12. On Tuesday, Aug. 14, guitarist Stanley Jordan will arrive along with pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** and his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music after ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz musicians, mostly pianists. Wednesday, Aug. 8, Leslie Pintchik; Thursdays through Sundays, Ted Chavis; and Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 13-15, Joe Ruddick and Frank Jolliffe. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University *is* just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **BENNY CARTER,** alto saxophonist, trumpeter, composer, and basically one of those guys they call legends, will be on the premises until Saturday, Aug. 11; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 13-14, trumpeter and singer **DOC CHEATHAM** will be putting songs over with his combo; and the **BENNY CARTER** ensemble will be back Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 15-18. Ram Ramirez occupies the piano bench on Sundays. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and musicians in it. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW,** a beautiful, delicate soloist, is present through Saturday, Aug. 11; on Tuesday, Aug. 14, pianist Mark Cohen will move in with bassist Stafford James. The Monday men are pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CHICAGO—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 9, at 7:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS (1887-1953)—A large selection of etchings. Through Sunday, Aug. 12. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

PAOLO BUGGIANI—Samplings of paintings and constructions by an antic Italian artist who borrows from ancient mythology and creates some of his own; watching him work on a fresco mural in the Sander gallery is part of the show. Through Friday, Aug. 10. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

SIMONE GAD—Glitzy environments, assemblages, and wall reliefs glorifying Hollywood and television stars of the fifties and early sixties—a life-size mannequin made up as Jayne Mansfield at her dressing table, for instance. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH GOLINKIN (1896-1977)—Watercolors and drawings of sports, as well as lithographs entered in the Los Angeles 1932 Olympic Fine Arts Competition, which won the artist an Olympic Gold Medal. Through Aug. 30. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Fridays.)

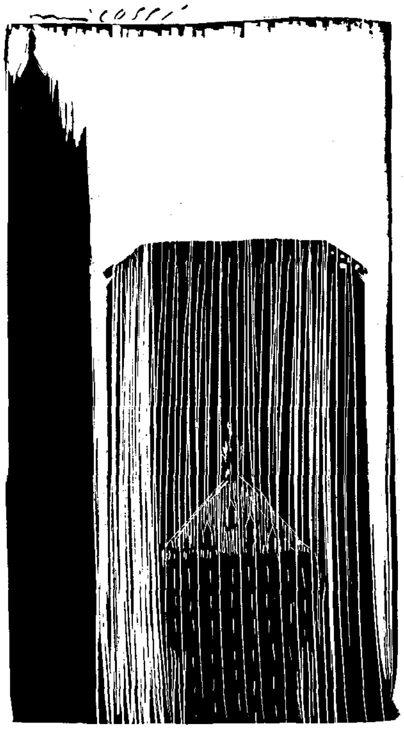
AL HIRSCHFELD—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

CAROLE RICHARD KAUFMANN—Semi-abstract landscapes flecked with collaged references to China. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER AND FRIENDS—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays. This show complements Porter's retrospective at the Whitney Museum.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, an architect, and a performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Friday, Aug. 17. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Among this year's highlights in the annual Old Master print show are ten etchings by Rembrandt and engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Aug. 31. . . . **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by thirty-one artists, from Arman to Warhol. Through Aug. 24. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figurative drawings in various mediums by more than sixty American artists of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 31. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings of women, including Thomas Sully's "Mother and Child" and Carmen Cicero's "Golden Dreams." Through Aug. 31. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Models, architects' drawings, and photographs chronicling the current restoration work on the Statue of Liberty, and including the design for a double-decker hydraulic glass elevator, which will be in place when the work is completed, in 1986. Through Sept. 14. (Open Saturdays.)



¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **ARMSTRONG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Sept. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Various prints. Through Aug. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUCAS SAMARAS / WALTER IOOSS, JR.—Polaroid photographs (chiefly self-portraits) taken between 1969 and 1983. / Photographs of American Olympic athletes. Through Aug. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: More than a hundred photographs of the lower East Side by Sylvia Plachy, Jill Freedman, Mark Feldstein, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 10. . . . **PACE-MAC GILL,** 11 E. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum's entire collection of ancient Greek and Roman gold and silver plate, including cups, pitchers, bowls, vases, and a nearly complete silver table service, is now on permanent display. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Rhode Island samplers and silk embroideries. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Last weeks to catch what remains of the show called "International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a group of sculptures taken from the collection, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A second selection from the collection, this one of drawings by twentieth-century European artists, including Chagall, Klimt, and Kirchner. Starts Friday, Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. (A complementary show is at Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of Viola Frey's giant, gaudily painted clay figures. Also, three ceramic plates, a small sculpture, and two large paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . **photography:** Contemporary color prints. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of tea services which pays homage to the variety of designs over the centuries, ranging from the standard appliances used, say, by readers of "Bunting's Breakfast Beverages" to unusual teapots by such contemporary designers as Matteo Thun, Arne Jacobsen, and Mario Bellini. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 setback zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade: scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—Twenty wood sculptures by Martin Puryear, including painted circular works executed recently and reconstructed pieces whose original versions were lost in a fire at his studio. . . . ¶ David Ireland's environmental installation, designed as an extension of the gallery space, is in part a three-tiered structure that wraps around the columns. Both shows through Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8, when there is no admission fee after 5; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has mounted an exhibit called "Censorship and Black America," illustrated by a selection of newspapers, pamphlets, books, manuscripts, and photographs. Through Oct. 15. (The center is open Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, prints, and drawings done over the past ten years by New Yorker Ray Grist, whose work reflects the influences of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism, as well as other styles. Through Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Delores Ziegler, Michael Cousins, and William Stone; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Elizabeth Holleque, Jerry Hadley, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with RoseMarie Freni, Cynthia Rose, Riccardo Calleo, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Lamy, Harry Theyard, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 1: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Maryanne Telese, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with RoseMarie Freni, Cynthia Rose, Riccardo Calleo, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Lamy, Harry Theyard, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Louisa Jonason, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Maryanne Telese, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Marsee, Michael Cousins, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Elizabeth Holleque, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

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Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week festival of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 8: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Lilian Kallir, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: Christopher Hogwood conducting an ensemble in an all-Mozart program performed on eighteenth-century instruments, with Arleen Auger, soprano; Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano; and Stanley Ritchie, violin. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12: The Canadian Brass. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 13, and Wednesday, Aug. 15: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 14: The Cleveland Quartet, with Mr. Ax and Walter Trampler, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18: Gerard Schwarz directing the New York première of Richard Strauss's arrangement of Mozart's opera "Idomeneo" in concert form, with Karen Hunt and Alessandra Marc, sopranos; Delores Ziegler, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. (No pre-concert recitals.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor, with the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Jessye Norman, soprano, and Phillip Moll, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mendelssohn-Shostakovich program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting a Berlioz-Mozart-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Miss Norman; Edith Wiens, soprano; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute Young Artists Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, John Williams, and Gunther Schuller. With Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 7: Mr. Ma in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony in a Stravinsky-Rachmaninoff-Tchaikovsky program, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a Beethoven-Barber-Ravel program, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Beethoven–Richard Strauss program, with Mr. Ma and Burton Fine, viola. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 5:30: Young-Uck Kim, violin, and Peter Serkin, piano, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 26. On Saturday, Aug. 11, a bus will leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For bus and ticket information, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 25. Wednesday, Aug. 8: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a varied program, with André Watts, piano, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: Dennis Russell Davies directing an all-Beethoven program, with Raili Viljakainen, soprano; Milagro Vargas, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; Leslie Guinn, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10: William Smith conducting a Beethoven-Ives program, with Vinia Tsopelas, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11: Igor Buketoff directing an all-Rachmaninoff program that will include the première of "Monna Vanna," with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; John Alexander and Henry Grossman, tenors; Sherrill Milnes and Nicholas Karousatos, baritones; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Johnny Mathis on Sunday, Aug. 12; by Berlin and the Thompson Twins on Monday, Aug. 13; and by James Taylor and Randy Newman on Tuesday, Aug. 14.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 15: Franz Allers directing a program of music from Broadway shows, with Mary Shearer, soprano; John Reardon, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: Brock McElheran directing a Purcell-Mozart-Orff program, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Carroll Freeman, tenor; Julian Patrick, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Mahler program, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Schubert program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '84—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon*—**FRIDAY, AUG. 10, AT 8:** A program of one-act plays presented by the Ensemble Studio Theatre. . . . **AT 8:30:** American Ballet Comedy, a dance company, and the Baltimore Symphony, conducted by Zdenck Macal, with Bruno Gelber, piano. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 11, AT 3 AND 8:30:** American Ballet Comedy. . . . **AT 5:** Touchstone, an Irish and

Celtic music group. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 8:** The one-act plays. . . . **AT 8:30:** Larry Coryell, Laurindo Almeida, and Sharon Isbin, jazz guitarists. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 12, AT 2:** Anthony Newman directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" by an ensemble playing original baroque instruments, with the Pro Arte Chorus of Connecticut and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. . . . **AT 8:** American Ballet Comedy and the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 11: The Merce Cunningham Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 14-18: Ballet Hispanico of New York. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 1, and Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 1; and Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Aug. 9, at 7:35; Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 11, at 7:35; and Sunday, Aug. 12, at 1:35.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Jets, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 27. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 11; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 12; the Diana Handicap, Monday, Aug. 13; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 18. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 11, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Juventus, Sunday, Aug. 12, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 17.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of H. Leivick's "The Golem," with F. Murray Abraham and Randy Quaid. The second of two plays presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski is conducting the second of three programs. **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 8. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Friday, Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta will conduct the final program. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Monday, Aug. 13. (Evenings at 8.)

SYLVAN WINDS—Presenting two all-Mozart programs. (Lincoln Center Plaza. Wednesday, Aug. 8, and Friday, Aug. 10, at 7.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Final free concerts on Pier 16. Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8: Larry Harlow and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 8: Thiago de Mello and Amazon. (East River at Fulton St.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summertime concert series. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 14-15: Crosby, Stills & Nash. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 16-17: Huey Lewis and the News. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WALKING TOURS—Conducted tours of Brooklyn Heights, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 11-12, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

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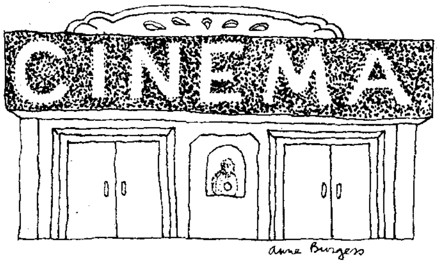
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
- A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:
  - Through Aug. 9: "A Woman of Paris" (†) and "Modern Times" (†).
  - Aug. 10-12: "Monsieur Verdoux" (†); and "The Face on the Barroom Floor" (1914; a short film).
  - Aug. 14-16: "A King in New York" (†); and three short films—"Getting Acquainted" (1914), "His Prehistoric Past" (1914), and "His Night Out" (1915).
  - From Aug. 17: Three short films—"A Dog's Life" (1918), "Shoulder Arms" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
- "Purple Rain" (directed by Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
- Through Aug. 9: "The Bounty" (†); and "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
- Aug. 10-16: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy; and "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
- From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
- "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
- Through Aug. 16: "Gremlins" (†).
- From Aug. 17: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
- Through Aug. 16: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
- From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
- Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
- Theatre 3: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
- Through Aug. 14: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
- From Aug. 15: "Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
- "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
- "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
- Through Aug. 14: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
- From Aug. 15: "Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
- "The 4th Man" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
- Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "Gremlins" (†). From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
- Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From Aug. 17: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
- Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
- Theatre 2: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
- "Under the Volcano" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
- Theatre 1: "The Bostonians" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
- Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
- Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell. From Aug. 17: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
- Through Aug. 14: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
- From Aug. 15: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
- Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
- Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "Ghostbusters" (†). From Aug. 10: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
- "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
- Through Aug. 9: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
- From Aug. 10: "Phar Lap" (Simon Wincer), with Tom Burlinson.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
- Through Aug. 9: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).
- Aug. 10-16: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
- From Aug. 17: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Isreal), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
- Through Aug. 16: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
- From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
- Theatre 1: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.
- Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
- Through Aug. 9: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
- From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
- Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
- Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "The Lost One" (1951; directed by Peter Lorre; in German), with Lorre. From Aug. 15: "Half a Life" (1982; Romain Goupil; in French).
- Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). Aug. 10-16: "La Petite Sirène" (1980; Roger Andrieux; in French), with Laura Alexis and Philippe Léotard. From Aug. 17: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
- Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
- Theatre 2: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
- Theatre 1: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
- Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
- Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard. From Aug. 10: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.
- Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French). From Aug. 17: "Secrets" (Gavin Millar).
- Theatre 3: Through Aug. 9: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence. From Aug. 10: Eréndira (†).
- Theatre 4: "Under the Volcano" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
- "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
- "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
- "The Natural" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
- Through Aug. 9: Theatre closed.
- From Aug. 10: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film, with a 1984 musical soundtrack).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
- "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
- "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
- Through Aug. 14: "Under the Volcano" (†).
- From Aug. 15: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
- Theatre 1: "First Name: Carmen" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
- Theatre 2: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.
- Theatre 3: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
- Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
- Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence. From Aug. 10: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
- Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "Skyline" (Fernando Colomo; in Spanish and English). From Aug. 13: "Strangers Kiss" (Matthew Chapman), with Peter Coyote and Victoria Tennant.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
- Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Theatre 2: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.
Theatre 4: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. From Aug. 15: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "Cheech & Chong's The Corsican Brothers" (Thomas Chong). Aug. 10-16: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard. From Aug. 17: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Hidden Fortress" (†). From Aug. 10: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 9: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†). From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
Theatre 4: "Terms of Endearment (†) and "Racing with the Moon" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Nerds" (directed by Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 14: "Romancing the Stone" (†). From Aug. 15: "Revenge of the Nerds."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 14: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From Aug. 15: "Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 9: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise. From Aug. 10: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 6: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 4: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 16: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.
From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "Cheech & Chong's The Corsican Brothers" (Thomas Chong). Aug. 10-16: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From Aug. 17: "The Philadelphia Experiment" Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. Aug. 10-16: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver. From Aug. 17: "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From Aug. 10: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver. From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

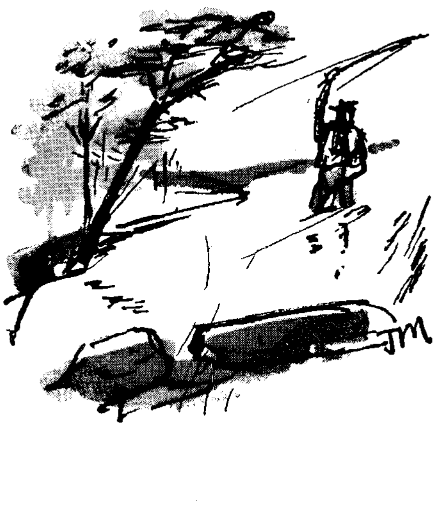
REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 8: "Terms of Endearment" (†); and "Ordinary People" (1980; directed by Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.
Aug. 9: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski.
From Aug. 10: A program of revival films.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 14: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis.
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 8: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey.
Aug. 9: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley.
Aug. 10-13: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 14-16: "Harakiri" (1962; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai.
Aug. 17-18: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 9: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Aug. 10-11: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge.
Aug. 12-14: "A Star Is Born" (1976 †); and "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest.
Aug. 15-16: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 17-18: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Aug. 8: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
Aug. 9-11: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young) and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Aug. 12-13: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "And the Ship Sails On" (1984; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Aug. 14-15: "Coma" (†); "The Entity" (1983; Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver; and "Magic" (†).
Aug. 16-18: "The Grey Fox" (†) and "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 9: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1984; Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore, Nastassja Kinski, and Armand Assante; and "Blame It on Rio" (1984; Stanley Donen), with Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna, Demi Moore, and Michelle Johnson.
Aug. 10-11: "The China Syndrome" (1979; James Bridges), with Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher.
Aug. 12: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" (†); "On the Town" (†); and "Anchors Aweigh" (1945; George Sidney), with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, and Gene Kelly.
Aug. 13-14: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).
Aug. 15-16: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.
Aug. 17-18: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Cat People" (1982 †).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Aug. 9: "La Petite Sirène" ("The Little Mermaid;" 1980; Roger Andrieux; in French), with Laura Alexis and Philippe Léotard.
Aug. 10: "Confidentially Yours" (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Aug. 11: "The Right Stuff" (1983; Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid, and Ed Harris.
Aug. 12: "The Wiz" (1978; Sidney Lumet), with Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Nipsey Russell, and Ted Ross; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.
Aug. 13: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Night and the City" (†).
Aug. 14: "Nanook of the North" (1921; Robert Flaherty), a documentary; and "Man of Aran" (1934; Robert Flaherty).
Aug. 15-16: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla; "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Aug. 17: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Xica" (1976;

Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Aug. 18: "The Godfather" (†) and "The Godfather, Part II" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 8: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn; and "Some Came Running" (1959; Vincente Minnelli), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer.
Aug. 9-11: "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.
Aug. 12-14: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (†).
Aug. 15: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Marlon Brando.
Aug. 16-18: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Aug. 8: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Five Fingers" (1952; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, and Michael Rennie.
Aug. 9: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir; in French); and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Françoise Arnoul, and Fernand Sardou.
Aug. 10-11: "My Name Is Anna Magnani" (1979; Chris Vermorcken), a documentary; and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
Aug. 12: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Aug. 13: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action musical film; and a program of cartoons.
Aug. 14: "Murmur of the Heart" (†); and "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Aug. 15: "Alphaville" (†) and "Fahrenheit 451" (†).
Aug. 16: "The Southerner" (†); and "This Land Is Mine" (1943; Jean Renoir), with Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton, George Sanders, and Walter Slezak.
Aug. 17-18: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; "Un Chien Andalou" (†); "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal; and "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 8: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943; Roy William Neill) and "The Woman in Green" (1945; Roy William Neill), both films with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.
Aug. 9: "A Big Hand for the Little Lady" (1966; Fielder Cook), with Henry Fonda, Joanne Woodward, Paul Ford, Charles Bickford, John Qualen, and Burgess Meredith; and "Waterhole #3" (1967; William Graham), with James Coburn.
Aug. 10-11: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Aug. 12: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.
Aug. 13: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936; Jacques Feyder; in French), with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay; and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).
Aug. 14: "Deception" (†) and "Beyond the Forest" (†).
Aug. 15: "Lady of Burlesque" (†); and "Baby Face" (1933; Alfred E. Green), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, and George Brent.
Aug. 16: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.
Aug. 17-18: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Aug. 9 at 2:30: "Lineage" (1979; directed by George Griffin); "Eureka (Geography)" (1974; Ernie Gehr; a silent film); "Shift" (1972-74; Ernie Gehr); and "Asparagus" (1974-78; Susan Pitt). This program is not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: A program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2:30: "L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui" (1931; Pierre Chenal); "Pissarro: At the Heart of Impressionism" (1981; Judith Wechsler); "Spaces: The Architecture of Paul Rudolph" (1983; Bob Eisenhardt); and "Marcel Duchamp in His Own Words" (1978; Lewis Jacobs). . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6: "Dear Phone" (1977), "H Is for House" (1978), "A Walk Through H." (1978), all directed by Peter Greenaway. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: "Corridor" (1970; Standish Lawder); "Serene Velocity" (1970; Ernie Gehr; a silent film); "Analogies: Studies in the Movement of Time" (1977; Peter Rose); and "Manhattan Doorway" (1980; Anita Thacher). . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 5: "The Wonder Ring" (1955; Stan Brakhage; a silent film); "Styx" (1977; Jan Krawitz and Thomas Ott); and "Stations of the Elevated" (1980; Manfred Kirchheimer). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: "It Ain't City Music" (1973; Tom Davenport); and "The Shepherd of the Night Flock" (1978; George Stoney and James Brown). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 5: "Fable Safe" (1971; Erik Barnouw); and "Portrait of an American Zealot" (1982; Marc and Alan Levin). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2:30: "Frida Kahlo & Tina Modotti" (1981; Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen); and "Return Journey" (1981; Ian Potts). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: "L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui," "Pissarro: At the Heart of Impressionism," "Spaces: The Architecture of Paul Rudolph," and "Marcel Duchamp in His Own Words." . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2:30: "Dear Phone," "H Is for House," and "A Walk Through H." . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6: "Corridor," "Serene Velocity," "Analogies: Studies in the Movement of Time," and "Manhattan Doorway." . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: A program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Lineage," "Eureka (Geography)," "Shift," and "Asparagus." . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2:30: "Fable Safe" and "Portrait of an American Zealot." . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6: "Indian Summer" (1960; Jules Victor Schwerin); and "Time and Dreams" (1976; Mort Jordan). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Frida Kahlo & Tina Modotti" and "Return Journey." . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5: "Above Us the Earth" (1977; Karl Francis). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

New York Film Festival Retrospective—The first programs in a series of forty-five international films originally shown during the second ten years of the festival (1973-82). Aug. 10 at 6:15: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 8:30: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 1: "The Black Stallion" (1979; Carroll Ballard), with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 3:30: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)" (1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6:30: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 9: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2: "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975; Robert Bresson; in French), with Luc Simon. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 4: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6:15: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6:15: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:30: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Bette Faria and Jose Wilker. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6:15: "The Wonderful Crook" (1975; Claude Goretta; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Marlène Jobert. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 8:30: "Moonlighting" (1982; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6:15: "Roseland" (1977; James Ivory), with Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, and Geraldine Chaplin. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:30: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:15: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:30: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6:15: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, Mary Steenburgen, and Pamela Reed. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 8:15: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:15: "Without Anesthesia" (1978; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 7: "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 9:30: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German). (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. The picture is brilliant, yet it's no good. Godard found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets; it's a sleek, dark, glittering society. At first, the dehumanization is funny and alluring and a little eerie—the modern corridors and ramps and the flickering lights suggest something almost supernaturally impersonal—but the people of Alphaville are ruled by a giant computer, and soullessness can be very monotonous. The movie was shot at night, and it seems to give off powerfully soporific vapors, especially since the comic-strip story is an uninspired mixture of sci-fi and private eye that never takes hold. With Eddie Constantine as cool, tough Lemmy Caution (his face is so tired and leathery he's like an old shoe), Anna Karina as the most radiant of robots, and Akim Tamiroff, Laszlo Szabo, Michel Delahaye, and Howard Vernon. Written and directed by Godard; cinematography by Raoul Coutard; the score, which has elements of parody, is by Paul Misraki. (In the 1968 "Weekend," Godard has a very different vision of the dehumanized future: the consumer society regresses to barbarism and cannibalism.) In French. (Thalia; Aug. 15.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, Davis is a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten); she treats him abominably, and every time she has a chance she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the soundtrack with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner's music cues her every stormy mood. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. The screenplay is by Lenore Coffee, from a novel by Stuart Engstrand. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War, among the abolitionists who are now turning their energies to the emancipation of women. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As the tall, distinguished-looking, and intelligent young Mississippian Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who takes Verena into her fine house on Charles Street and grooms her to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. Her voice shaking with emotion, Redgrave gives this woman who is "unmarried by every implication of her being" mythological size. James's story is, of course, a tug-of-war between Ransom and Olive, who are both drawn to Verena. With some fine performers: Jessica Tandy as Miss Birdseye, Linda Hunt as Dr. Prance, Nancy Marchand as Mrs. Burrage (she has one remarkable scene with Olive), and Wesley Addy (who brings just enough grotesquerie to his facial contortions) in the role of Verena's father. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/6/84.) (Cinema I.)

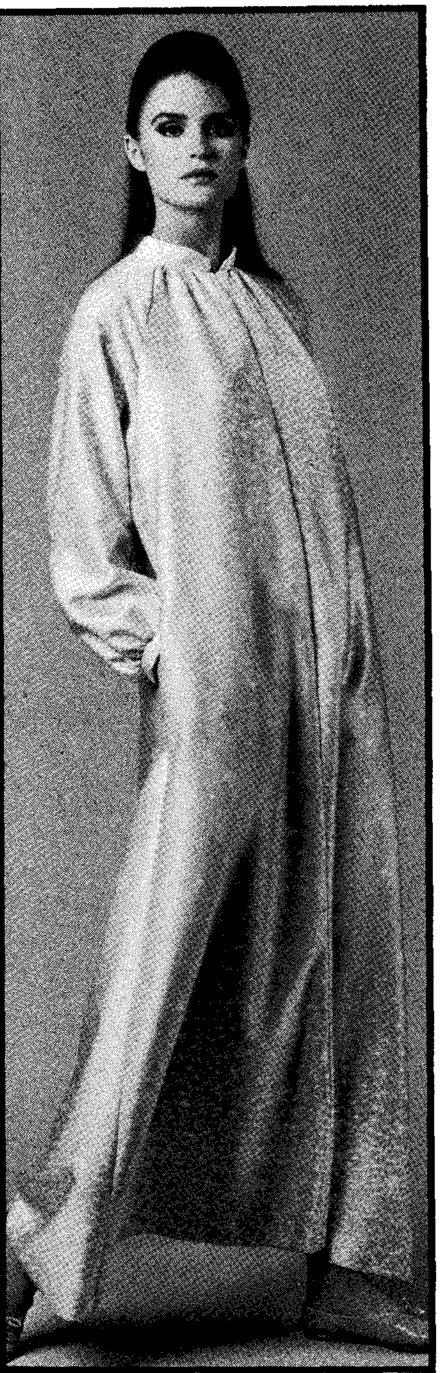
The Bounty—Based on a script condensed from Robert Bolt's scripts for two projected films about the 1789 mutiny, this misshappen movie doesn't work as an epic—it doesn't have the scope or the emotional surge of epic storytelling. It's certainly not boring, though. The director, Roger Donaldson, shoots very close in for dynamic power—you're thrust right in among the men on the crowded British naval vessel—and Anthony Hopkins, who plays Captain Bligh, gives his vocal cords a workout, ordering Fletcher Christian (Mel Gibson) to stop "mixing with the damned degenerate natives" and shouting that "the ship is filthy." In this version, Bligh is no worse than ambitious, repressed, and somewhat harsh, and Christian is an open-shirted man of impulse—a moody flower child who's drugged on love. Whether because of the condensing or cuts in the editing room or just plain miscalculation, Gibson's romanticism seems faintly absurd, and in his big scene—his emotional outburst during the mutiny—he seems to be having a nervous breakdown. With Wi Kuki Kaa as King Tynah, Tevaite Vernette as Princess Mauatua, skinny-faced Daniel Day-Lewis as Fryer, and, among the effete aristocrats who sit on the court-martial, Laurence Olivier and Edward Fox (who has this performance down pat by now—he lets his crooked front tooth do his acting for him). Adapted from Richard Hough's 1972 book "Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian;" the music is by Vangelis, who goes in for effects such as ominous boom-booms when Christian first touches Mauatua's hair. (6/11/84) (St. Mark's Cinema; through Aug. 9.)

Cat People (1982)—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 17-18.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Thalia; Aug. 17-18.)

Coma (1978)—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. After her closest woman friend (Lois Chiles) goes into an irreversible coma during an abortion, she discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then, vegetablized, have been packed off to a facility—the grim, fortresslike Jefferson Institute—that provides long-term life-support systems. Singlehanded, she begins to investigate. When the action moves from the hospital to the institute, the story shades off from a factual, realistic view of modern hospital practices to sci-fi fantasy, without any change in the film's tone. "Coma" is so cleanly made, with such an impersonal, detached feeling, that it looks untouched by human hands. Even the actors seem disinfected of any traces of personality. But not Bujold. There's no way to sanitize this actress. She's like a soft furry animal and she's irreducibly curious; she snuggles deep inside the shallow material. Thin-skinned, touchy, she seems almost to sniff out fakery. And as she goes from one dangerous situation to the next the narrative trap tightens; you fear for her safety and the suspense gets you in the stomach and maybe the chest, too. But "Coma" doesn't give you a lift. Directed by Michael Crichton, who did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel, the picture is all plot, and it glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated. The scenes inside the institute have a chill, spectral beauty, yet the spookiness doesn't explode. The movie seems a little too cultivated, too cautious; Crichton probably accepts impersonality as part of technological advance—he doesn't satirize it. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lance Le Gault. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 14-15.)

Deception (1946)—Blissfully foolish—a camp classic. Alex Hollenius (Claude Rains) is the greatest composer in the United States; his febrile mistress (Bette Davis) can escape him only by shooting him. Considering that he has set her up in the finest apartment in Manhattan, swaddled her in ermine, drenched her in champagne, and taught her to play the piano with a skill approximating that of Arthur Rubinstein, some might regard this as rank ingratitude. But he's a venomous genius, and an epicure besides, given to wearing velvet jackets. He treats the cellist (Paul Henreid) whom she loves very shabbily—badgering him until he gets so nervous that he can hardly handle a bow. Irving Rapper, who had directed this trio in "Now, Voyager," let them run rampant this time, especially the leering Rains, who outdoes Davis in bravura. (She doesn't look



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young or glamorous, either; she's a rather puffy-faced femme fatale.) John Abbott and Benson Fong are also in the cast. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the music, with Shura Cherkassky dubbing Davis's "Appassionata." John Collier and Joseph Than adapted the Louis Verneuil play "Monsieur Lamberthier," which had been filmed in 1929, as "Jealousy," with Jeanne Eagels and Fredric March. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14.)

The Draughtsman's Contract (1983)—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694 this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle, and the people talking are popinjays in perukes shaped as geometrically as the shrubs at Marienbad. This impishness congeals, because there's no dramatic motor in the sequences. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 16-18.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 10.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The idea has an almost irresistible appeal, but Truffaut doesn't exploit the obvious possibilities. He barely dramatizes the material at all, and though there are charming, childlike moments, the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Thalia; Aug. 15.)

The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)

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Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed. Marlon Brando is Don Vito Corleone; Al Pacino, John Cazale, James Caan, and Talia Shire play his children. The film runs just under three hours; the period is 1945 to the mid-fifties. The cast includes Robert Duvall, Richard Castellano as Clemenza, Diane Keaton, John Marley, Lenny Montana, Richard Conte, Sterling Hayden, Abe Vigoda, Al Lettieri, Alex Rocco, Richard Bright, Simonetta Stefanelli as Apollonia, Gianni Russo, and Al Martino. The script, credited to Mario Puzo and Coppola, is based on Puzo's best-seller. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; production design by Dean Tavoularis; music by Nino Rota. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 18.)

The Godfather, Part II (1974)—The daring of "Part II" is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, "Part II" is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. (The three hours and twenty minutes of "Part II" span almost seventy years.) Directed, like "The Godfather," by Francis Ford Coppola, with a script credited to Coppola and Mario Puzo, from Puzo's novel. The cast includes Robert Duvall, John Cazale, Lee Strasberg, Michael V. Gazzo, Talia Shire, Troy Donahue, Gianni Russo, Diane Keaton, G. D. Spradlin, Morgana King, Harry Dean Stanton, Joe Spinell, Fay Spain, Danny Aiello, Richard Bright, Gaston Moschin as Fanucci, Abe Vigoda, Tom Rosqui, B. Kirby, Jr., and Leopoldo Trieste; with brief appearances by James Caan, and by Phil Feldman, Roger Corman, and William Bowers as United States senators. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; production design by Dean Tavoularis; music by Nino Rota, conducted by Carmine Coppola. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 18.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Manhattan; through Aug. 16.)

The Grey Fox (1983)—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. There may never have been photographs of trains more exultant than the shots here of the old Northern Pacific steaming through mountain forests. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy; the images are tense and ceremonious, and the picture has the most lovingly photographed rain since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. The movie is like "Wisconsin Death Trip" with a romantic bandit at its center. Robbery here is the only honorable profession for a man with Bill Miner's courtliness and sense of style. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter that stays fairly close to the historical accounts and leaves a lot of gaps—we never find out how Miner, who'd been in prison most of his life, became a civilized, sensitive man and a lover who admired a flamboyant, freethinking woman. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 16-18.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 9.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the saddest (and worst) movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 14-16.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, and burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of the milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are actually left, the director, William Wellman, does a good job of simulating raciness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 15.)

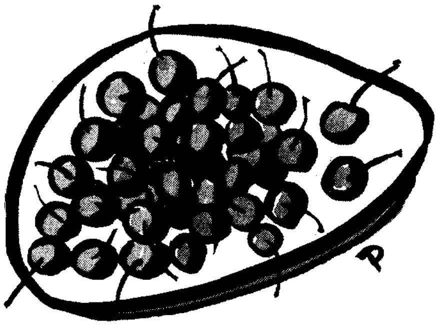
A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz won Academy Awards for Best Screenplay and Best Director for this satirical comedy on American social and marital conventions. The letter is from the town seductress informing the three wives that she has taken away one of their husbands: as each threatened wife reviews her marriage, we get, at best, a sharp, frequently hilarious look at suburbia, and, at worst, a slick series of bright remarks. Mankiewicz coaxed good performances out of Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, and the others certainly didn't need coaxing—Paul Douglas is pretty close to magnificent, and Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, Florence Bates, Thelma Ritter, and Connie Gilchrist are first-rate. Also with Barbara Lawrence, Jeffrey Lynn, and Hobart Cavanaugh, and narration by Celeste Holm. From a story by John Klempner. (Regency; Aug. 12-14.)

Magic (1978)—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no lightness and shows no capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. It depends just about completely on the morbid visual effect of the devil-doll dummy. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 14-15.)

Modern Times (1936)—After "City Lights," which was silent, with a musical accompaniment and sound effects, Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy, in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. (It is, of course, a demonstration of how unnecessary words are.) Influenced by René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whir and pound and screech), but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. And with the use of more sound Chaplin seems to drop some of his pathos; this picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end (he gets his gamin). Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 9.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lamebrained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 10-12.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954 at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Though the movie itself reveals the sources of Malle's humor, this story probably wouldn't have been nearly so funny or, perhaps, so affectionate if Malle had told it fifteen years earlier. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother; Clara is shamelessly loose and free, and she's loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. The story moves toward its supremely logical yet imaginative conclusion so stealthily that the kicker joke is perfect. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 14.)



The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Festival.)

Night and the City (1950)—Several years before he made "Rififi," Jules Dassin directed this less flamboyant thriller, which is much less well known but in some ways better. Dassin's shocking speciality—a kind of stifled violence that one fears will explode—finds the right milieu in the Gerald Kersh novel, a complex view of the underside of London entertainment. An Anglo-American cast is headed by Richard Widmark, who has possibly his best role, as Harry Fabian, "the artist without an art"—a tout with a creative passion for fantastic, shady schemes. The victims of his double-crossing artistry include Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, Gene Tierney, Herbert Lom, and—as the old-time wrestler pitted against Mike Mazurki—Stanislaus Zbyszko. With Hugh Marlowe. Script by Jo Eisinger; cinematography by Max Greene. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 13.)

On the Town (1949)—This musical about three sailors with twenty-four hours' leave in New York has an undeservedly high reputation. Yes, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen (as Miss Subways), Florence Bates, Tom Dugan, and Alice Pearce are all in it, and it's the Comden and Green musical with the Bernstein score. But its exuberant love of New York seems forced, and most of the numbers are hearty and uninspired. Kelly and Stanley Donen choreographed and directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 12.)

Pauline at the Beach (1982)—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with exquisite control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit has nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor

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Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Film Forum; starting Aug. 17.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Olympia Quad.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish pastel-colored buildings that could be anything and could turn into something else overnight is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. This low-budget fantasy gives you the feeling that you've gone past alienation into the land of detachment—a punkers' wasteland where you never know where you are, and nobody cares to make things work, and everybody you see is part of the lunatic fringe. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. He has underhand ways of being funny, and the jokes don't often jump out at you—sometimes they barely peek out at all, because of the film's ramshackle ineptness. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter as the acidhead philosopher, Vonetta McGee as Marlene, and Fox Harris as a lobotomized scientist (who drives a 1964 Chevy Malibu, with a metallic gold paint job). Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 14.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic tribute to some of the patterns of American life. It's an account of the year of a poor white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Field plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carrol Naish, Norman Lloyd, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. Having agreed to release this uneven but affecting picture, United Artists tried to sell it with a campaign of astonishing irrelevance—"She was his woman . . . and he was her man! That's all they had to fight with—against the world, the flesh, and the devil!" Though William Faulkner worked on the screenplay, Renoir is the only one listed, with Hugo Butler credited for the preliminary adaptation. Werner Janssen did the music. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

A Star Is Born (1976)—The Barbra Streisand–Kris Kristofferson musical version, with the milieu switched to the rock world, is sentimental without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson; adapted by John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion, and Pierson. With Paul Mazursky and Gary Busey. Songs by Paul Williams, Streisand, and others. (Cinema Village; Aug. 12-14.)

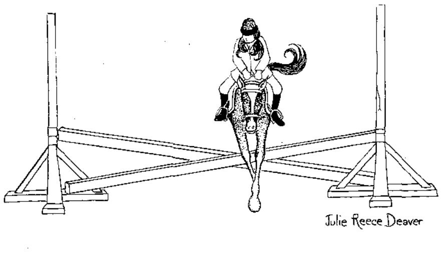
Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 9.)

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (1949)—This big M-G-M musical, set in the early part of the century, began with a not too inspired script idea from Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, and after it went through a series of cast changes and then got assigned to Busby Berkeley to direct, it was a full-scale mess. Kelly and Frank Sinatra are vaudevillians who are also baseball players; Esther Williams, the manager of the baseball team, is in love with Kelly, but Sinatra is in love with her. And there are gangsters trying to get the boys to double-cross her and lose a game. This asinine story just about smothers the good-natured hoofing. Comden and Green and Roger Edens did the songs, but the musical numbers have that flag-waving Irish-American cheeriness which also blighted many Fox musicals made in the same period. With Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin, who work well with Kelly and Sinatra. They all got together —*sans* Esther Williams—the following year in "On the Town" (see above). The finale here isn't by Berkeley; it was co-directed by Kelly and Donen, and served to convince the studio to let them co-direct "On the Town." Script by Harry Tugend and George Wells; with Edward Arnold and Tom Dugan. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 12.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap," she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Aug. 8.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; through Aug. 14.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). *Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation in* the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 9.)



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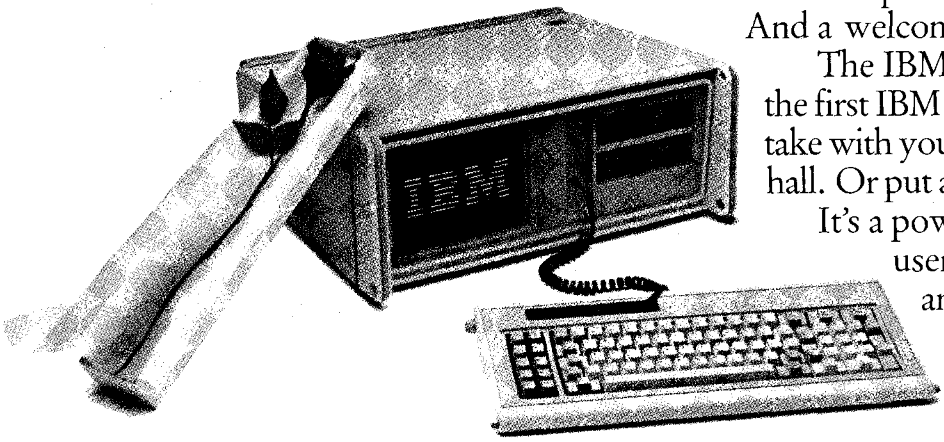

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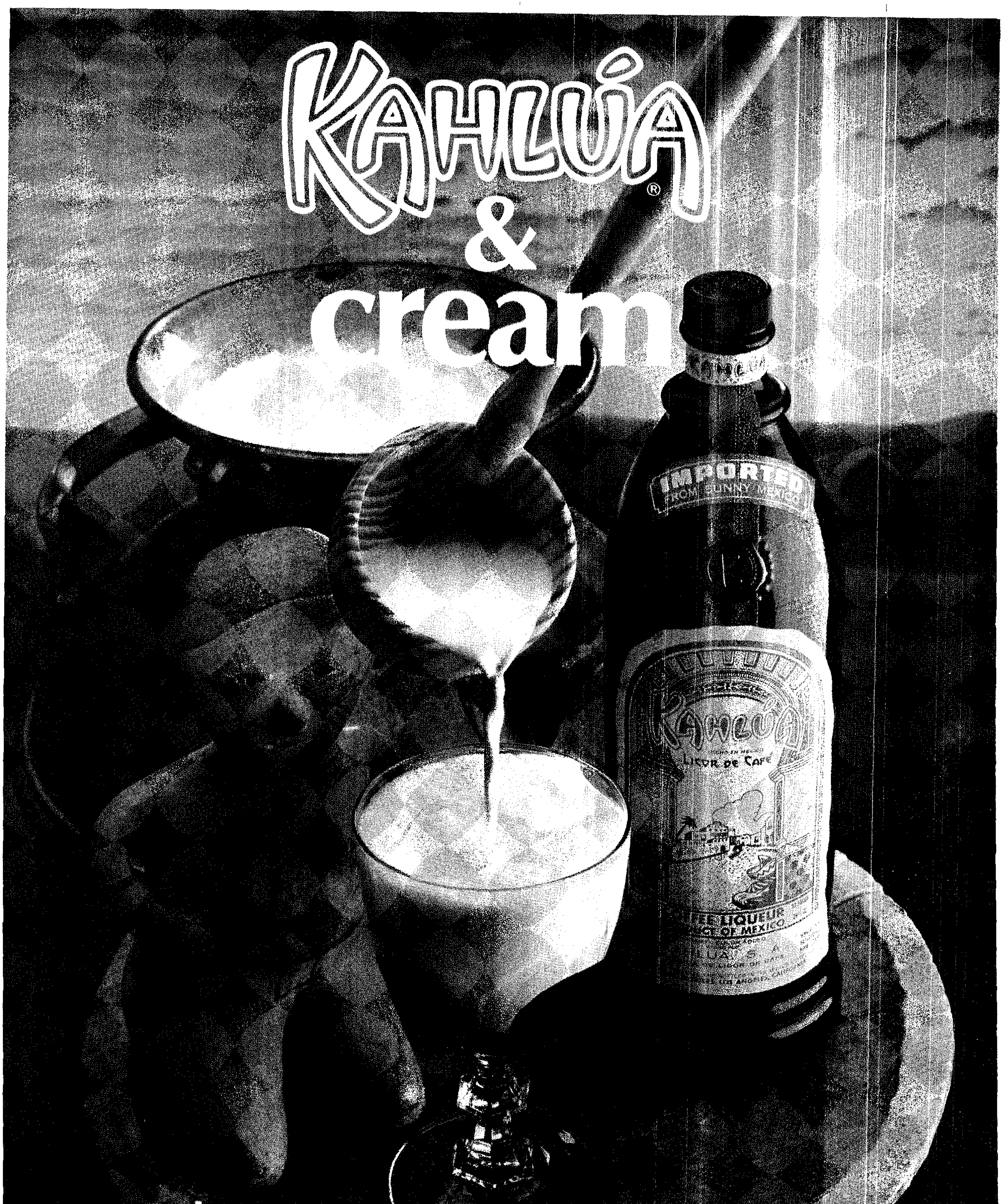
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MEMO

TO: John Swearingen and William Ogden, new chief executives of the Continental Illinois Corporation

FROM: A friend of ours who happens to be a United States citizen

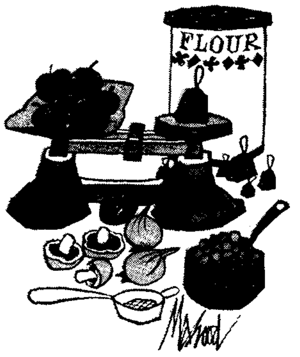
RE: Changes

Welcome aboard, fellows! I was pleased to read the other day about how the federal government had in effect taken over Continental Illinois—pleased for you and your families, of course, but mostly for me. I'd never owned much before, except for rudimentary personal effects and an Evinrude seven-and-a-half-horsepower outboard that I just sold at a small loss through the *Want Advertiser*. And now I own a bank. Probably you were hoping I'd react to my good fortune like Venero Pagano, of the Bronx, who won the twenty-million-dollar prize in last month's lottery and then said, "I got my house, I got my tomatoes, I got whatever I need. The friends I have, they will stay. Maybe I buy a bigger car." It's true that I'm very busy right now coming to grips with what it means to be a plutocrat, and I don't want to be a pain-in-the-neck boss anyway—no bringing in Billy Martin at the first sign of profit slippage, or anything like that. But I do know a bit about banks—information gathered on many a Friday afternoon—and I did want to send along my suggestions. Most of them you've probably already thought of: no more chains on the pens; replacing the Muzak with songs performed *by the original artists* (the Supremes' version of "You Can't Hurry Love," not the Four Tops'); lots of cheese dip. But there are a few slightly more substantial things I'd like you to look at—they may seem far out, but our bank didn't do so well the old way, did it?

(1) This collateral business. It makes sense on paper. Some guy walks in and says, "I own a small South American country. Please pass the bucks," and you think, This guy'll pay it back—he's respectable. But, to get philosophical for a moment, the acquisition of capital is no sure sign of virtue. In general, I've noticed that some people you can trust and some you can't. The best way to find out is to start small: lend them a book—something you've read, perhaps the new Michener. Then see if they bring it back or if the next time you go over to their house it's wedged snugly into their bookshelf.

(2) You've probably worked in banks all your life, and feel right at home in them. But many of us don't like banks; we get in and out as fast as we can. And that, as any supermarket manager can tell you, cuts down on business. Make people linger—they'll buy more. To make the bank more exciting, there could be specials. You could get on the loudspeaker and say, in a friendly way, "Attention, customers. Attention customers. For the next twenty minutes, at Teller Cage Six, we are offering ninety-day deposits at half a point above prevailing interest rates. Thank you for banking Continental." Also, people love something for nothing. You know how tellers count the money about four times before they hand it to you? Well, tell them just to count it once. Suppose they do give away an extra ten or twenty once in a while—it's well worth the cost in good will.

(3) Even bankers must tire of the dreary décor. Get rid of those rusty chrysanthemums in the portable planters, rip up large sections of the lobby, and install community gardens with ultraviolet lighting. Yes, it will mean extra hours during spring planting and fall harvest seasons, but this scheme will still pay off. Before long, many of your city dwellers will enjoy gardening so much they will want a summer house, or a farm—that just happens, believe me. And where will they come for the mortgage? To the same place they come to for their snap beans.



(4) The premiums for new deposits. Everyone who needs an electric omelette pan already has one. Earlier this year, MTV ran a great contest: the winner and her friends got flown to Bloomington, Indiana, where John Cougar Mellencamp, who is quite the singer right now, was waiting to give them the deed to a bungalow; then he gave them a private concert in their new living room, and the next day they all went out and painted the house pink, to match the ones in his song "Pink Houses." What I'm saying is, utility doesn't pack 'em in anymore. Maybe for any deposit over a certain size you could let people put on swimsuits and jump into the bank's cash reserves of four and a half billion dollars and just flail around for a certain set period of time. I'd enjoy that, and so would most people I know.

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Reporting

FOR several years, we have been waking up to the sound of a distinctive baritone voice that gently prods us into consciousness as it explains what has been happening in the world during the last twenty-four hours. The voice belongs to a relaxed, unflappable Kentuckian called Bob Edwards, who anchors National Public Radio's "Morning Edition," a weekday two-hour news show, originating in Washington, that examines everything from politics to poetry. We had lunch with Mr. Edwards and his producer, Jay Kernis, when they were in New York recently, and can report that the voice is attached to a tall, thin man of thirty-seven who has blond hair, blue eyes, a roundish face, and an engaging smile. Mr. Kernis, who produces "Morning Edition" and also tapes cultural interviews for the show, is short, dark-haired, and bristling with kinetic energy. We asked how "Morning Edition" had come into being, and Mr. Kernis told us that it had evolved to fill a vacuum.

"News shows have been getting smaller and smaller," he said. "In some cases, they're down to one-minute and two-minute spots, and our NPR stations wanted some sustained reporting in depth. So we developed a hybrid show that is co-produced locally and nationally. We give our two hundred and sixty-five public-radio stations a basic two-hour feed—6 to 8 A.M., 8 to 10 A.M., and 10 A.M. to 12 noon—and they can do anything they want with it. Some of them take five minutes out of each half hour for local news; others take as much as twenty. Bob is on the air live for the first two hours, and then he only goes back into the studio to update the news. Basically, we're a news magazine, giving you a wide range of subjects, but we're also very predictive. Subliminally, we're saying that if you are an informed citizen here are the things you might want to consider today: a meeting of NATO leaders, a play opening in New York, a major trade in baseball. We set the agenda for the day and give you certain useful information to take with you when you leave your house in the morning. And we try to give you as much background as possible. Radio is far more flexible than television; it can provide an immediacy in hard news which is impossible to match on the tube. One of the pluses of being situated in Washington is that you can find experts on practically any subject on very short notice."

We asked Mr. Edwards how he spends an average day.

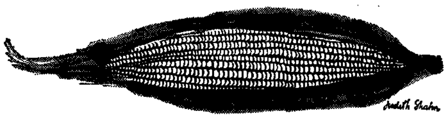
"I get up at 1:30 A.M. and drink a lot of coffee," he said. "Then I drive to the studio from Arlington. At that hour, the bars are closing and there are lots of crazy people on the road, so I have to be very careful. Several years ago, a drunk totalled my car, and almost every night somebody comes right at me on the wrong side of the road with his lights off. When I get to the studio, I read in—I look at the A.P. and U.P.I. wires and check the schedule for live interviews. We do a lot of work in advance, but you'd be surprised at the number of people who are willing to come in and talk between six and eight in the morning. I write most of my copy from 2:30 to 5 A.M., and then at thirty on the clock—thirty minutes to airtime—I record two opens, two returns, and six weathers. An open is 'Good morning, here's what's going on today.' A return is a little funny—an odd or amusing news story—and it has to be exactly twenty-three seconds long. All these segments have to be timed, because the NPR stations around the country are counting on us to hit the clock exactly. At six, I go on the air for two hours, and then during the rest of the day I update the news, tape interviews in advance, and answer my mail. There's always at least one live interview in the show, and several years ago we came up with the idea of letting two guests talk to each other live, with me sort of listening in. We hooked up Red Barber and Chuck Yeager, who talked about everything from sports to space flights, and we've used the same format for George Ball and Henry Kissinger."

We asked Mr. Edwards if he had ever run into problems with live interviews.

"There was Election Day in 1980, when I got the patriarch of Dixville Notch, New Hampshire, on the phone right after the voting there had closed," he said, with a smile. "All he could say was 'Yup' and 'Nope.' We had him booked for six minutes, and settled for two. More recently, there was a career bureaucrat in the U.S.I.A. who'd been making the most vociferous charges against the Reagan Administration. When we put him on the air, he choked and ducked and didn't say a word."

We asked if "Morning Edition" has to cope with pressure from politicians.

"They don't always like what we say," Mr. Edwards replied, "but almost everybody in Washington listens to us. We're pretty well insulated from political pressure, because our money comes from Congress through the Corporation for Public Broadcasting."



Mr. Kernis said that one of the goals of "Morning Edition" is to tell as much of a news story as possible through sound. "For years," he said, "a news event would occur and the writing press would write about it and the radio people would come along and interview the witnesses. We've tried to convince our reporters all over the world that they must try to be there when news events *happen*. We tell them that everything of news value also makes sound; we try to bring our listeners to the news on an emotional as well as an informational level. With sound, you get texture and immediacy—you ask somebody 'Did you take the money?' as the prison bells ring. The only limits on our coverage are financial. Our daily budget for outside acquisitions is fourteen hundred and fifty dollars, and the rest of the yearly production budget for the entire show is nine hundred thousand dollars—about what it would cost to buy a second-string anchor in commercial television."

We asked Mr. Edwards to tell us a little about himself, and he replied that he grew up in Louisville, Kentucky, and worked his way through the University of Louisville as a theatre usher, a bookkeeper, and a delivery boy. "Finally, when I was twenty-one, I got a radio job at WHEL, a tiny, thousand-watt station in New Albany, Indiana. It was only on in the daytime, but when the weather was right the signal would travel clear across the river to Louisville. I delivered news, sold time, spun records, and fixed the plumbing. Then, after I was drafted, in 1969, I wound up in Seoul as the anchorman on the Army's six-o'clock television news show." After the Army, Mr. Edwards enrolled in graduate school at the American University, in Washington ("That's where I learned how to write news copy—from Edward Bliss, who was Edward R. Murrow's editor at CBS"), and worked for a local radio station. "In 1974, I went to work for NPR on 'All Things Considered,' the afternoon news show," he said, "and in 1979 we started 'Morning Edition.' "

"Have you ever thought about moving to television?" we asked.

"No," Mr. Edwards replied. "It's

so much more limiting than radio. In television, a reporter or an anchor has very little input into the news process. At NPR, on the other hand, the reporters and producers run the show. You don't have to check with twenty people before you report a breaking story—you just go ahead and do it."

Incentives

THE idea of incentive travel is for a company to reward its best workers with trips. We walked to the Coliseum last week for the 1984 World Congress and Exposition on Incentive Travel and Meeting Management. Here is what we got:

Matches from BWIA International and Hacienda Resorts, Inc.

Sewing kit from the Desert Inn in Las Vegas.

Tin of New York-blend tea from Fortnum & Mason, in London. The tea, according to Tim Hansell, the firm's spokesman, has been blended expressly for New York City tap water, though it can be purchased only in London, or by mail. Mr. Hansell displayed the world's largest food hamper at an exhibit last year—six feet by three feet by three feet. "Fortnum & Mason has been known for its hampers at least since the Napoleonic Wars—it was sending hampers to Wellington then," Mr. Hansell said. "Fortnum's can be said to be the originator of hampers."

Brochure from Mediacom, a French incentive-travel agent, that spelled out ten rules for incentive travel. No. 10 is "Favour the emergence of individualities hidden by the social mask." At the bottom of the page, in bold letters, is this motto: "EVERYTHING IS NOT SAID AND EVERYTHING REMAINS TO BE DONE."

Ballpoint pens from the Flamingo Hilton, the Sahara Hotel, and the Jamaica Pegasus Hotel.

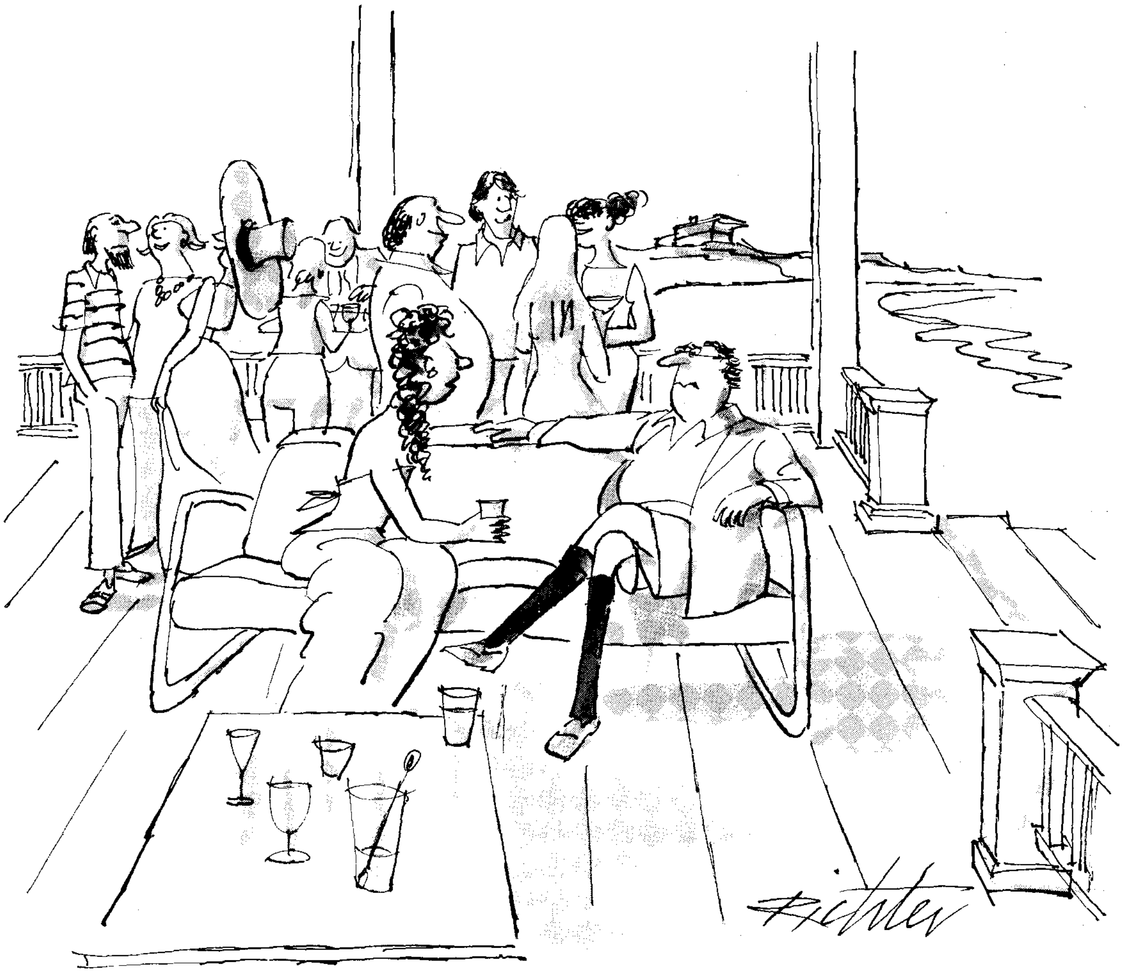
Fans from the Korea National Tourism Corporation and from the People's Republic of China. Mr. Wang, who gave us our P.R.C. fan, also handed us a photo book from CAAC, the Chinese airline, which had marvellous pictures of the Great Wall and of the "eleven flight personnel who were named 'Model Flight Personnel of Safe Flight of CAAC' ": Xu Boling, Yin Ganting, Huang Xuchun, Jiang Yuanyou, Xu Jifu, Gu Zhenfang, Cui Tianfu, Li Taifu, Sha Jinyu, Wang Guoxi, and He Dayun.

Copy of *Incentive Travel Manager*, a magazine containing an article ("Reach for the Stars") about spicing up incentive trips by arranging meetings with celebrities. The Wayne Feed Division of the Continental Grain Company, for instance, "has a very special relationship with local radio personality and comedian Captain Stubby (Tom Fouts)," and the article quotes Richard Green, of Wayne Feed, as saying of Captain Stubby, "He's a natural comic who keeps things lively." Also, when another group visited Spain it invited the king to a party, but he couldn't come and sent his sister instead; that was fine, since "she posed for pictures and was very gracious."

Copy of *Potentials in Marketing*, which has incentive ideas for companies too cheap to be thinking about Spain. One is the Two Potato Clock, which keeps digital time using the organic electricity found in ordinary potatoes. Or in beer.

Peppermint candy from Les McDonough, actor, who was appearing as Santa at one booth. "You know, Christmas in July," he said, absently kicking the plastic snow with his scuffed black boot.

What we want to say is: Incentive travel works. We went to the Coliseum this year, and, having enjoyed our visit, we'll go back next summer.



"Are you quoting the old Nixon or the new Nixon?"

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Americana

A FRIEND of ours, a new American citizen, has received through the mail not only a Certificate of Naturalization but also an offer to laminate the certificate for display in the den, a "Welcome to U.S.A. Citizenship" handbook, and *sheet music* for the "Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag." On the back of the music is a brief history: the Pledge was written by Francis Bellamy; first used in 1892 at the dedication of the grounds of the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition; officially designated our Pledge in December, 1945; revised to include the words "under God" during the Eisenhower Administration; set to music by the songwriter Irving Caesar; and on Flag Day of 1955 *sung*, for the first time, on the floor of the House of Representatives, by the official Air Force choral group, the Singing Sergeants.

Irving Caesar has a history, too, though it isn't printed on the back of his song. He has written over two thousand songs, including "Swanee" (with George Gershwin), "Tea for Two" (with Vincent Youmans), and dozens of children's songs, which he sings at the drop of a hat, as we found out when we met him recently at his office, on Seventh Avenue.

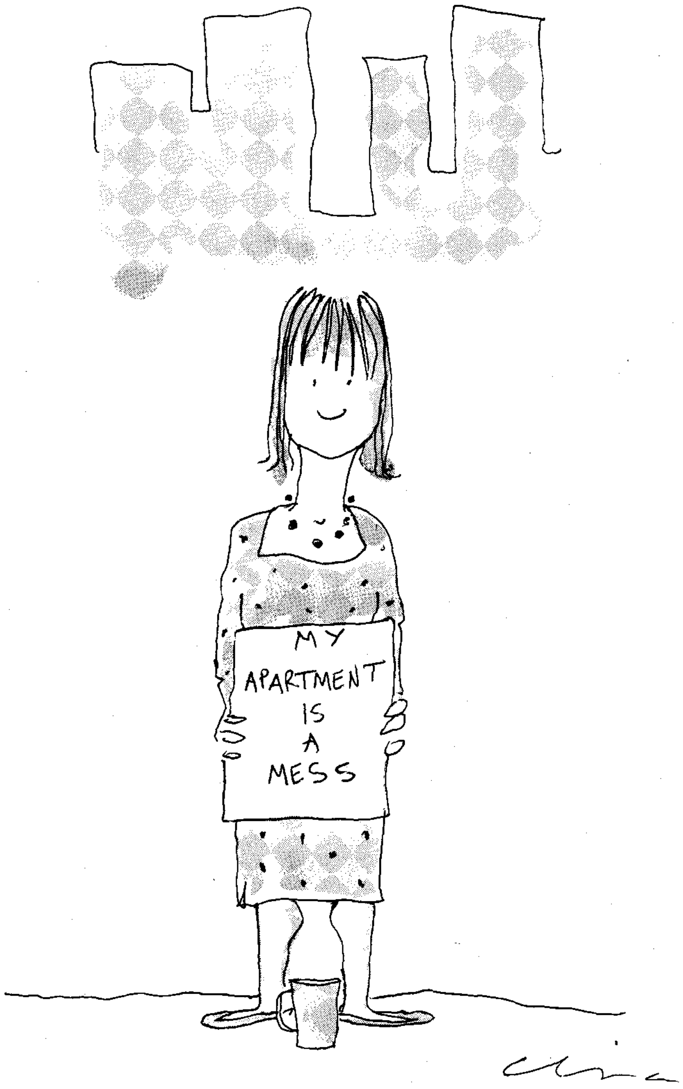
"I don't think anyone has had more dear friends than I," he said. "Eleanor Roosevelt thought very highly of my 'Songs of Friendship.' They were written for children, of course—'The world is getting littler ev'ry day, Soon there won't be any places far away, We shall take a plane in Turkey And wake up in Albuquerque Or in London or in Berlin or Bombay.' I performed them twice at her home. Nelson Rockefeller was there, I remember. Thousands of copies were distributed to schools. I had had the songs translated into German, French, Spanish, Chinese, Russian, Japanese—you name it. It cost a fortune, but I didn't care. I'm an idealist, you see. The *Herald Tribune* said, 'If our State Department's aim in inaugurating daily short-wave broadcasts to Soviet Russia . . . was to make friends . . . it should have featured . . . Irving Caesar's stirring, new and already sensationally successful *Songs of Friendship*.' "

"We used to sing this one," we said, leafing through "Songs of Safety," which were also written for children. " 'Ice Skating Is Nice Skating.' Our first waltz."

" 'Sing a Song of Safety' was my first book. It reminds me of when I first met Mayor LaGuardia. I knew a lot of powerful men—I knew Henry Ford. In fact, I was part of the Ford Peace Ship expedition in 1915. But Mayor LaGuardia—he was a doll! As I walked into his office, he sang me one of my safety songs: 'Remember your name and address, And telephone number too, Then if some day, you lose your way, You'll know just what to do; Walk up to that kind policeman, The very first one you meet, And simply say, "I've lost my way, I cannot find my street." ' He said, 'I sing your songs every night to my children. I love them.' I wrote some great numbers for Jimmy Durante, many of them never used. 'Umbriago' is well known, but the others are just waiting for the right spot. I love that stuff. Lots of rhymes like 'Listen, fellas, don't get jealous.' Durante was a sweet man. What a pleasure working with him! Another man I admired greatly was George M. Cohan."

"Did you know," we asked him, "that he was actually born on the *third* of July?"

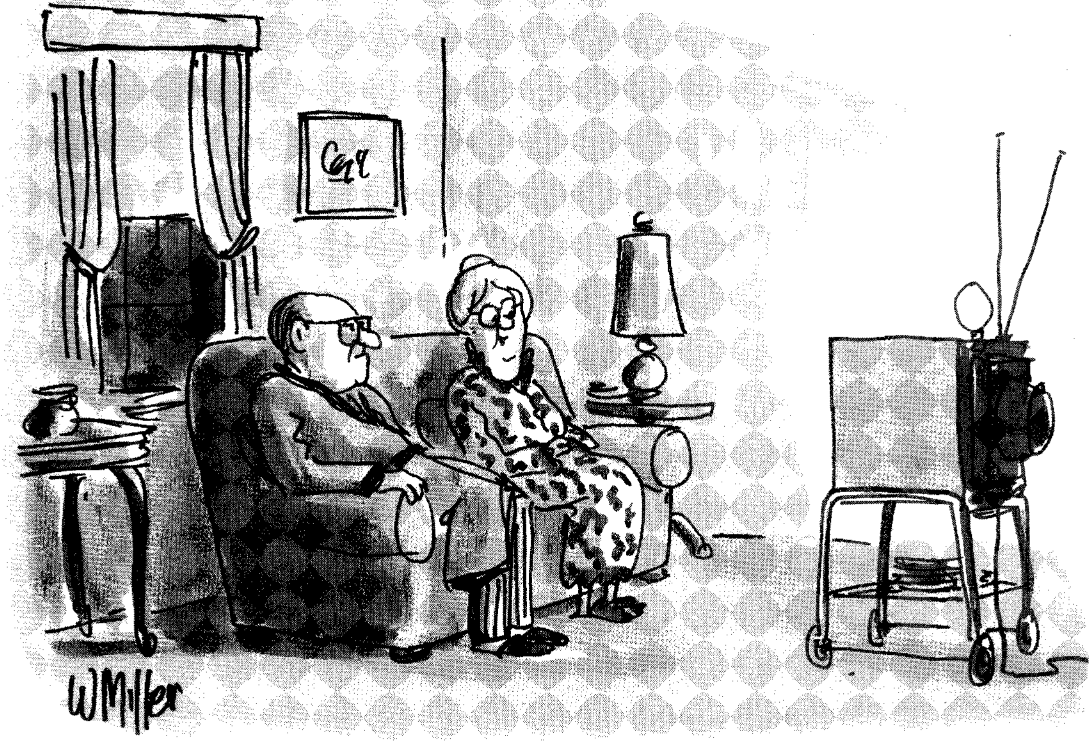
"Did you know," he answered, "that *I* was actually born on the *fourth* of July? In 1895. And I can still remember, when I was five years old, standing at the window watching the sun go in and out of the clouds, in and out, and singing 'God is glad, God is sad, God is glad, God is sad.' One day not long after that, I was playing a piano in a store on the lower East Side and everyone was astonished. 'A genius!' they cried. 'Get his father down here!' And my father bought the piano. The store owner was delighted to get rid of it—the store was a luncheonette and the piano was a concert grand. Imagine the size of it! My father paid five dollars. We had a small apartment on Ludlow Street, and my mother threw up her hands in despair when she saw the piano. 'Where will the family sleep now?' she asked my father. 'Don't worry,' he said. And what we did was my brother Arthur and I slept on top of the piano and a couple of relatives who'd just arrived from Rumania slept underneath it. It all seems nutty now, doesn't it? One day, after I'd been doing well for myself for a while, I received a letter from Congressman Louis C. Rabaut, Democrat of Michigan. He is the man who proposed adding the words 'under God' to the Pledge. 'Would you,' he wanted to know, 'write a musical setting for the Pledge of Allegiance to the U.S. Flag?' 'Oh, no,' I said to myself. 'Don't ask me that. It has no rhythm. Nothing rhymes. How am I going to make a song out of that?' But I got some good advice. 'Don't tell him you can't,' my friends said. 'Tell him



you'll try.' That's what I did. And the same day, as I was walking out of my office, it came to me all at once, exactly the way it is now. I rushed down to the corner and sang it into the telephone, so that someone in my office could copy it down before I lost it. That sometimes happens."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," we said, "to think that everyone standing at a corner phone was singing into it!"

"That's the stuff Broadway's made of," said Irving Caesar.



"Joan Rivers and Boy George are good friends. I think that's nice."

Perfect

A New York City woman writes:

Up in the Catskills, just north of the hamlet of Lexington on Route 23A in Greene County, New York, there is a turnout, about a city block long, where fishermen can park their cars, scramble down a few feet to Schoharie Creek, which flows beside the highway, and harry the trout. Between the road and the parking space is a rough patch I always try to visit when I am in the neighborhood, because it is a natural garden, filled from spring to fall with a magnificent succession of wild flowers. From dandelions to asters, that untended plot puts forth the traditional non-stop, ever-changing riot of color the gardener's seed catalogues promise. On a Saturday afternoon toward the end of June, my husband and I, travelling on 23A, duly drove into my turnout. No one else was around. A moment after we got out of the car, we were distracted from a profusion of wild daisies by the sight of a tiny yellow bird clinging to the top of a tall, slightly swaying green stalk. He had a black cap and black-and-white wings, and we thought he must be an escaped pet canary. But after another moment, when our eyes had adjusted to sunlight, distance, and color, we saw that the wild-flower patch was alive with similar small yellow birds. They were ceaselessly active. They flung themselves up in the air in a raggedy flight, like self-propelled confetti. They sprang, bounced, and fluttered like a visual hurrah, cheeping inharmoniously all the while, with an excitement we could not help sharing. Besides each other, this golden horde had a small corps of playmates—slightly larger pink-and-pinkish-brown birds. The two teams seemed to be rehearsing a ballet by a bird Balanchine, for they worked an intricate airborne pattern of advances and retreats and crossovers. I have no idea how long we watched this jubilant exhibition. We had no field glasses, no bird book; as long as we were there, we were totally engaged—rapt—and after we left, all during the rest of the day and all during Sunday's comings and goings, we found ourselves entranced by the memory of that frolic: the troops of rollicking little birds. Back in the city, we headed for the shelf with the bird book and looked them up. As anyone who knows something about birds could guess, we had seen goldfinches and purple finches. Our bird book did not tell us enough, so later in the week we consulted some more books and an encyclopedia, and learned that the birds were exactly where they are supposed to be at the end of June and were doing just what they are supposed to do. Goldfinches are seedeaters who travel in flocks, and, our sources explained, must wait to mate and nest until weed seeds (imagine bird books calling my wild flowers weeds!) are abundant. As the reference books made plain, we had observed a textbook ideal, a perfect demonstration of ordinary bird behavior.

My continuing fascination with that brief period of observation puzzled me for a while, but now I think I may have the answer. The first time I was taken to Yankee Stadium as a little girl, Joe DiMaggio was the first man I saw batting for the Yankees, and he swung into the first pitch and hit a home run. The first time I saw "Don Giovanni," Ezio Pinza sang the Don. I had no way of understanding that these performances were unusual, and I could not appreciate their refinements. Yet I was transfixed, and I remember both as if they had happened yesterday, just as, I suspect, I will remember the cavorting of the finches. Perhaps we do not have to understand exactly what we are seeing when we see the ideal. Something that is perfect has the power to enchant us whether we know what it is or not.

PET MILK

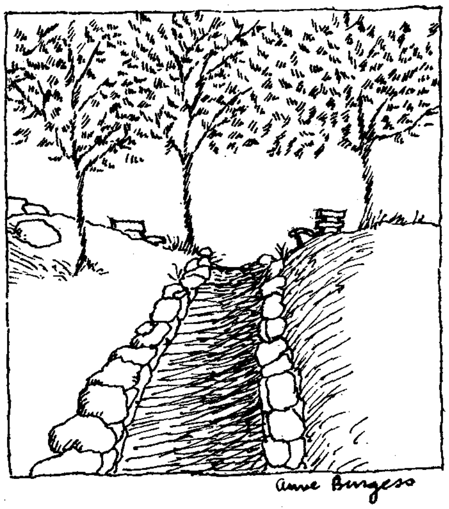
TODAY I've been drinking instant coffee and Pet Milk, and watching it snow. It's not that I enjoy the taste especially, but I like the way Pet Milk swirls in the coffee. Actually, my favorite thing about Pet Milk is what the can opener does to the top of the can. The can is unmistakable—compact, seamless-looking, its very shape suggesting that it could condense milk without any trouble. The can opener bites in neatly, and the thick liquid spills from the triangular gouge with a different look and viscosity. Pet Milk isn't *real* milk. The color's off, to start with. There's almost something of the past about it, like old ivory. My grandmother always drank it in her coffee. When friends dropped over and sat around the kitchen table, my grandma would ask, "Do you take cream and sugar?" Pet Milk was the cream.

There was a yellowed plastic radio on her kitchen table, usually tuned to the polka station, though sometimes she'd miss it by half a notch and get the Greek station instead, or even the Spanish or the Ukranian. In Chicago, where we lived, all the incompatible states of Europe were pressed together down at the staticky right end of the dial. She didn't seem to notice, as long as she wasn't hearing English. The radio, turned low, played constantly. Its top was warped and turning amber on the side where the tubes were. I remember the sound of it on winter afternoons after school, as I sat by her table watching the Pet Milk swirl and cloud in the steaming coffee, and noticing, outside her window, the sky doing the same thing above the railroad yard across the street.

And I remember, much later, seeing the same swirling sky in tiny liqueur glasses containing a drink called a King Alphonse: the crème de cacao rising like smoke in repeated explosions, blooming in kaleidoscopic clouds through the layer of heavy cream. This was in the Pilsen, a little Czech restaurant where my girlfriend, Kate, and I would go sometimes in the evening. It was the first year out of college for both of us, and we had astonished ourselves by finding real jobs—no more waitressing or pumping gas, the way we'd done in school. I was investigating credit references at a bank, and she was doing something slightly above the rank of typist for Hornblower & Weeks, the investment firm. My bank showed training films that emphasized the importance of suitable dress, good grooming, and personal neatness, even for employees like me, who worked at the switchboard in the basement. Her firm issued directives on appropriate attire—skirts, for instance, should cover the knees. She had lovely knees.

Kate and I would sometimes meet after work at the Pilsen, dressed in our proper business clothes and still feeling both a little self-conscious and glamorous, as if we were impostors wearing disguises. The place had small round oak tables, and we'd sit in a corner under a painting called "The Street Musicians of Prague" and trade future plans as if they were escape routes. She talked of going to grad school in Europe; I wanted to apply to the Peace Corps. Our plans for the future made us laugh and feel close, but those same plans somehow made anything more than temporary between us seem impossible. It was the first time I'd ever had the feeling of missing someone I was still with.

The waiters in the Pilsen wore short black jackets over long white aprons. They were old men from the Old Country. We went there often enough to have our own special waiter, Rudi, after a while. Rudi boned our trout and seasoned our salads, and at the end of the meal he'd bring the bottle of crème de cacao from the bar, along with two little glasses and a small pitcher of heavy cream, and make us each a King Alphonse right at our table. We'd watch as he'd fill the glasses halfway up with the syrupy brown liqueur, then carefully attempt to float a layer of cream on top. If he failed to float the cream, we'd get that one free.



"Who was King Alphonse anyway, Rudi?" I sometimes asked, trying to break his concentration, and if that didn't work I nudged the table with my foot so the glass would jiggle imperceptibly just as he was floating the cream. We'd usually get one on the house. Rudi knew what I was doing. In fact, serving the King Alphonses had been his idea, and he had also suggested the trick of jarring the table. I think it pleased him, though he seemed concerned about the way I'd stare into the liqueur glass, watching the patterns.

"It's not a microscope," he said. "Drink."

He liked us, and we tipped extra. It felt good to be there and to be able to pay for a meal.

KATE and I met at the Pilsen for supper on my twenty-second birthday. It was May, and unseasonably hot. I'd opened my tie. Even before looking at the dinner menu, we ordered a bottle of Mumm's and a dozen oysters apiece. Rudi made a sly remark when he brought the oysters on platters of ice. They were freshly opened and smelled of the sea. I'd heard people joke about oysters' being aphrodisiac but never considered it anything but a myth—the kind of idea they still had in the Old Country.

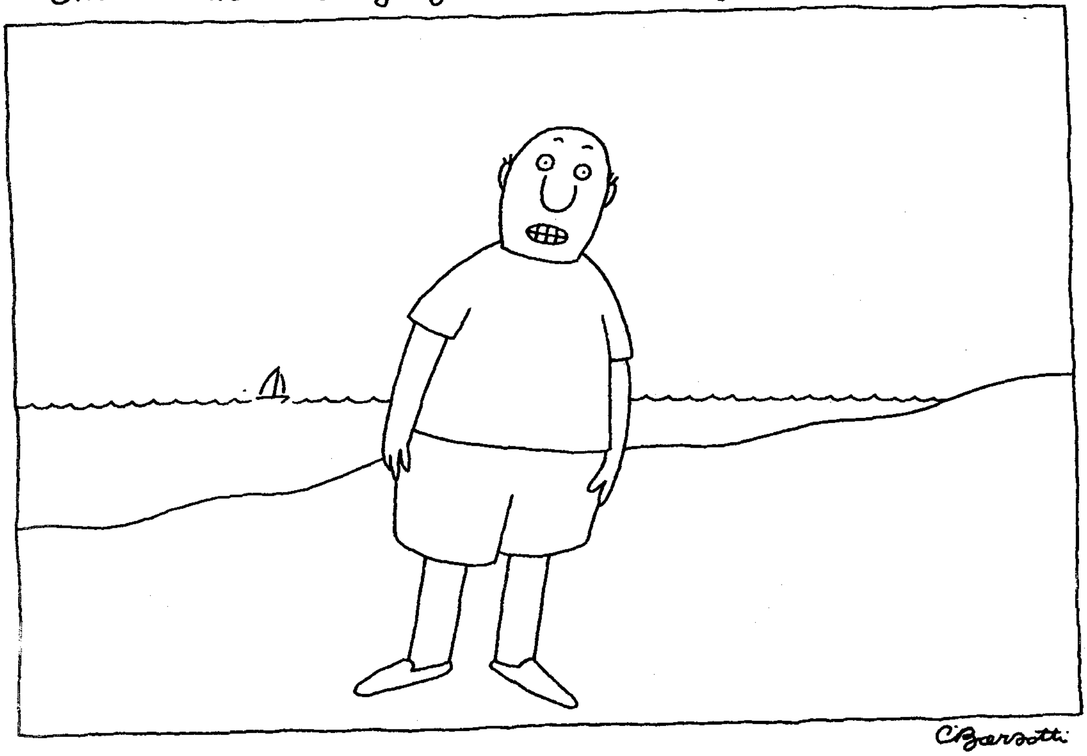
We squeezed on lemon, added dabs of horseradish, slid the oysters into our mouths, and then rinsed the shells with champagne and drank the salty, cold juice. There was a beefy-looking couple eating schnitzel at the next table, and they stared at us with the repugnance that public oyster-eaters in the Midwest often encounter. We laughed and grandly sipped it all down. I was already half tipsy from drinking too fast, and starting to feel filled with a euphoric, aching energy. Kate raised a brimming oyster shell to me in a toast: "To the Peace Corps!"

"To Europe!" I replied, and we clunked shells.

She touched her wineglass to mine and whispered, "Happy birthday," and then suddenly leaned across the table and kissed me.

When she sat down again, she was flushed. I caught the reflection of her face in the glass-covered "The Street Musicians of Prague" above our table. I always loved seeing her in mirrors

On the third day of vacation I began to relax.



and windows. The reflections of her beauty startled me. I had told her that once, and she seemed to fend off the compliment, saying, "That's because you've learned what to look for," as if it were a secret I'd stumbled upon. But, this time, seeing her reflection hovering ghostlike upon an imaginary Prague was like seeing a future from which she had vanished. I knew I'd never meet anyone more beautiful to me.

We killed the champagne and sat twining fingers across the table. I was sweating. I could feel the warmth of her through her skirt under the table and I touched her leg. We still hadn't ordered dinner. I left money on the table and we steered each other out a little unsteadily.

"Rudi will understand," I said.

The street was blinding bright. A reddish sun angled just above the rims of the tallest buildings. I took my suit coat off and flipped it over my shoulder. We stopped in the doorway of a store to kiss.

"Let's go somewhere," she said.

My roommate would already be home at my place, which was closer. Kate lived up north, in Evanston. It seemed a long way away.

We cut down a side street, past a fire station, to a small park, but its gate was locked. I pressed close to her against the tall iron fence. We could smell the lilacs from a bush just inside the fence, and when I jumped for an overhanging branch my shirtsleeve hooked on a fence spike and tore, and petals rained down on us as the bush sprang from my hand.

We walked to the subway. The evening rush was winding down; we must have caught the last express heading toward Evanston. Once the train climbed from the tunnel to the elevated tracks, it wouldn't stop until the end of the line, on Howard. There weren't any seats together, so we stood swaying at the front of the car, beside the empty conductor's compartment. We wedged inside, and I clicked the door shut.

The train rocked and jounced, clattering north. We were kissing, trying to catch the rhythm of the ride with our bodies. The sun bronzed the windows on our side of the train. I lifted her skirt over her knees, hiked it higher so the sun shone off her thighs, and bunched it around her waist. She wouldn't stop kissing, and she was moving her hips to pin us to each jolt of the train.

We were speeding past scorched brick walls, gray windows, back porches outlined in sun, roofs and treetops—the landscape of the "L" I'd memorized from subway windows over a lifetime of rides: the podiatrist's foot sign past Fullerton; the bright pennants of Wrigley Field, at Addison; ancient hotels with "Transients Welcome" signs on their flaking back walls; peeling and graffiti-smudged billboards; the old cemetery just before Wilson Avenue. Even without looking, I knew almost exactly where we were. Within the compartment, the sound of our quick breathing was louder than the clatter of tracks. I was trying to slow down, to make it all last, and when she covered my mouth with her hand I turned my face to the window and looked out.

The train was braking a little from express speed, as it did each time it passed a local station. I could see blurred faces on the long wooden platform watching us pass—businessmen glancing up from folded newspapers, women clutching purses and shopping bags. I could see the expression on each face, momentarily arrested, as we flashed by. A high-school kid in shirtsleeves, maybe sixteen, with books tucked under one arm and a cigarette in his mouth, caught sight of us, and in the instant before he disappeared he grinned and started to wave. Then he was gone, and I turned from the window, back to Kate, forgetting everything—the passing stations, the glowing late sky, even the sense of missing her—but that arrested wave stayed with me. It was as if I were standing on that platform, with my schoolbooks and a smoke, on one of those endlessly accumulated afternoons after school when I stood almost outside of time simply waiting for a train, and I thought how much I'd have loved seeing someone like us streaming by.

—STUART DYBEK

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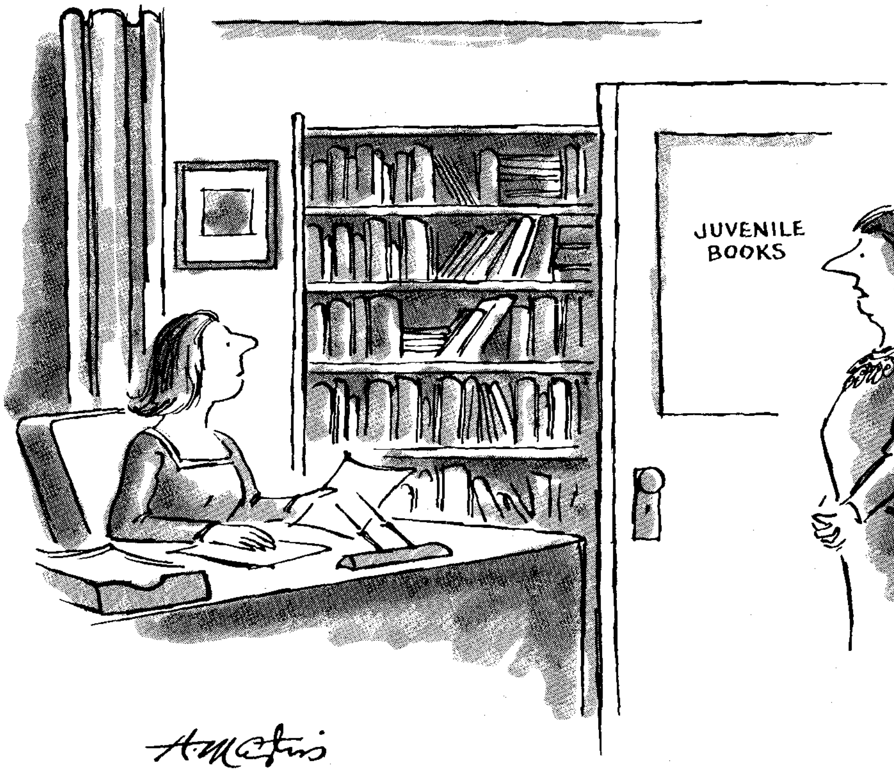
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES—an intermediate level naval wargame based (in part) on the pursuit of the British pocket battleship Graf Spee.—*Listing in a mailing from Microcomputer Games.*

Hold your fire!

BRIAN

THE cities of Kimberley and Bloemfontein lie about a hundred miles apart. Considering that there is little between them but parched, pale veld, wire fences, and tin-roofed farmhouses, one would think there would be a fair amount of coming and going between the two places. Perhaps this does take place nowadays. When I lived in Kimberley as a boy, however, the two towns stood aloof from one another. There were many reasons for this. Chief among them was the fact that the whites of Kimberley were almost wholly English-speaking, then; Bloemfontein, the former capital of the Boer Republic of the Orange Free State, was "Dutch"—Afrikaans-speaking. The result was a gulf that nothing could bridge. Moreover, Kimberley people nursed a secret resentment against Bloemfontein, simply because it was bigger and better endowed: it was a provincial capital, which Kimberley was not; it was the seat of the country's Supreme Court; it housed a college of the University of South Africa. Not that the effect of these advantages should be exaggerated. If you did go to Bloemfontein, what did you find there? A few more cinemas than in Kimberley, two or three more department stores, a zoo, a few "historic" buildings of granite, dating from the days of the Boer Republic, the same heat, the same flat countryside all around (even more denuded of trees than it was around Kimberley)—nothing to make you feel that the journey had been worthwhile. Better by far, if you were vacation-bound, to turn your car northward, to the big-city excitements of Johannesburg, or southward, to the spectacularly heaped and fractured coastlines of the Cape.

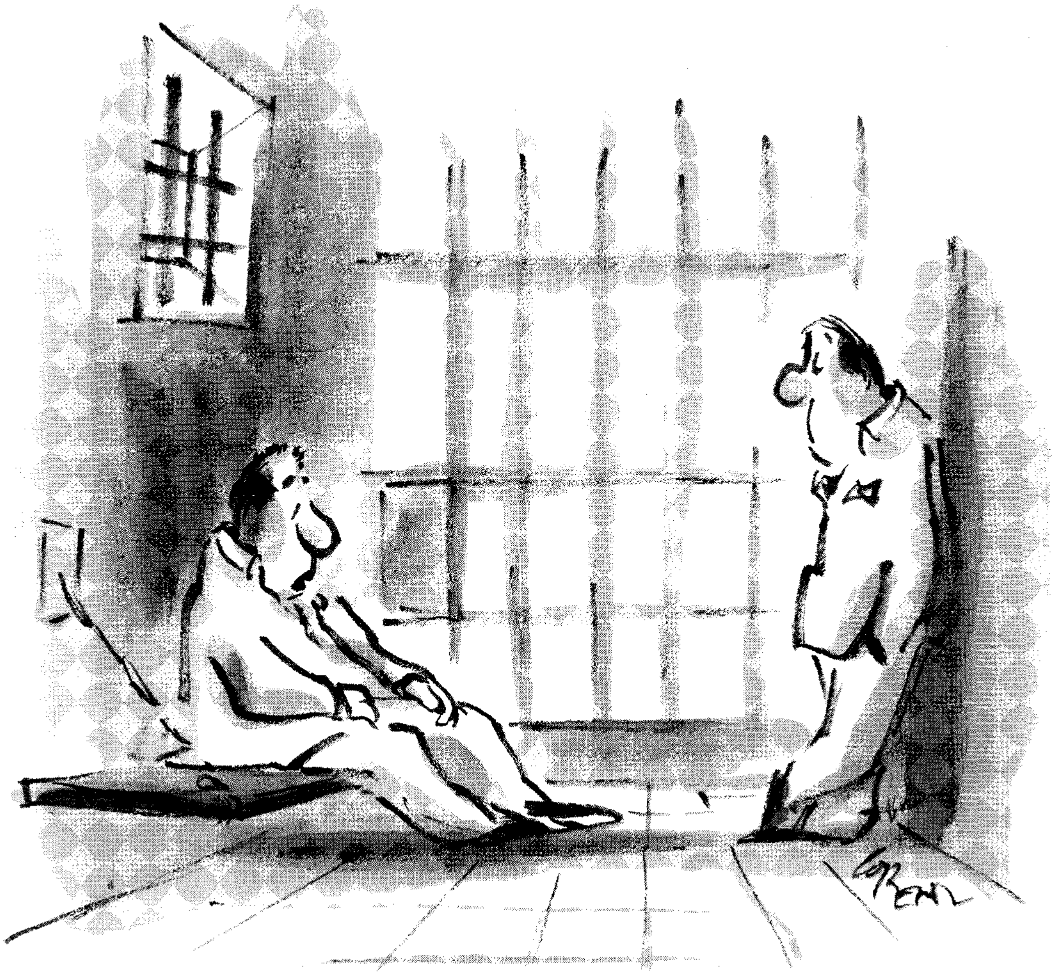
At some time during my adolescence, however, the towns' two small Jewish communities, each of which consisted of about a hundred and twenty families, decided that they should do more for one another and with one another than they had done in the past. As far as the young people were concerned, this meant that a group from each town visited the other for a long weekend, turn and turn about, every six months or so. The arrangement came to an abrupt end after a couple of years, in the circumstances I shall describe below, but while it lasted it made a welcome change for anyone, like myself, who belonged to either group. Boys and girls were put up in each other's houses; a program of events of various kinds, from lectures to rugby matches, was arranged; and in the free time between these events there was ample opportunity for driving about in motorcars or walking about the streets late at night, playing Ping-Pong, gossiping, smoking, flirting publicly, pairing off privately, and some drinking. Almost all of it was as innocent as it was intense—most childish perhaps in its most nervously grownup moments: the kind of thing that similar groups of prosperous, middle-class, secularized young Jews in Europe would no doubt have been doing during those very years if the Nazis had not been rounding them up and murdering them.



"A Mr. Squirrel Nutkin and a Mrs. Tiggywinkle are here to see you."

In the course of one such weekend a picnic was arranged at a place called Riverton, on the Vaal River, about fifteen miles outside Kimberley. A bus was hired to take out those who could not get a lift in a private car. There must have been about forty in the party altogether, the oldest perhaps nineteen years of age, the youngest thirteen; about half were visitors from Bloemfontein. On the way out people talked to one another and showed off as they usually did; from time to time, though, they also put their heads solemnly together and exchanged whispers and glances and meaningful nods. They were talking about a scene that had taken place after a dance the previous night. Two of the Kimberley boys, one named Brian, the other Peter, had got drunk at the dance and had then gone to the house of one of the girls in the group. There they had behaved so badly that the girl had finally told them to clear out. The scene that followed was noisier and nastier still. The girl's parents became involved; the two youngsters were manhandled out of the house. Alternately yelling insults and weeping, Brian stood in the lamplit street, which a few minutes before had been as tranquil as only a small-town, residential street late at night can be. He knew why he'd been treated like that, he cried: people liked to push him around; they thought of him as a cripple; they despised him because of it; but he'd show them all one day; and so forth.

The scene—with all its varying proportions of melodrama, misery, excitement, and pleasure for everybody involved—ended as such scenes usually do. After much expostulation and explanation, more tears and expres-



"I'm certainly not better off. Four years ago, I was out on my own recognizance."

• •

sions of defiance and apology, everyone dispersed into the darkness. Now it was all over, or would have been all over but for two things. The first was that people had begun to suspect that Peter had what would nowadays be called a serious drinking problem. He was a silly, giggling schoolboy, nothing more, fully sixteen years old, with a pair of jaunty shoulders and a face ravaged by acne. That he might also be on the way to becoming a "real" drunk—a grownup drunk, a helpless drunk—was no longer impossible to conceive, as it had been a few months before, but merely implausible: too grandiose, somehow. As things turned out, this wonder or suspicion among some of those who knew him was not at all a piece of adolescent sensationalism. Much of the next fifteen years or more of Peter's life was to be spent either in a state of drunkenness or in various institutions for the treatment of alcoholism. Then his irreparably damaged liver finally gave up the struggle.

As for Brian—bespectacled, bony-browed Brian, whose left hand clutched his hip as he walked and whose frail chest was somehow a little closer to his chin than one would ordinarily expect chest and chin to be; Brian, with his prominent, flattish nose and lizard-like smile, his curiously harsh voice and grunting laugh, which always seemed to be shaken out of him in small bursts of sound, as if he were reluctant to let it go; brown-haired, faintly freckled, sardonic Brian, who was older than almost everyone else in the group, and who looked even older than his years, partly because of his stooped walk and partly because of a habitual weariness and wariness around the eyes—Brian was quite a different case. His friends cared about him far more than they ever would about poor Peter. Whether or not Peter drank too much or why he drank too much were subjects for gossip rather than real concern. There are always people like Peter whose claims to attention are easily put by, without their acquaintances even realizing that that is what they are doing. There are also people of whom the exact opposite is true. Though they may not seem to wish it, or even to know it, their presence penetrates and changes and appears to enlarge the possibilities open to the company they keep. Brian was one of these. He was not a "leader" but something more interesting. He roused your curiosity. You wanted him to share his experiences with you. Your expectations became keener when you saw *his* curiosity stir. It was a knack or gift he had, and like all gifts it was irreducible, beyond explanation, as much part of him as the texture of his skin or the posture of his body or, for that matter, his habit of wearing his shirtsleeves only half rolled up, to just below the elbows.

Why should the movement of his body in his shirt, even the buttons on one particular blue, coarse-woven shirt, still be vivid in my memory after so many years? The question is impossible to answer. The detail is simply lodged among many others in my mind. For a long time my older brother and he had been close friends, which meant that though I saw him often I never had a direct relationship with him; they were the ones who decided whether or not I would be allowed to join their games or conversations. Then they drifted apart, and I saw much less of him. But between us there remained something of the closeness and distance of the earlier relationship. I was more than just another junior to him, and he showed it in the way he looked at me and talked to me. Or did not talk to me. He and I sometimes used to walk part of the way home together after school. Strangely enough, given his vivacity at other times, what I remember best about those walks was their unembarrassed, almost intimate silence. It was as if he did not mind my seeing just how fatigued an ordinary day at school could make him feel. His face would be set, his walk more labored than usual, his forehead somehow more prominent.

My other memories of him, though, are quite different in kind, and I still cherish them. Once, when he and my brother were having an insults match—trading the worst things they could say about each other—Brian fell silent and then brought out his coup de grâce: "Well, whatever I am, you're what comes out of my arse." It was the end of the match. My brother conceded defeat by collapsing helplessly into laughter. Brian merely smiled like a lizard. Thereafter he had merely to say, warningly, "Remember where you come from," to recall and even to reproduce his triumph. On another occasion, when my brother was jeering at one of the boys in his class for being a "swot" and a "creeper," Brian, who must have been about thirteen at the time, said offhandedly, "You talk like a fool. He knows what the school's there for. It's to teach him things." It wasn't the wisdom of the remark that was impressive but its self-assurance, and its disinterestedness, too, for though Brian was clever enough at his books he was no swot or creeper himself. (The boy they were talking about, incidentally, was eventually to settle in Canada and become a millionaire in the electronics industry.) On yet another occasion I remember Brian patiently teaching a barefoot African child whom we had come across in some dusty street, and who had no English at all, to repeat after him, "Workers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains." Timid, bewildered, suspicious, yet pleased at having been noticed and eager to enter this incomprehensible game, the boy obliged. After about a half-dozen attempts he had it by heart. Brian told him to remember the words—they were very strong *muti* (magic), he said—and dismissed him. The child ran off, his lips still moving over the phrases.

There was nobody else at school or outside it about whom one could have told such stories. There was no one else whose words, whose gaze, whose demeanor, even when he was fooling about, were marked by such a curiously watchful restraint and detachment—a distancing of himself from what he was doing, which made the activity seem all the more intense to the people around him. This capacity or quality, I have no doubt, sprang in part from the fact that he had suffered from a severe and prolonged illness as a child. He had had polio at the age of about eight, and had almost died of it. For weeks, to make matters worse, the disease had been misdiagnosed as tick fever. Then there had followed many months in bed, endless physiotherapy sessions, a trip to the United States just before the outbreak of the war, where his distraught (and wealthy) parents had taken him in search of some kind of miracle cure. In the end the degree of disability with which the disease had left him was not as severe, apparently, as had at first been feared: he suffered from a permanent weakness of the spine which showed itself in the way he walked (his hand supporting his hip) and the posture of his body. He had lost a year or more of school and had fallen out of my brother's class into the one immediately above my own. He had difficulty in walking for long distances or in standing for long periods; he was also barred from all organized sports. On the other hand, because of the physiotherapy and hydrotherapy courses he had been through, he was supposed to be a powerful swimmer.

GRADATIONS OF BLACK

(Third Floor, Whitney Museum)

Ad Reinhardt's black, in "Abstract Painting 33,"
seems atmosphere, leading the eye into
that darkness where, self-awakened, we

grope for the bathroom switch; no light goes on,
but we come to see that the corners of his square
black canvas are squares slightly, slightly brown.

Frank Stella, in "Die Fahne Hoch," aligns
right-angled stripes, dark gray, upon black ground
lustrous and granular, like the shiny hide

of some hairless, geometrical reptile.
The black of Mark Rothko's "Four Darks in Red"
holds grief; small lakes of sheen reflect the light,

and the eye, seeking to sink, is rebuffed
by a much-worked dullness, the patina of a rag
that oily Vulcan uses, wiping up.

While Clyfford Still, in his tall "Untitled,"
has laid on black in flakes of hardening tar,
a dragon's scales so slick the viewer's head

is mirrored, a murky helmet, as he stands
waiting for the flame-shaped passion to clear.
With broad housepainter's brush and sweeping hands

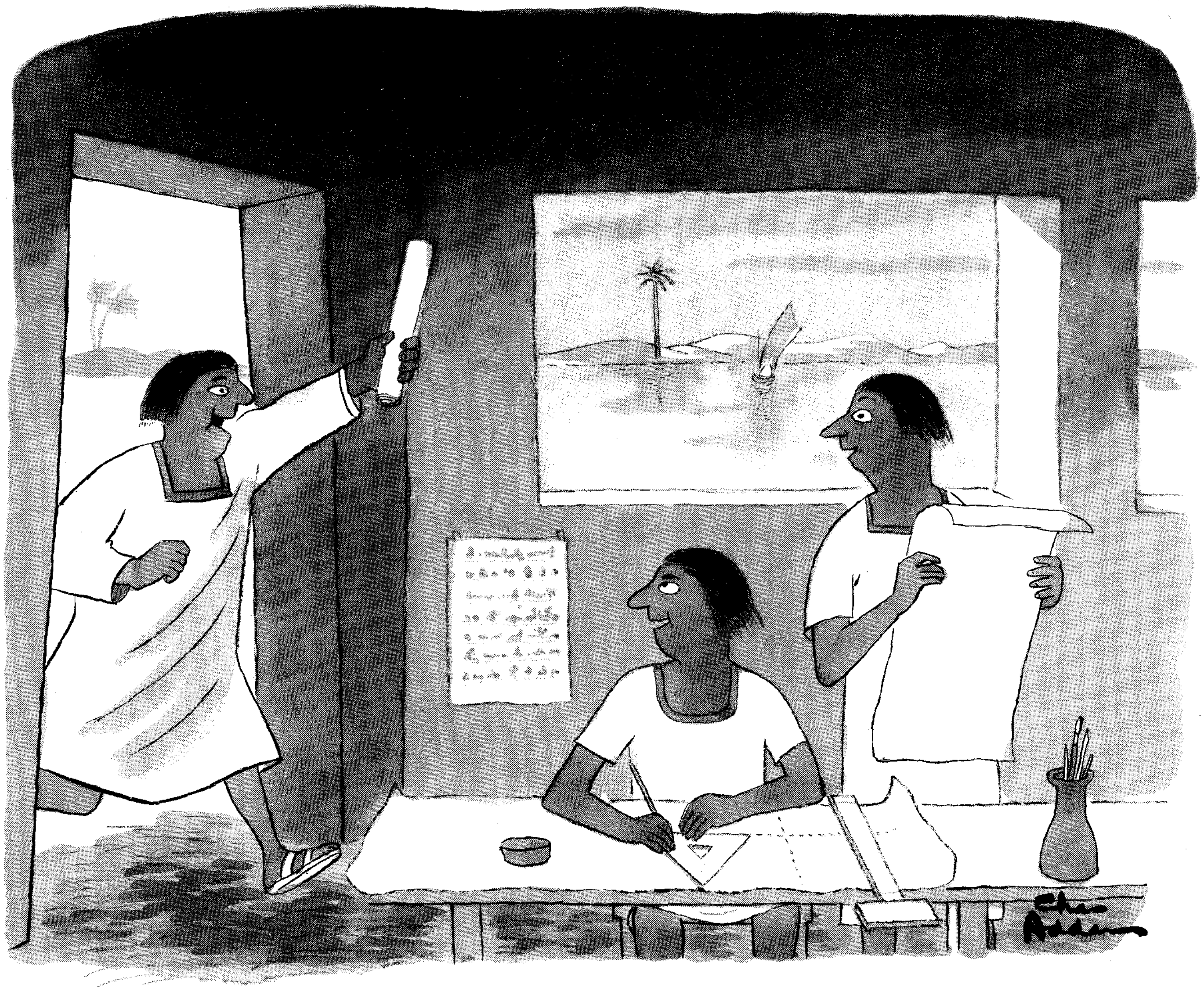
Franz Kline's "Mahoning" barred radiance; now each
black gobby girder has yielded cracks to time
and lets leak through the dead white underneath.

—John Updike

• •

2314 RICOTTA-LATTICINI FRESCHI 2314
J. Capa

I had never heard him talk of his illness or of its aftereffects—not even to my brother when they had been close to one another—nor had anyone ever said to me that Brian had spoken



"We got it! We got the pyramid contract!"

• •

to him or her about it. Now he himself, after the dance, had ruptured the privacy he had jealously preserved over many years. He had stood in the middle of a street, outside the house of a girl he was especially fond of, and lacerated himself and everyone around him by yelling out unsayable things about his own body and about what he thought to be the attitude of others toward it. It was true that he had been drunk; lately he had been getting drunk almost as often as Peter. (Peter was said to be a "bad influence" on him, though there was something absurd about the idea of Peter's influencing anyone, Brian particularly.) But did his drunkenness cast doubt on what he had revealed about his own feelings, or was it some kind of warranty of the truth of that revelation? And how was one to talk to Brian now, and what would he say? If it came to that, would he even turn up for the picnic?

HE did. So did Peter. My memory (which may be at fault here, because of what happened later) is that he and Peter travelled on the bus and sat together on it. What I am sure of is that I did not speak to either until we had reached our destination. The journey was not a long one. There was nothing to tell you, as you approached Riverton across the bare veld, that a pleasure resort of any kind lay ahead of you. At a cattle crossing stood a small kiosk where an admission ticket had to be purchased. Nearby was a one-room country store, closed for the weekend, with the inevitable enamel advertisement signs for Mazawattee Tea and Zam-Buk Ointment adorning its rickety frontage; scattered behind it at random on the stony, shadeless earth were the equally inevitable African huts of mud and beaten tin. Once you were waved over the grid, you followed the road as it wound among some hollows of stone and scrub, where entire orchestras or factories of cicadas were at work, sawing their legs off.

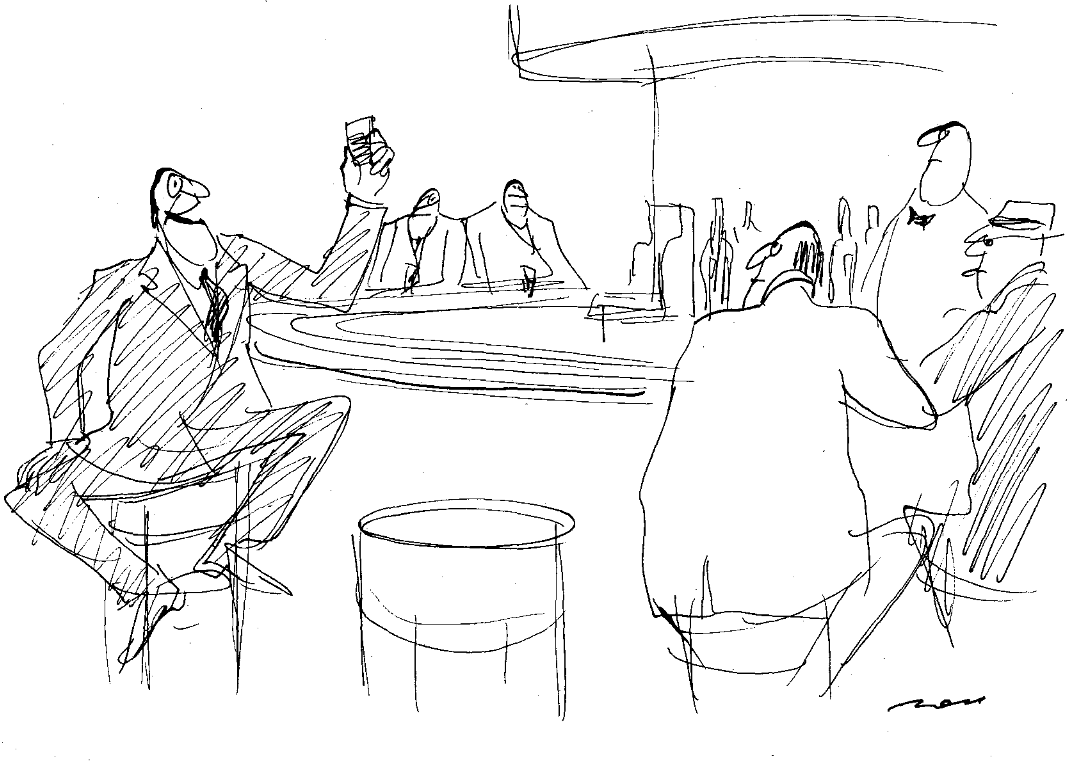
Then Riverton appeared. First, the pumping station for the Kimberley waterworks. Then a tearoom. Small rondavels, or holiday huts, with circular white walls and pointed, thatched roofs. Some stone barbecue pits among thick-trunked, thin-leaved willow trees. A children's playground. More willows and thornbushes, with parked cars and tents lurking among them. Gum trees. No grass; instead, the earth, which had been flooded earlier in the summer, had dried out into crisp, polygonal flakes—each one turned up at its edges—which crackled underfoot and turned instantly to dust. Dotted among the trees, facing away from the water, painted signs read "CAUTION: THIS RIVER IS DEEP, WIDE, AND DANGEROUS." Only when you had gone past the signs did you come to the water, which had previously shown itself by way of intermittent flashes piercing the dangling leaves of the willows.

At least two or three hundred yards wide at that point, the river ran strongly, all its moving width exposed to the sun. On the far bank the view closed on a tangled growth of thorn. As you approached it, the water looked green, with fugitive golden glints cupped moment by moment in its myriad shifting hollows; the sunlight recoiled from this complicated surface, which seemed to be travelling too fast to be penetrated. When you stood on the bank, directly over the water, it was neither green nor gold but a pale brown or khaki, full of swimming particles that thickened and darkened just about two feet below. Look up again, and your dazzled eye saw the whole expanse of the river as black, like a great metalled roadway, with the bank on the other side indistinguishable from the suddenly livid sky. Then you would blink and know where you were again.

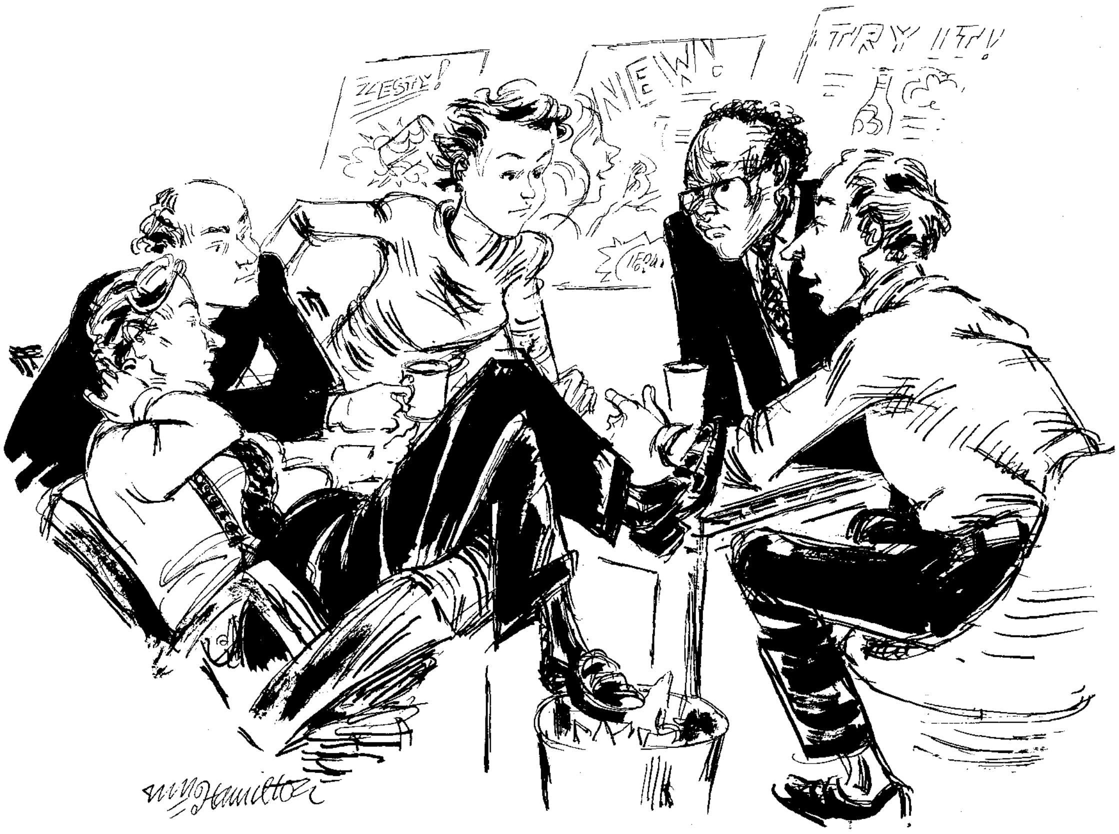
The bus and the few accompanying cars disgorged their passengers, who immediately scattered in various directions: some to the tearoom, some to swim, some to look for the lavatories, some to prostrate themselves on rugs and groundsheets, some to gather wood for the barbecues they were planning. I wanted to hire a rowboat, and had a few words about this with Brian. He wasn't interested. He was going to swim, he said; with a certain amount of bravado, and a faint grin, he added that a swim was just the thing for his hangover. I was with the girl at whose house the row had taken place the previous night. Short-haired, brown-eyed, smooth-skinned, the owner of a voice so high in pitch people were sure she put it on for effect, she was no spoilsport—anything but—and we all knew it. There did not seem to be any special constraint between her and Brian; they must have already made up in some way, perhaps on the telephone. In the end, he and Peter and a couple of others went one way; the girl and I and two companions went to the place where the boats for hire were moored. When we got there, we found that none were available for the moment. So we had a swim instead. The current felt as strong as it had looked, and the water was quite cold. But the one really disagreeable part of the swim was the thick mud underfoot as you waded out to a depth where swimming was possible. Once you had taken a half-dozen strokes, the bottom disappeared. After the swim we managed to get hold of a boat, in which we set out for the middle of the river.

There were many other boats on the water and many people swimming about, most near the bank. The boat had been hired for an hour, but we did not keep it nearly that long: the sun was too hot, out in the open, and anyway we were getting hungry. So we returned the boat to its mooring place and started walking back, alongside the river, to the place where the bus and cars were parked, in order to pick up our modest hampers. We hadn't gone far when we suddenly heard cries from a boat that was just a few yards away. It was approaching directly toward us, at right angles to the bank. It hit the bank prow first. Several boys we knew leaped up from it with an agitated clatter and rumble of oars and rowlocks. Behind them, a person reared up within the boat; then we saw that he had risen up in that fashion because the others were hauling and pushing him upright; then we saw that it was Brian. Amid shouts and gasps, he was stumblingly carried onto the bank and laid down on it.

He died there, in front of us. His face was turned to one side. It was blue in color. It had an intent, inward expression, as if he were listening to a voice within him that might have been lost if he had been distracted by the efforts of the people working over him, or by the crowd that gathered at a little distance to gaze at the scene. I had witnessed only one death before, also that of a boy—someone from school whom I knew slightly. I had come on him, around a corner, seconds after he was knocked off his bicycle by a speeding Army truck, and then



"To living very New York but feeling very California!"



"How about one of those sunny old grandpas who make things look honest?"

• •

carried by it for many yards before being thrown off it. He had been so badly smashed up that it was those parts of his body which were still undamaged that looked uncanny or bizarre. Brian was not like that. Only his color and the intentness of his expression seemed to tell one that there was no more to be done in this case than there had been in the other.

What could be done was done. People worked over him for I don't know how long—hours, it seemed. Much of the work was undertaken by one of the visitors from Bloemfontein, himself, ironically enough, a champion swimmer, the holder of a junior South African title. He was the one who had held Brian up in the water after he collapsed. Peter and Brian had been swimming together; it was Peter's voice, in fact—not Brian's—that had made the young man realize that something serious was amiss. An ambulance and a doctor were summoned from Kimberley; someone—I don't know who—also telephoned Brian's parents. While the amateur helpers waited for the professionals to arrive, they continued to toil away at their task. Those, like myself, who had no expertness in first aid, wandered away and came back—once because there was a cry of "He's coming round, he's coming round!" It turned out to have nothing in it, but I remember that when I heard the cry I thought "*Of course* he's coming round!," as though Brian and I had all along had a silent understanding, one quite private to ourselves, that he would do so. I remember also sitting with three or four others on a thick willow-tree root that grew out of the ground. It was near the river, which was now sullenly empty of boats and bathers. During that time, all of us, I think, got to know how gray the dust was, how grooved was the root, how hot the sunlight, how stricken in appearance faces could become, how little breath there seemed to be in anyone's chest, how dark it was when you put your hands over your eyes.

The ambulance men and the doctor eventually arrived. They, too, set to work, but they were able to do no more than the others. Brian's parents arrived just after the effort had been abandoned and the body had been carried into the ambulance. The doors of the ambulance had just been closed when their car came to a halt. The doctor went to them. Brian's mother cried, "My boy, my baby boy!," and his father clapped his hands loudly together in front of his chest.

Then, and only then, it seemed, was it over: truly irrevocable. We got in the vehicles that had brought us to the river and returned to Kimberley. None of the visitors from Bloemfontein stayed for the funeral, which had to be postponed until after the inquest. (Its finding was that Brian had not drowned but had died of coronary failure.) No one could bring himself to suggest, the following year, that there should be another exchange between the young people of the Jewish communities in the two towns; indeed, no further visits of that kind took place while I still lived in Kimberley.

Today, forty years after the events I have described, Kimberley is, as Bloemfontein always was, largely Afrikaans-speaking; the Jewish communities of both towns are smaller than before. Amid the silent cypresses of the Kimberley Jewish cemetery, tombstones have now appeared, alongside Brian's, on which are inscribed the names of others among those who went to Riverton that day. Brian was the forerunner. With his high spirits and his detachment, his frailty and his strength of will, his laughter and the element of grimness in him, he had always seemed the most grown-up among us. His death made it seem as if he would have that advantage over us forever. But one by one we are at last catching up with him.

—DAN JACOBSON

•

What could be better on a rainy night than a dry, spare, angel-hair pasta with *shiitake* mushrooms and fresh tarragon?
—*Los Angeles Times.*

An umbrella.

A POLITICAL JOURNAL

JULY 15

SAN FRANCISCO. Sunday. Tomorrow, Walter Mondale and his designated Vice-Presidential candidate, Geraldine Ferraro, will arrive here, and the Democratic Convention will begin. Mondale's selection of Ferraro, which he announced on Thursday, came as a lightning bolt across the political landscape, and has changed, if not transformed, the atmosphere surrounding the Mondale campaign. The excitement set off by the choice, while not unalloyed, or without some misgivings, has given a lift to the Convention even before it begins, and the excitement is felt by far more than the women activists who had been agitating for the selection of a woman. It had come to be accepted wisdom that Mondale would never do anything "bold"—President Reagan's political advisers shared this view—and Mondale's Vice-Presidential selection process, in which he openly interviewed a number of minority candidates, had been widely written off as a sham. Yet there had been strong advocates for some time within the Mondale campaign for Mondale's choosing a woman, a black, or a Hispanic. This school, which included, among others, John Reilly, Mondale's law partner and close adviser, who headed the Vice-Presidential selection process, was operating on two not necessarily contradictory principles: that Mondale's best, and perhaps only, hope of winning the election was to do something dramatic, something that changed the equation (this was the "roll the dice" theory); and that the time had come to break down another barrier, that doing something new would be both good politics and right. A corollary of the latter theory was that by choosing a woman or a member of a minority as his running mate Mondale could increase the participation of an important part of the base of the Democratic Party—and perhaps also attract some of Gary Hart's constituency, and independents.

Mondale has had a bad few weeks—some of it his own and his campaign's doing and some of it inflicted on him by others, Jesse Jackson in particular. A Gallup poll published on July 1st showed Mondale losing to Reagan by nineteen points—a figure that shook and perplexed the Mondale campaign. A New York *Times*–CBS poll published at the same time showed Reagan beating Mondale by fifteen points. Polls published closer to Convention time showed the gap as narrower, but by now Democrats were very discouraged, and had begun to worry about what would happen not just at the top of the ticket but in elections down the line. What should have been a period of consolidation (and rest) for Mondale, after he claimed the nomination, on June 6th, was instead a time of having to deal with one problem after another, and once again he lost one of the most precious commodities in an election: time. Many of the problems were worked out—deals were made with Hart and Jackson on questions about credentials, the delegate-selection rules, and the platform, thus getting out of the way things that could have caused serious problems here this week. But Hart still hasn't given up on the nomination, and Jackson, who has swung from conciliatory to angry moods with, it seems, increasing rapidity, is making new demands. Neither of Mondale's remaining opponents is prepared to go gently. To add to the problems, Mondale and his organization managed to set off a howling uproar this weekend by their now abortive move to replace Charles Manatt as the chairman of the Democratic National Committee with Bert Lance, Jimmy Carter's director of the Office of Management and Budget, who had to leave the government over charges of mismanagement of his two Georgia banks. (He was later indicted on thirty-three counts of bank fraud and conspiracy. The judge dismissed twenty-one of the counts, the jury acquitted Lance of nine of them, and on three counts it deadlocked.) The Manatt-Lance episode was magnified by the fact that the thousands of politicians, journalists, delegates, campaign strategists, lobbyists, and hangers-on gathering here had little else to talk about this weekend—the nomination is settled, whether or not Hart accepts that fact, and the Vice-Presidential nominee has been selected—and because the hotel lobbies and cocktail parties amplify whatever is going on. The episode raised questions about the Mondale campaign organization which many people found disturbing, and put a damper on the excitement over Ferraro. There was a resentment that the Mondale campaign, which had already disappointed many

LEAVE DAD ALONE
NEXT 200 MILES
R. Chast

Democrats in the course of the year, wouldn't let them enjoy their newfound happiness for more than a couple of days.

"I don't talk about myself anymore."

• •

THE process that led to Mondale's choosing of Geraldine Ferraro, a three-term member of Congress from Queens, as his running mate was circuitous and controversial, and contained a number of side excursions and dead ends. The exact mix of boldness, narrowed options, political insight, accommodation, and shrewdness that went into the decision can never be known—perhaps even to the key participants. But it is clear that from the beginning there was a strong school of thought within the Mondale camp that something unconventional should be done, and that at the end Ferraro fit more neatly the case Mondale wanted to take to the country than almost anyone understood—except perhaps Mondale himself. Along the way, others were considered—or appeared to be considered—as Mondale conducted a series of interviews at his home in North Oaks, Minnesota, just outside St. Paul. The idea of going to Minnesota was to get Mondale out of his Washington setting and his conservative suits, but the interviewing process was criticized by many as too closely resembling Carter's in 1976, when prospective candidates were invited to Plains, Georgia. Anything that reminds of Carter is, apparently, out. At least one adviser warned that this would happen, and now some Mondale aides say they would have done things somewhat differently. The process did, however, accomplish the purpose of helping Mondale continue to close down the nomination fight.

Lloyd Bentsen, a moderate Texas senator, wanted the Vice-Presidential slot badly, and had lobbied for it, and was seen by his supporters, who were outside the Mondale camp, as providing the best hope of the ticket's carrying Texas, and perhaps some other Southern states. But there were always some strong arguments against Bentsen's selection: it would have been seen as the most conventional of politics; while Bentsen is an able senator, he is not a very compelling speaker, and his appeal outside Texas was questionable —it was not even clear that he could provide the difference in Texas; and Bentsen and Mondale differ on key issues, such as the nuclear freeze, the B-1 bomber, and the MX, which could make things a bit awkward in a general election.

Dale Bumpers, a senator from Arkansas, is an eloquent speaker whose populist politics are more in line with Mondale's, and who had been seen by many as someone who could at once enliven the ticket and attract votes in the South and also gain the support of some of Hart's constituency. But Bumpers had misgivings about running—his family argued that he, too, would seem a conventional choice, and that it would make him an establishment candidate if he wanted to run in 1988. (Bumpers had considered running this year and then pulled back, figuring that Mondale's head start was too formidable.) Such have been the dynamics of this year that Bumpers, whom many people saw earlier in the year as the candidate likely to add the most pizzazz to the Mondale ticket, was now viewed as a "conventional" choice. By now, there was so much outside pressure on Mondale to choose a woman, to do something "bold," that the choice of a white male "ticket balancer" (Bumpers represented a different region, if not a different set of politics), however estimable the person, was taking on the aspect of the sort of old-hat politics Mondale was already identified with. Mondale seemed more interested in Bumpers than did the people around him. The consideration of Bumpers ended on a sour note. Early in the process, Bumpers told Reilly that he did not want to meet with Mondale in North Oaks or, later, in Washington until he had definitely made up his mind that he wanted to be on the ticket. (He was not alone in not wanting to be seen publicly as a supplicant for the job.) Then, in late June, when Reilly called to set up a meeting in Washington, Bumpers told him that he had made his decision and wanted his name removed from the list of those being considered. Reilly, and then Mondale, asked Bumpers that he not let it

DESIRE

There is a small wrought-iron balcony . . .
& at that balcony she stood a moment
Watching a summer fog
Swirl off the river in huge
Drifting pockets as the street lights grew
Alternately muted then wild then to a blurred
Relay of yellow

Her hair was so blond that from a distance
It shone white as spun silk
& as he turned the corner he stopped suddenly
Looking up at the window of the hotel room
Where she stood in her Japanese kimono
Printed with red dragonflies
& a simple bridge

& in that lapse of breath
As the fog both offered & erased her in the night
He could remember every pulse of her tongue
Every pared detail of constancy left
Only to them   as he began
Walking slowly toward the door of the hotel
Carrying the hard loaf of day-old bread
& plums wrapped in newspaper

Already remembering this past he would desire
—David St. John

• •

be known he had done this—it would not look good for Mondale to be seen as being rejected by a number of possible running mates—and Bumpers agreed. Subsequent news reports coming out of North Oaks describing Bumpers, whose prospects were still ostensibly alive, as playing Hamlet irritated Bumpers to the point where, on July 10th, he phoned Mondale and issued a statement saying he had asked that his name be taken out of consideration.

Governor Mario Cuomo, of New York, had taken his name out of consideration at the outset, saying that he had to keep his pledge, made while running for the governorship in 1982, that he would serve out a full four-year term. Not to have done so would have painted Cuomo as just "another politician." There was a school of thought, shared by some who know Cuomo well and also by some of those high in the Mondale camp, that Cuomo might have yielded to an argument by Mondale that his presence on the ticket offered the best possible chance to beat Reagan. (Some of Reagan's advisers most feared Cuomo's presence on the ticket.) Mondale invited Cuomo to come to North Oaks to talk about the Convention keynote speech, which Cuomo was to make, and a trip was scheduled, but Cuomo decided he didn't want to give any appearance of undergoing a Vice-Presidential interview, so he and Mondale agreed to meet in Boston, where Mondale was to attend a fund-raiser on July 5th. By this time, according to people close to these events, the Mondale people were taking increasingly seriously the idea that Cuomo would not run for Vice-President, were having mixed feelings about pursuing him, and were not eager to give him another opportunity to turn down an invitation, with the good possibility that his people would let the world know that this had happened. At the Boston meeting, when Cuomo made it clear he was still not interested, Mondale did not choose to press the case.

Then, of course, there was Hart. To have chosen Hart would have put Mondale in the position of selecting someone with whom he would not, to say the least, feel compatible—the smiles and handshakes after the primaries were over notwithstanding. It seems clear that Mondale had the very misgivings about Hart's steadiness which he had raised during the nomination contest. Moreover, even Hart recognized, as he said publicly, that he is "not particularly good at carrying out other people's policies and orders." To have chosen Hart would also have been conventional politics: awarding the second slot to whoever came in second. But Hart had to be considered, and he was considered, because he did have a constituency, and because while both the public and private polls available to the Mondale campaign were very inconclusive about the effect of choosing a woman, they did suggest that Hart would add strength to the ticket. While "name recognition" undoubtedly had something to do with this, Mondale was receiving advice from several, and sometimes surprising, political quarters that Hart would help him most. Hart, though ambivalent, according to the people around him, had concluded that he wanted the Vice-Presidential nomination, and came to believe that he would get it. In late June, Reilly met secretly with Hart in Washington to see if he wanted to be considered, and Hart indicated that he did, with certain conditions. But, whatever the strength of his case—and from the way the Mondale people talked privately it was never overwhelming—his behavior during the period between the primaries and the Convention did not help him. He was still saying that he would be the nominee; he could not resist taking some shots at Mondale. (In early July, he said that Mondale's Vice-Presidential selection process had the appearance of "pandering.") And there were renewed questions about the stability of his private life. (Some Republican strategists were gleeful over the prospect of running against Hart.) Hart's actions during this period reinforced questions about how steady a candidate he would be, and how well he would hold up over time. (Republican strategists did not believe he would wear well.)

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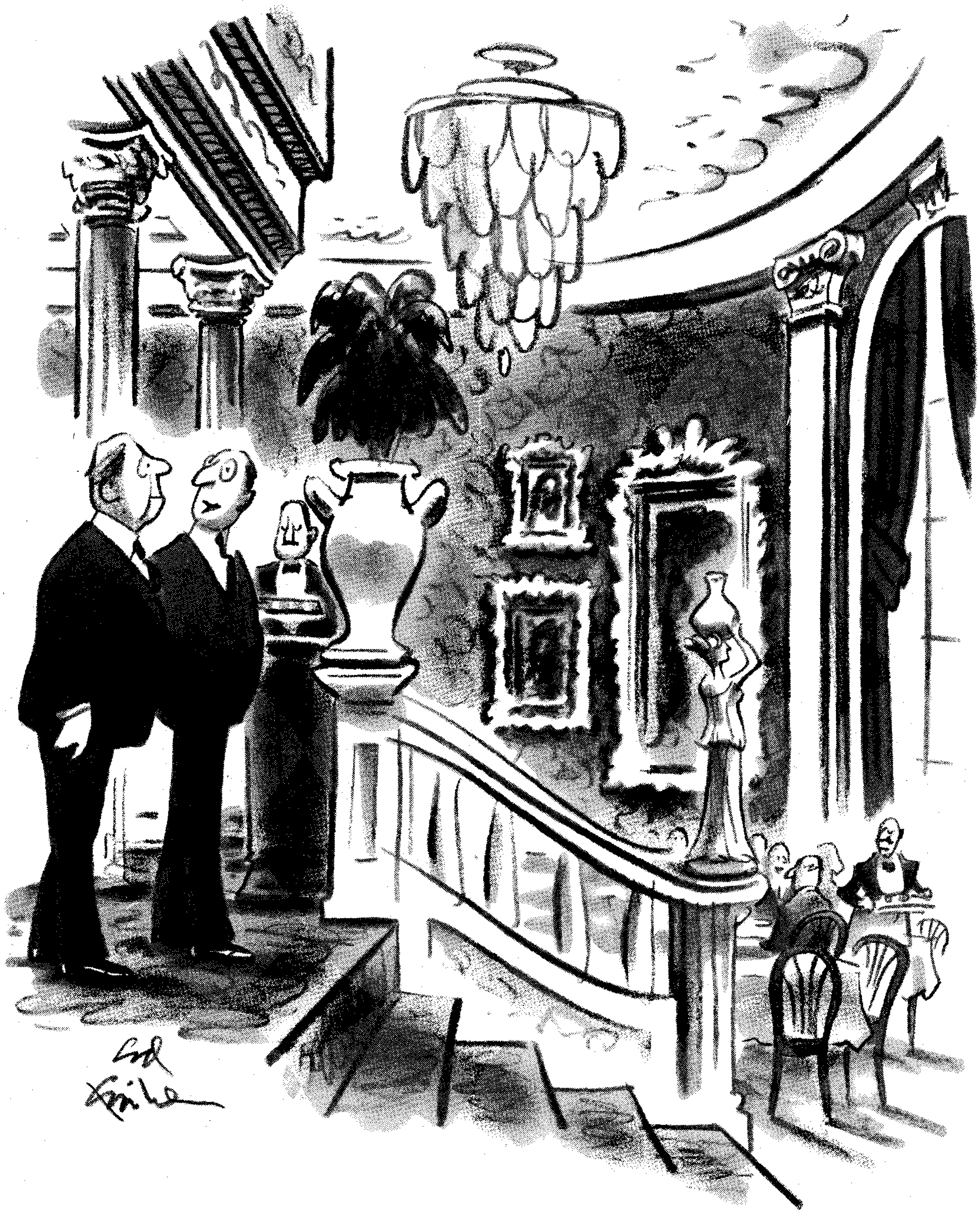
Two of the visitors to North Oaks seem to have been invited as a courtesy. One, Wilson Goode, the mayor of Philadelphia and a black, had gone

"You keep parading around in that wetsuit, but you never get wet."

• •

on the line for Mondale in the face of a tidal wave of support for Jackson in his city. But Goode has been mayor of Philadelphia only since January. Martha Layne Collins, as governor of Kentucky, is the highest Democratic woman officeholder in the country, and is to serve as chair of the Convention; but, among other things, she is not particularly popular among feminist groups, and was not seriously under consideration. Tom Bradley, the black mayor of Los Angeles, was under serious consideration for some time; Mondale and his aides like Bradley, who backed Mondale, very much, and he had some strong support among Mondale's advisers. But Bradley is sixty-six, and there was a question of how much energy he would add to the ticket; moreover, he had lost, though narrowly, a race for the governorship of California in 1982. And there was the larger question of whether the country was ready for a black on the ticket. Ironically, Jesse Jackson's candidacy had complicated this question.

In the end, the four finalists were Dianne Feinstein, the mayor of San Francisco; Henry Cisneros, the mayor of San Antonio; Michael Dukakis, the governor of Massachusetts; and Ferraro. And toward the end Ferraro's prospects were not especially bright. Feinstein, whom Mondale had known for a long time, made a strong impression on him during his interview with her in North Oaks and during her session with the press which followed. Cisneros, who had backed Mondale, is one of the most attractive and promis-

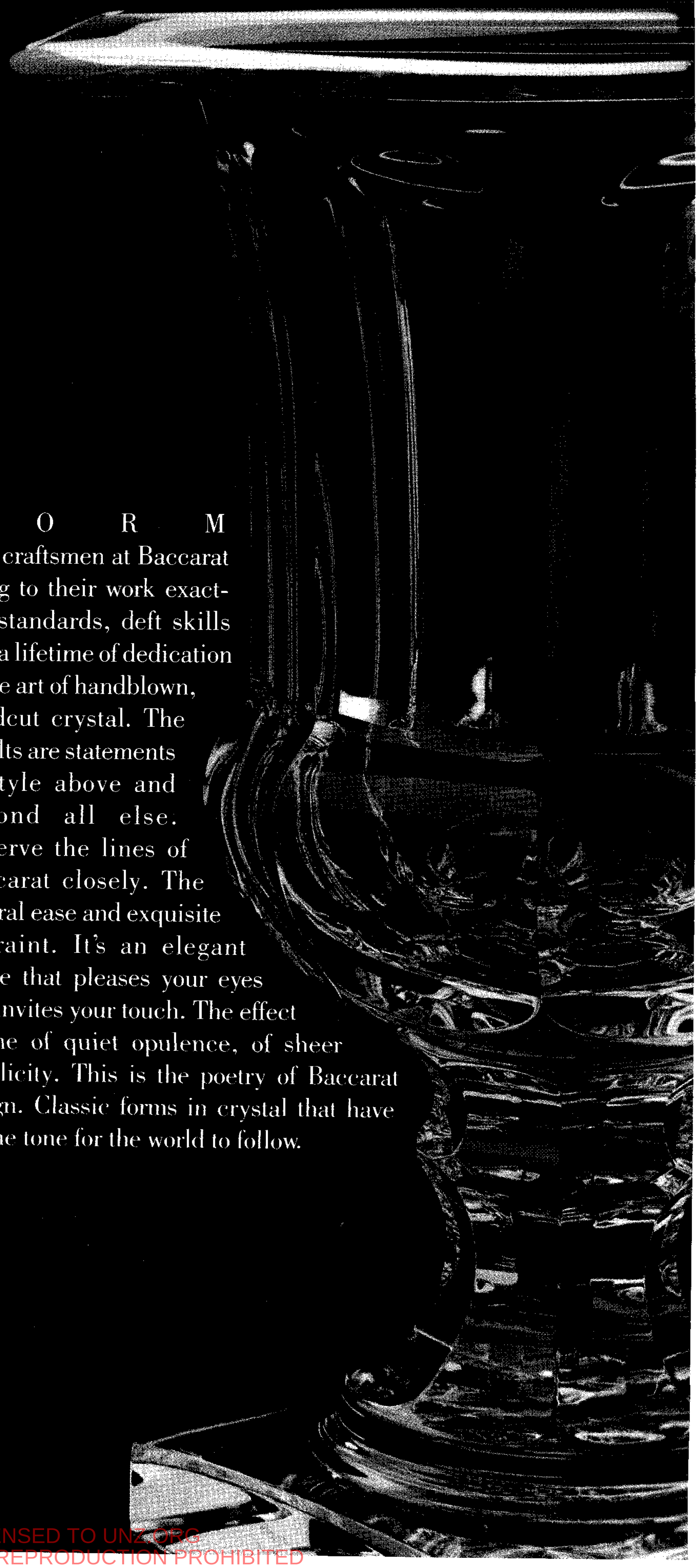


"*This is my favorite spaghetti joint.*"

ing young politicians in the country, and impressed Reilly and James Johnson, Mondale's campaign chairman in a secret two-hour session they had with him in Chicago a week before he was to meet with Mondale in Minnesota, and his interview with Mondale was said to have gone quite well. Mondale deliberately interviewed Cisneros on the Fourth of July, as a way of making a statement. But Cisneros, who has two master's degrees, and a doctorate in public administration, and served in Washington as a White House Fellow, and also on the Kissinger Commission on Central America, is only thirty-seven, and has been mayor—albeit an extremely popular one—for only three years. (He won reëlection in 1983 with ninety-four per cent of the vote.) One of Mondale's advisers believes that mayors are not yet seen to have the kind of training that fits them for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency. And it would have been hard to argue that Cisneros was any more qualified than Feinstein or Ferraro. Dukakis was on the final list in case the others had to be eliminated, and because Mondale thinks highly of him. Politically, he represents the newer class of modern politician who might appeal to the Hart constituency (he can talk about high tech with the best of them); personally, he had forged the kind of bond with Mondale this year that only politicians understand. Dukakis, who had endorsed Mondale, gave him unstinting moral and political support—at some risk to himself—in the gloom of the post-New Hampshire period, while Maine and Vermont went for Hart as well, and the Mondale campaign seemed on the verge of collapse. During those days, Mondale was finding it harder to get his calls returned. And Dukakis's willingness to stand by as a possible running mate, with the world knowing it, took a certain gallantry.

Meanwhile, as the Vice-Presidential selection process went on, the pressure from women activists for a woman on the ticket was increasing, and this complicated Mondale's situation. The idea got on the national agenda at a convention of the National Organization for Women in October, 1983, at which all the Democratic candidates for the nomination except Reubin Askew appeared and pledged to consider putting a woman on the ticket. At the time, this seemed to be an act more of necessity than of conviction. In the course of the campaign, only Jesse Jackson promised that he would do so. This spring, House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, of all people—O'Neill is much put down as a hopelessly old-school pol—publicly endorsed Ferraro. O'Neill had already told Mondale that he thought his only two choices were Hart or a woman, and that, of the women, Ferraro, whom O'Neill had promoted for various Party roles in the House, was the best. O'Neill says that he described Ferraro to Mondale as "spunky and game;" he was impressed that she had defeated the Democratic organization in her district; and he felt she might help bring back blue-collar voters. I asked O'Neill recently what led him to the view that a woman should be

IT TAKES TIME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT TOOK TIME TO CREATE



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BACCARAT FRANCE

Baccarat

chosen. "It was time for an innovative move," he replied.

The idea of a woman on the ticket developed a backing of unexpected breadth—especially in the last few weeks. In part, Mondale allowed this to happen by his protracted search for a running mate, and by his encouraging the idea that he might indeed pick a woman. His aides now say that he was deliberately doing this, because he was serious about the possibility of making an unconventional choice. Mondale was said by several people to have been irritated by the action of NOW on July 1st, when it adopted a resolution saying that if the Democratic nominee did not name a woman to the ticket one would be nominated from the floor. The irritation stemmed mainly from the fact that if Mondale went ahead and selected a woman this would be seen by many as capitulation to pressure. Nearly half the delegates at the Convention would be women, and a women's caucus planned to meet every morning of the Convention. At the time, the Mondale people said privately that they believed they could win such a fight if they selected the right male candidate. They believed that Hart and Cuomo had sufficient support from women for them to prevail, and that it would be difficult for the women to put up a fight against a black or a Hispanic. Then, on July 4th, Mondale met in Minnesota with a group of women activists and elected officials who back him, and got from them an assurance that they would support whomever he selected. However, in the meeting some of the elected officials argued that their own candidacies had attracted votes from beyond the traditional Democratic base. And the feminist writer Betty Friedan, a longtime friend of Mondale's, made an argument that Mondale and his advisers referred to often in subsequent days. During Mondale's entire life in politics, she pointed out, he had been trying to get across with words that he stood for the expanding of opportunities. "Why don't you try showing it in a picture?" Friedan asked. And Mondale's wife, Joan, had been advocating the choice of a woman.

Ferraro's first meeting with Mondale in Minnesota, about the platform, on June 16th, had not gone particularly well, according to several accounts; nor had Mondale's lieutenants been especially impressed with her performance as the chairman of the platform committee. Her interest, they

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said, was in moving the meeting along, but she showed little interest in or understanding of the substantive nuances of what was going on. Ferraro further irritated Mondale's aides by saying, in an appearance before the National Press Club, in Washington, in late June, that she would be pleased if her name were put in nomination for Vice-President from the Convention floor. (She later backed away from this.) Her press conference after she met with Mondale about the Vice-Presidency, on July 2nd, was not without its problems, either. (When Mondale said that he was looking for "the best possible person" to run with him, Ferraro said, "If it were not done looking at how you get the most electoral votes, I would be not only amazed, I would be nonsupportive.") Some high Mondale aides worried that Ferraro was accident-prone, and were also annoyed by her obvious lobbying for the job. But Mondale apparently did not take these missteps as seriously as his advisers did, and recalled that he'd been rather determined to be selected by Jimmy Carter. Still, by the following weekend, only a few days before he selected Ferraro, Mondale seemed to some of those around him to be most interested in Feinstein. According to all accounts, however, Mondale didn't tip his hand during the course of the considerations. He would talk with his aides for hours about the possibilities of one person, and they would think he was leaning that way, and then in the next session his mind was on someone else. According to Mondale's aides, when Mondale has the time to make a decision he takes the time, floats around in there, makes arguments and counterarguments. Several days before he selected Ferraro, it was clear to some around Mondale that he was leaning in the direction of selecting a woman, and felt that the meeting with his women supporters on July 4th had mitigated the pressure of NOW's action. And some think that he was definitely leaning toward Feinstein on the weekend before Ferraro was chosen. High officials in his campaign were indicating to reporters that Ferraro's chances seemed slight. In the next few days, though, misgivings about Feinstein's presence on the ticket grew, and as Mondale thought more about how the selection of the running mate fit with the campaign he intended to wage, the more Ferraro seemed to be the right choice.

Mondale wanted to stress middle-

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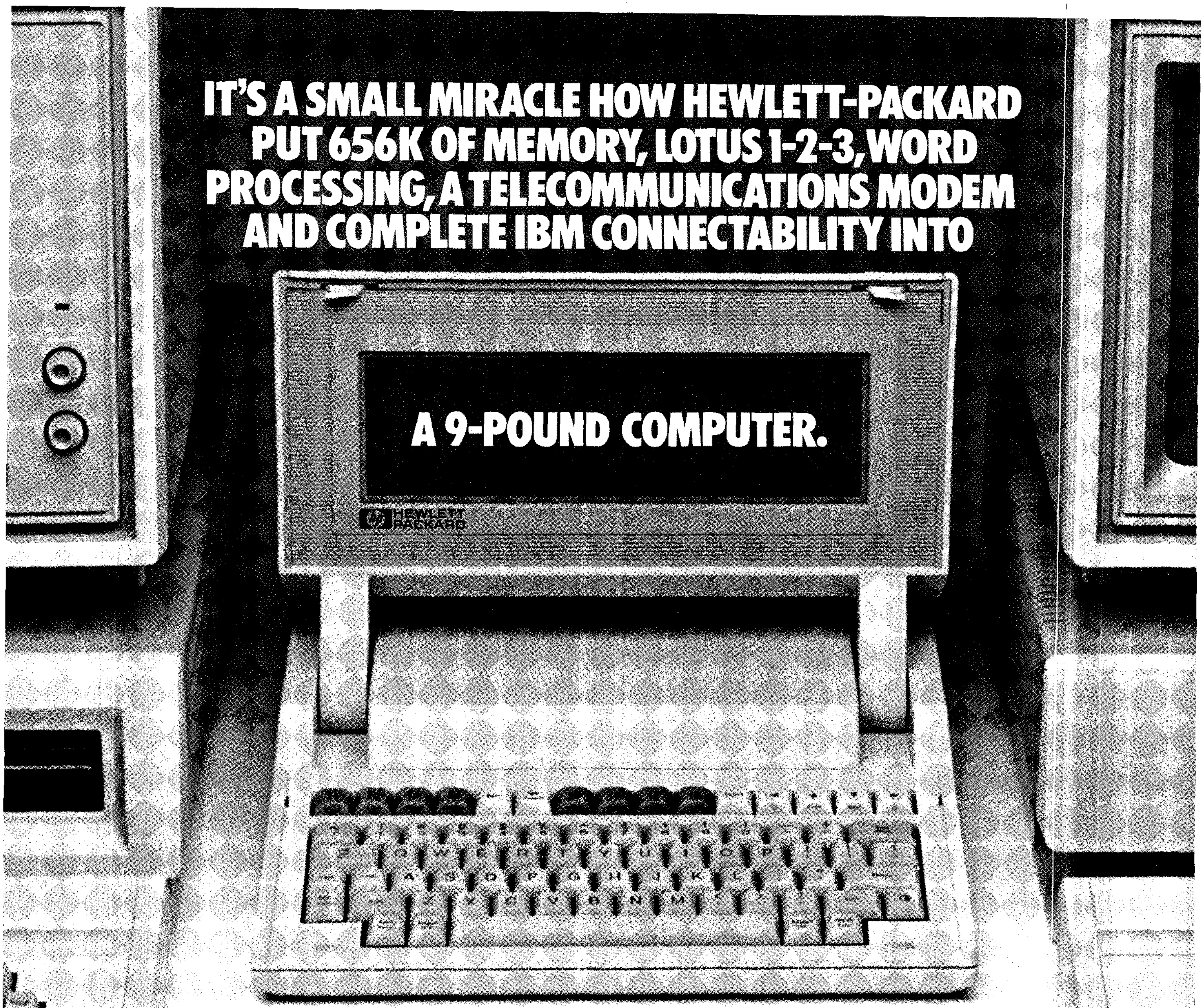

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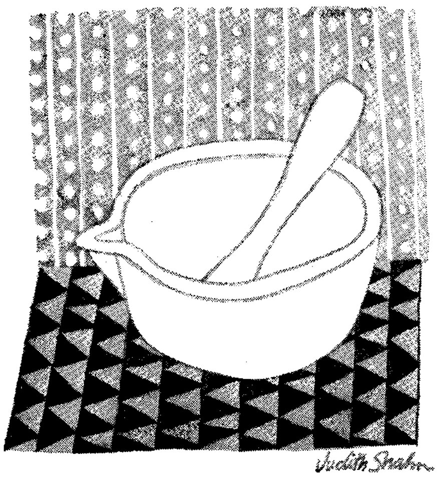
class values and try to reach blue-collar votes. Feinstein was well-to-do, three times married (one husband had died), Jewish, and from an exotic city. Ferraro, though financially comfortable now, is a Catholic and had shown that she knew how to attract the blue-collar voters. And her story exemplifies things that Mondale wanted to emphasize—she was the child of an immigrant father who had died when she was quite young; she had grown up poor; she had been a housewife, raised three children, been married to the same man, John Zaccaro, for twenty-four years, and worked her way up. Mondale had consulted with others and satisfied himself that Ferraro was smart and could learn quickly, and that she had a grasp of substance once she had been briefed. By this time, through his work on his acceptance speech, Mondale knew that one of his themes was going to be opening doors, expanding opportunity, letting people with merit and discipline rise to the top. As one of his advisers says, "How could he pass up an opportunity to show that philosophy and belief and make a statement about it through his Vice-Presidential choice?" Mondale, being—at least most of the time—an astute politician, may have seen things in Ferraro's personality as well which helped him make the choice. She comes across as warm, direct, real, spunky, and tough, though feminine. Her energy had the possibility of energizing the voters. One interesting point is that Mondale himself looks better when he is standing beside her: this was clear from the moment he announced her selection, before a cheering crowd at the Minnesota State Legislature, in St. Paul, on Thursday. He looks courtly, warmer, more human—and, in fact, more manly. (Early in the selection process, Mondale's press secretary, Maxine Isaacs, pointed out in a staff meeting that in the press conferences following a Vice-Presidential interview Mondale looked his best when he stood next to a woman.) Another consideration was that since Mondale was planning to make the question of who has a better grasp of how to deal with the future an issue against Reagan, his selection of a running mate should reflect a moving into the future, a sense of departure. And the choice of a woman gave him a better chance, it was believed, of reaching younger voters and independents.

Mondale's aides realized that the choice of Ferraro was high risk, but some of them had urged a high-risk strategy all along. For the moment, the choice of Ferraro seems to be paying off. (The Mondale people had considered all along announcing the choice before the Convention—another break with precedent—so as to keep control of the proceedings here, and not have the Convention dominated by Vice-Presidential speculation, rumors, and still more pressures. The one exception might have been if they had chosen a white male. One of Mondale's highest aides said to me not long ago, "In that case, we'll announce on the last morning of the Convention and hit our whip system like the Normandy beaches.") In a stroke, Mondale reduced, at least, the assumption that he is incapable of bold action—though boldness in a President is not always a good thing; and he reduced interest in Hart and Jackson at this Convention. Nevertheless, even some of Ferraro's strongest supporters here, among people who have served with her in the House, are aware that there is a risk, and worry about Ferraro's tendency to speak too quickly at times. Friday, in Minnesota, she made an ill-advised comment questioning Reagan's Christianity in light of his policies: "The President walks around calling himself a good Christian, but I don't for one minute believe it, because the policies are so terribly unfair." It was clear what she was getting at, but she got at it maladroitly. (The Reagan Administration itself seems a bit thrown by the Ferraro choice. On Friday, Reagan suggested that the selection represented "tokenism" and "cynical symbolism.") A young congressman who likes Ferraro very much and is pleased she was chosen said to me yesterday, "If Gerry flops, we're sunk."

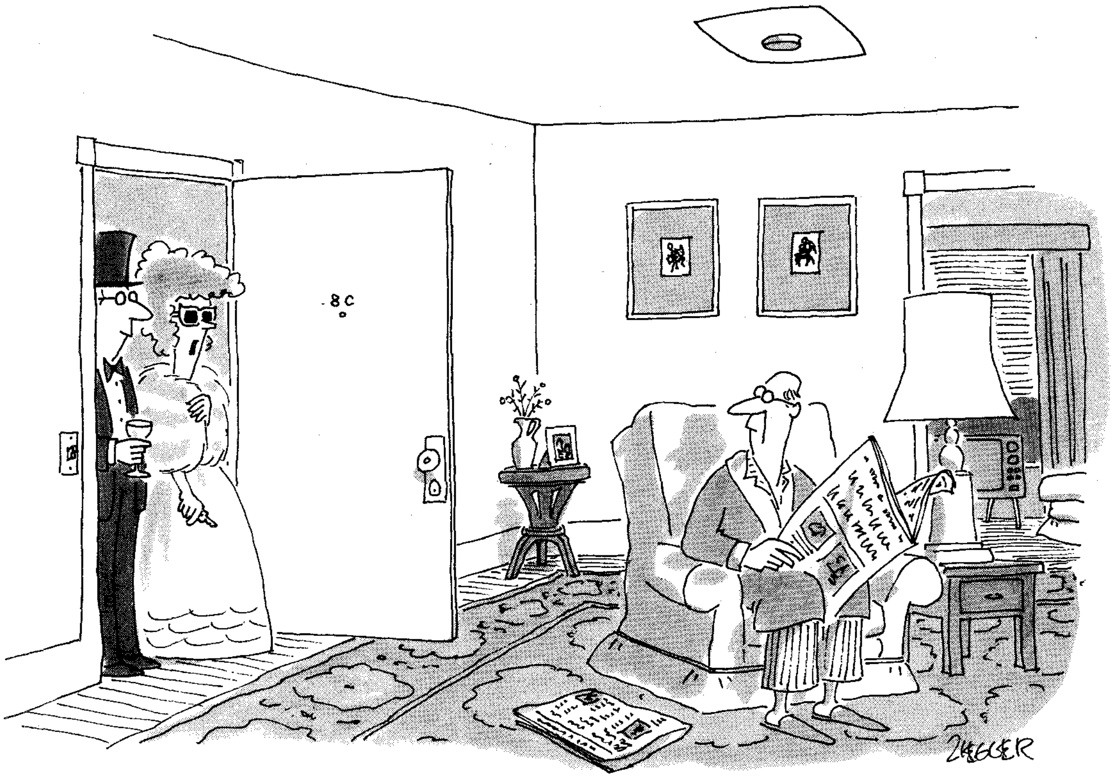
THE Lance episode has been settled, at least for now—in a way that is less than wonderful for Mondale. As a result of the furor it touched off, Manatt is to stay on as Party chairman, though Michael Berman, a longtime and close aide to Mondale, who has handled all manner of difficult things for him, will be installed to essentially run the place. Berman has already been installed at the Mondale campaign headquarters to administer the general-election effort. Though the result of the Lance-Manatt business presents a picture of a candidate who can't even get rid of his Party chairman, the Mondale people wanted to recover as quickly as possible from their mistake, and get the matter behind them before the Convention opened. Besides, various groups were laying claim to the job—among them black women, who argued to the Mondale people that white women had received something, and they should, too—and the path of least resistance was simply to leave the job with Manatt. A new role was concocted for Lance—that of a "general chairman," who would coördinate the Mondale campaign with the senatorial, House, and gubernatorial campaigns. This improvisation, if it lasts—about which there is some question—will take some working out.

The Mondale campaign's misjudgment seems to have stemmed from the fact that, despite Lance's earlier troubles, he had undergone a resurrection and is now chairman of the Georgia Party and a major figure in Southern politics. For some time, Lance had been playing a public role in the Mondale effort, and, according to the Mondale people, no one had suggested to them that this was not a good idea. Moreover, Mondale was grateful to Lance: he had helped save his candidacy in the Southern primaries on March 13th, and had been helpful in the negotiations with Jackson. The major champions of replacing Manatt with Lance were Mondale himself and Johnson, and Bob Beckel, the Mondale campaign manager, is said to have favored the move as well. A few other people in the Mondale campaign knew about the possible move, but the matter does not appear to have been the subject of lengthy or widespread discussions within the Mondale camp, and was not discussed outside it at all. (Some key people, such as Lane Kirkland, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., had told Mondale that it was his prerogative to do what he would about the chairmanship of the Party, and the Mondale people took this to mean that they had a free hand.) A couple of people within the Mondale campaign did raise objections to naming Lance, saying that this would cause problems. Mondale and Johnson listened to them and decided that they were wrong. Mondale himself argued that he believed that anyone who had been cleared of charges should be considered cleared. So while these people knew there would be some concern about giving Lance such a prominent role, they grossly underestimated its extent. As it turned out, Lance as chairman of the Georgia Party is one thing, as chairman of the National Committee is quite another. Jimmy Carter is to speak here tomorrow night, but Carter is still considered "baggage" for Mondale as it is, and no further reminders are wanted; moreover, Lance did have to leave office under a cloud, and the Democrats had wanted to use "the sleaze factor"—the number of Reagan Administration figures who have had to resign for misdeeds or, like Edwin Meese, are under investigation—against the Republicans in the fall. The reaction here is being fed in part by the fact that the management of the Mondale campaign is a very small group, which many people, both inside and outside the campaign, find it hard to get through to, and resentment has been building up over the course of the year. A mistake such as this—and the Mondale people now know it was a mistake—provides an opportunity for the frustration to spill out into the open, with many ready listeners at hand.

Manatt is not a particularly popular figure within the Party—something about his personality irritates many Democrats—and the Mondale people had felt for some time that he had not done a good job. They were annoyed with Manatt for his failure to put through a rules change earlier in the year which would have assuaged one of Jackson's concerns—though there was good reason for not making such a change at that point, and, if it had gone through, Mondale might have had a still harder time sewing up the nomination. Manatt has been widely criticized for failing to raise more money for the Party—a telethon he staged last year against the advice of a number of people, including even Frank Fahrenkopf, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, landed the Party a debt of over three million dollars, and the Party now has a debt of over five million. Manatt did begin to put the D.N.C.'s fund-raising efforts on a broader base—aiming, as the Republicans began to do years ago, at smaller contributions through direct mail. But still the Democrats are far behind the Republicans in fund-raising this year, and the Republicans can be expected, through the various routes available, to put far more money into the election than the $40.4 million each Presidential campaign will receive from the federal government—perhaps twice as much. Even Manatt's defenders say that he has attracted a poor staff (with the major exception of Ann Lewis, the D.N.C.'s political director).



The failure of the Mondale people to foresee the consequences of their action is laid to the fact that the Mondale camp—or some of it—is now sequestered at Lake Tahoe, where Mondale and Ferraro and their entourages are preparing for the coming week, but the decision to name Lance was made before Mondale went to Lake Tahoe. Johnson had flown to Atlanta last Monday for a long talk with Lance about it. Though the final decision about the Vice-Presidency hadn't been made, it was clear that it would not be someone from the Southern states, or Bentsen (whom Lance had championed), and the Mondale people wanted to mollify the South. (Johnson had at one point had the idea of installing a woman as chairman of the National Committee if one wasn't chosen as Mondale's running mate.) Among the things they failed to see were that Lance is not looked to as a leader by a number of Southern politicians (Lance appeared to lead the Mondale campaign to believe that his standing among them was higher than it was); that Democrats at large were not as accustomed to Lance as they were; that Manatt, though not widely popular, has a following among the financial people who put up large sums of money to hold the Convention here, where Manatt wanted it (such money does not count as a contribution to the Party or a candidate and therefore is outside the limits on donations), and who have already come to town, prepared to enjoy themselves; that Manatt has been active within the Democratic Party's organization since his college days, and has allies within that group; that a number of people found it rude to oust the chairman of the Party on



"The truth hurts, Leo, and this is going to hurt a lot."

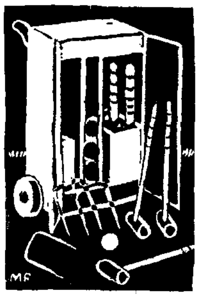
• •

the eve of the Convention—in his home state, no less. (Manatt is from Los Angeles.)

The communications between the Mondale high command in San Francisco and the one in Lake Tahoe had to do with convincing the group at Tahoe, which included Johnson and Mondale, that the Lance decision simply wouldn't sit with the Party, that another solution had to be found. Yesterday morning, Beckel and Tom Donilon, a deputy campaign manager, who is in charge of the political management of this Convention, informed the campaign high command at Lake Tahoe that the reaction to the proposed Lance move was very bad. In addition, Lane Kirkland and O'Neill telephoned Lake Tahoe to register their unhappiness with the move, as did Representative Tony Coelho, Democrat of California and the chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee and a friend of Manatt's. A solution was found, but Johnson, who very rarely admits to being shaken, is, according to his friends, shaken.

THE Mondale campaign had put considerable effort into making this a smooth Convention in the past few weeks. Through concurrent negotiations with the Jackson forces and the Hart forces, a number of deals were struck. In the deliberations over the platform, which took place in Washington in late June, the Mondale forces, though they had the votes to dominate the platform proceedings, used the exercise to try to achieve "unity" before the Convention. Whereas the Carter forces in 1980 had turned back just about everything proposed by the forces representing Edward Kennedy, who carried his campaign into the Convention and posed a large number of platform fights there, the Mondale forces this year negotiated on everything possible, with the exception of those proposals so controversial that it was impossible to accept them in any form. Therefore, a good bit of Hart language about "the future" and a number of his "new ideas" were incorporated, but specific Hart proposals and wording were avoided, so as to obviate any win/loss scorecard. Individual-training accounts made it into the platform by way of other wording, and Hart's proposal for a freeze on production of plutonium did, too. Mondale's positions were already reflected in the staff draft, which also reflected the Party's wish that this year's platform not contain a "laundry list" of requests, or price tags—so as to make it less vulnerable to Republican charges of "big spending." Such Mondale proposals as favoring "domestic content" in the manufacturing of automobiles are in the platform, but under more generalized terms. The Hart people wanted a denunciation of protectionism—one of Hart's issues against Mondale in the campaign—and after negotiations that lasted until 4 A.M. wording was found that both sides could agree on.

The Jackson forces were accommodated by the inclusion of wording that in effect criticized labor for its record on affirmative action, and by incorporating as often as possible Jackson's draft language that was more descriptive about the need for jobs, justice, aid to cities, and the like. A Jackson proposal favoring an independent state for the Palestinians was, of course, rejected outright. A Hart proposal calling for restrictions on the use of force in the Persian Gulf was rejected by the Mondale camp on the ground that it was code for what had been a major Mondale-Hart argument throughout the primaries, and also on the substantive ground that the platform should not spell out conditions for a President's use of force. The Hart people had sufficient votes to bring a minority report on this to the floor this week. Though the platform says that the United States should "move toward the adoption of" a policy of no first use of nuclear weapons in Europe, in connection with "achieving a balance of conventional forces," Jackson and some peace activists filed a minority report that simply calls for adoption of a no-first-use policy. Mondale argued during the primaries that the government should be ambiguous about this —and a floor fight is to occur. Jackson has also filed a minority report calling for an absolute reduction in military spending; the platform itself is critical of the Reagan management of defense, and calls for a number of changes, but does not advocate the cancellation of specific weapons systems or stipulate an acceptable level of growth in defense spending. And Jackson has filed a minority report that advocates permitting the use of quotas in redressing racial imbalances in employment. The majority report rejects quotas. Jackson won the votes to bring these issues to the floor because a sufficient number of Mondale and Hart platform-committee members agreed with his position on them, and the Mondale aides in charge of the platform proceedings felt they could ask—as they did—their delegates to vote against their own wishes only so many times. Another Jackson minority report calls for an absolute ban on runoff primaries, rather than, as the platform proposes, only those which are found to be discriminatory; as part of the deal that was worked out with Jackson, the Mondale people gave him enough votes to bring the minority report on runoff primaries to the Convention floor. But the Mondale people are now continuing a set of negotiations that began in Washington to try to reduce still further the number of platform fights this week. Beckel, who has maintained contact with Jackson all year, has told the Jackson forces that Mondale cannot compromise on the runoff primaries (to do so would alienate many of his Southern supporters) or the military budget, but the Mondale campaign would like to find a compromise on the no-first-use and quotas issues. The Jackson forces had begun to compromise on these two items, but then demanded that they be coupled with compromises on the other two. "This comes to me as no surprise," Beckel said to me wearily Friday evening. Also as part of the deal struck with Jackson, the Mondale people have allotted him a slot for a prime-time speech on Tuesday night and pledged to have his complaints about the nomination rules taken up by a new "Fairness Commission," to make changes in the Party rules for the future. In exchange for the latter, Jackson agreed not to bring up the question of the rules at the Convention.



The Fairness Commission was also part of a deal with Hart, but Hart and Jackson were after slightly different things, and there was a brief crisis until this was worked out, in the course of a breakfast meeting that Mondale and Hart had in New York on June 26th—their first meeting after the primaries. Among the concessions Mondale made was to agree to urge the commission to lower the "threshold" of the number of votes a candidate would need to receive any delegates (the "threshold" was a major source of Jackson's complaints), and to reduce by about half the number of "superdelegates"—elected and Party officials—who would attend the next Convention. Mondale was reluctant to give on the issue of superdelegates, but finally did so in order to head off other trouble. (Members of Congress, and other elected officials, who had no idea that this change was being discussed, were not happy.) The Hart people, true to form, were undermining each other during these negotiations. There are good arguments for the presence of the superdelegates, who account for fourteen per cent of the delegates this year: it reattaches the elected officials to the Party and its platform; the superdelegates, being professional politicians, know how to negotiate; and they can provide a stabilizing force at the Convention. What irritated the Hart and Jackson forces was that such a large proportion of the superdelegates endorsed Mondale, many of them before the nomination contest had even begun, and some of them, later, even though Hart had carried their state. But one of the points of the superdelegates was to have some professional politicians decide what they thought was best for the Party. (Kennedy, who had flown to Minnesota June 24th to endorse Mondale the following day, got involved in the last-minute negotiations, along with some dissident members of the Hart campaign; and Kennedy's aides, for reasons of their own, exaggerated Kennedy's role in working out the final agreement between Hart and Mondale. In fact, the meeting between Mondale and Hart had been tentatively set long before Kennedy got involved, and some of Kennedy's contribution had to be rescinded when Jackson objected.) What Mondale got from Hart was an agreement not to join Jackson in a challenge of the rules of this year's nomination contest at the Convention—the Hart people had indicated that they might join Jackson in demanding that this year's rules be changed to require proportional representation—and to drop challenges of the seating of what Hart had termed "tainted delegates." (The agreements with Hart and Jackson were both put in writing.) There was always some evidence that Hart, the Hart campaign, or some part of it was feinting about the superdelegates, for to have challenged them would have caused an unholy mess at the Convention—and perhaps destroyed Hart's future in the Democratic Party. Also, the Hart people knew that they would lose such a challenge. The Hart campaign is still riven, and some of Hart's advisers were urging some drastic moves, but the prevailing view was that the best course for Hart would be to get what he could from Mondale on the platform and on rules governing future nomination contests—and avoid tearing the Party apart at the Convention.

Inevitably, monumental as these strides toward unity were, they were not enough. Now the Jackson people are saying that Jackson needs a "victory" to take out of the Convention, so that he can support the ticket wholeheartedly—though there is little left to give him. The problem is that Jackson —contrary to the advice of some— didn't set aside an issue, such as jobs, on which it would not be difficult to give him a victory here; the Jackson campaign, perhaps understandably, tends to think even less than others in terms of long-range strategy. Jackson, being extra-political, does not think in political terms. A not unfriendly political practitioner here describes the Jackson campaign as "a rolling road show." There have been endless negotiations with the Jackson people about who is to speak when, how many speakers for Jackson's positions there will be, and other demands for a "victory" here. When previous concessions were pointed out to them, they replied that that was then, that the Convention is a thing unto itself. And Hart still can't quite accept the idea that he will not be nominated: he is said to believe firmly that he could defeat Reagan and that Mondale cannot. So his aides are clutching at straws—the Lance matter, for one—and spreading rumors about "erosion" of Mondale delegates. At a reception this evening—there is quite a bit of social activity going on around the Convention (one Democratic official said it reminded her more of the Kentucky Derby than of a political gathering)—Oliver Henkel, Hart's campaign manager, said to me that the Hart campaign was keeping track of three hundred "soft" Mondale delegates. There appear to be few, if any, people around Hart who will tell him that it's over. Some encourage the view that "something" might still happen. Hart, seeming at a loss as to just how to deal with the period between the primaries and the Convention—a period when technically, of course, the nomination contest is not over—made a few forays to speak to supporters, whose enthusiastic response simply reinforced his thinking that he should be the nominee. This morning, at a meeting with his staff members in the Westin St. Francis Hotel, where he is staying, he gave a talk that, though at times it sounded like a valedictory, kept lapsing back into a campaign speech ("I intend to be the nominee of this Party and the next President of the United States")—perhaps in part out of habit, perhaps because, having stayed in the race, Hart at this point can find no graceful way out. Afterward, John McEvoy, a key adviser to Hart, said to me that what this is all about is a carrying out of what he had told me shortly before the final primaries—that campaigns go on until there's no hope or no money. Now McEvoy said, "He's out of money, but he's not out of hope." He also said that one of the things that Hart wants to do here is talk with younger members of the Party about consolidating the gains he has made in opening up the Party, changing its rules. "He wants to keep the sea from closing behind him," McEvoy said. Thus, the struggle over control of the Party will continue throughout and after this Convention.

Mondale gave up a lot in order to buy short-term peace. I asked one of Mondale's aides if he had any concern whether—looking into an admittedly hypothetical future—if Mondale won the Presidency the rules would have been changed so as to make him more vulnerable to a renomination challenge. He shrugged and said, "We're not worrying about that now." The Hart people have redefined the minority platform report about the use of force in the Persian Gulf into one that covers Central America as well—thus attracting more votes for it—and the combined forces of Hart and Jackson, plus some others, threaten to defeat Mondale on this when the platform comes up on Tuesday. Yesterday, Tom Donilon told the press here that in terms of those delegates who had made public commitments Mondale had 2,107.05 delegates; Hart, 1,230.75; Jackson, 386.2; George McGovern, 6; John Glenn, 1; Harold Washington, 36; and Uncommitted, 166. He said that Mondale had private commitments from almost half the uncommitted delegates. (The .05 of a delegate is arrived at when delegations divide up votes to satisfy various factions.) But the Mondale people don't just want to win the nomination; they want a peaceful Convention.

JACKSON arrived here yesterday sounding fairly conciliatory, but he has been so mercurial of late that no one knows what to expect from day to day. Some liberal members of Congress already here say that Jackson's campaign has so alienated Jews that the situation is probably beyond repair, and has also begun to alienate white Protestants. There is a distinct worry about this inside the Mondale camp, which has been internally divided over how to deal with Jackson. The dominant opinion is that it must try to deal with him, frustrating and wearing as the exercise has come to be, because of his potential for getting black voters registered and to the polls, particularly in some Deep South states that the Mondale strategists believe they have a chance of winning. The pattern of Jackson's behavior over the past few weeks suggests, among other things, that he dislikes being out of the news, and there is some concern within the Mondale camp that his being upstaged by Ferraro will make him more difficult in the coming days. They are hoping that he will use his moment on Tuesday night, when he makes his speech—one of those moments in politics which can define or redefine things—to try to repair some of the strains.

Jackson's mood swings in recent weeks nearly drove the Mondale camp, and Mondale himself, to distraction. When Louis Farrakhan, the leader of a Black Muslim group, was quoted in the papers in late June as having said in a Sunday speech in Chicago to his Nation of Islam followers that "the presence of a state called Israel is an outlaw act," that its establishment was brought about by "a criminal conspiracy," and that Judaism is a "gutter religion," some Jewish leaders demanded that Mondale dissociate himself from Jackson. (There was later some dispute as to whether Farrakhan had called Judaism a "gutter" religion or a "dirty" religion—not that it made any difference.) Mondale denounced Farrakhan's statement as "venomous, bigoted, and obscene," and said that Jackson should "repudiate" Farrakhan's support, but the first reaction of Jackson, who was in Cuba at the time, was to say, on the CBS Morning News, "I don't understand the context of it. I feel no obligation to respond to it." Mondale also came under pressure from others besides Jewish leaders to openly separate himself from Jackson. Mondale, who had always had support from both blacks and Jews, was described as heartsick over the whole affair. So bad had things become that some white Democrats who have been sensitive to civil-rights issues began to say aloud that Mondale would win more white votes than he would lose black votes if he publicly repudiated Jackson. There was talk by some Jewish leaders that Jackson should be barred from speaking at the Convention unless he repudiated Farrakhan. Reagan's reëlection strategists saw an opportunity and put out the word to their spokesmen to tie Mondale to Farrakhan, via Jackson. (One Reagan strategist joked to me a few days later, "I don't know how much we're paying Jackson, but it probably isn't enough.") Vice-President George Bush weighed in and denounced Farrakhan and Jackson. Republican strategists say that their polling indicates an increase in Jewish support of Reagan over 1980—a development that can help in such swing states as New York, New Jersey, and Illinois.

Finally, on Thursday, June 28th, Jackson's campaign put out a statement in Jackson's name (Jackson was still in Cuba) saying that Farrakhan's recent comments were "reprehensible and morally indefensible" and "have no place in my own thinking or in this

campaign." A large number of people, including Beckel, had a hand in convincing the Jackson campaign that Jackson had to be convinced that such a statement was essential. Mondale, not wishing to seem too pleased, called Jackson's statement "a hopeful step." Jackson's trip itself—to Panama, Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Cuba—stirred a lot of controversy, because, among other things, it was marked by Jackson statements denouncing American policy, in a breach of the rules of the game, and reflected his radical views about the Third World. (Similarly, on a trip to Mexico in late May Jackson accused the United States government of "arrogance" that has "led to big-stick diplomacy and military intervention.")

Jackson and some of his advisers often complain that he does not get the proper "respect," but the plain truth is he has done things that would have destroyed a white politician, and some of his statements, and his record, have received fairly light treatment—because he is extra-political. Jackson wants to be taken seriously, but doesn't play by the rules, in large part because he is not a politician. His background is as an activist, as a confrontationalist—making demands, sometimes deliberately outrageous, and then bargaining. Moreover, his candidacy inevitably attracted some radicals, who worked to undermine the more conventional people around him. And the more attention Jackson got, the more he seemed to need. His return from Cuba (with twenty-two Americans who had been held in Cuban prisons, some of them on drug-running charges, and twenty-six Cuban political prisoners in tow) was followed by his suggesting that he should have a voice in the selection of Mondale's Secretaries of State and Defense and his running mate—and that perhaps he himself ought to be Secretary of State. (Few things could have more upset Jews.) He has also announced that he plans to visit South Africa and the Soviet Union before November; while in the Soviet Union, he said, he plans to try to free Andrei Sakharov, the physicist and dissident, who had gone on a hunger strike, and whose whereabouts and physical condition are unknown. Then, after a fairly harmonious meeting on July 3rd with Mondale in Kansas City, where the N.A.A.C.P. was meeting, Jackson turned around and said that his followers should await his "signal" after the Convention before supporting the Democratic nominee. (One thing that clearly bothers Jackson is the Mondale campaign's deliberate attempt to build up its own black allies; there will be more black Mondale delegates than black Jackson delegates at the Convention.) Then he said that Mondale had not considered him as his running mate because of pressure from Jews, and attacked the press for displaying "Aryan arrogance." Mondale, deciding the time had come to speak out, said in an interview aired on the CBS Morning News on July 12th that he couldn't choose Jackson as his running mate "because we have too many differences that are—that I think are basic." He cited differences on the Middle East and defense cuts. Referring to Jackson's saying that Jews had blocked him from being considered for Vice-President, Mondale said, "I disagree with his statements; I think they're unacceptable." (Mondale called Jackson to tell him about the interview before it was aired, and Jackson said that he quite understood.)

As these events unfolded, I spoke with someone who has been close to Jackson, to get his explanation of them. "I can't totally explain the behavior," he said. "So much of the growth in Jesse over the past few months seems to be dissipating. He's letting all his feelings about personal slights take over. After he got pushed to issue the Farrakhan statement, some of the others around him said he was being forced to play in others' yard and that Jewish people were trying to make him a pariah. This is the trickiest time, and we're going to have to effect a landing in a lot of crosswinds." This man said that Jackson was also affected by "the absolute, the battered-out fatigue level." Some of Jackson's friends had argued that because of that fatigue he should not have gone to Central America. Jackson, throughout the year, had nothing close to the support system that Mondale and Hart had, and even they ended the campaign thoroughly exhausted. Jackson's campaign ran on wit, nerve, and adrenaline, with some of the people who travelled with him only feeding his anger. This man said, "The style, which has been Jesse's civil-rights style, put in the pressure cooker of the campaign, puts a new kind of pressure on him. In the civil-rights movement, you could make a demand one day and then change your tactics—you could make day-to-day tactical decisions. And you never got this constant attention. You can't operate that way in a campaign. Jesse feels set upon and his ego is bruised, and people are playing to that. It was inevitable that Mondale would call in Tom Bradley and not Jesse, and Jesse in a rational mood would understand that." He said he didn't believe that Jackson was acting out of any calculated plan but more like "a punch-drunk fighter." He said, "Somebody has to remind him that he is a young man and has a lot of time. The problem is that people who are telling him to be reasonable are seen by others as telling him to give up on his principles."

July 16

LATE Monday afternoon. The Moscone Center, the Convention site. This Convention hall is underground, which is only one of its oddities. It is so difficult to see the podium from so much of the hall that television screens have been hung about. Some corridors are so crowded that trying to get through them is a traumatic experience. This afternoon, Mondale, at a press conference at the Meridien Hotel, a couple of blocks from the Convention center, where he and his entourage are staying, was asked why he had wanted to get rid of Manatt and then reversed himself. With a big smile, Mondale said, "I will concede this was not handled very well, for two reasons: one, it wasn't, and, two, it's obvious it wasn't." Mondale is to meet tonight with Hart and Jackson, after Cuomo gives the keynote address; the negotiations over the platform are still going on, and Mondale is eager to keep his lines to his opponents open. (Mondale had invited Hart to meet him in Tahoe, but Hart, still a candidate, declined, and the two agreed to meet in San Francisco. Hart and Jackson still have some things they want from Mondale regarding the Fairness Commission.) Others are also pressing Mondale. The Hispanics are saying that they might abstain on the first ballot, because they don't feel Mondale has been strong enough in his denunciation of the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill, which has been passed by the

House and the Senate and is to go to conference. Hispanic leaders oppose the bill because, they argue, its provision for sanctions against employers who hire illegal aliens will lead to discrimination against Hispanics; moreover, the House-passed version reinstitutes the "guest worker," or *bracero*, program, in which foreign workers can be hired on a temporary basis to do farm labor. (Organized labor, which otherwise supports the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, opposes this provision.) Mondale has many times stated his opposition to the bill, but the Convention offers an opportunity to press him and other Democratic leaders further. (The bill passed the House by only five votes.) Henry Cisneros, who opposes the immigration bill, is trying to mediate between the Mondale people and the Hispanics, and as a result of his new prominence the Hispanics expect him to produce something for them. Labor—having been so prominent in the nomination contest—is playing a quiet role here, but other groups are treating the Convention as a sort of bazaar.

Whether the Democratic Party can ever amount to more than a loose and uneasy collection of its interest groups is still in question, as is whether a Democratic President could ever harness the centrifugal force of these groups sufficiently to govern. The Mondale campaign is equipped here as if for war—it had to be, in case war broke out. It has five trailers, three hundred and fifty floor whips, fourteen "cluster leaders" (people in charge of several delegations) on the floor, who are in contact with fourteen delegate-trackers in one of the trailers. Standing within the space enclosed by the circled trailers—which gives one the feeling of being in a Western—Tom Donilon tells me this afternoon that there is "big trouble" on some of the minority reports on the platform. He is concerned that because what is now the "Central American" minority report is supported by both the Hart and Jackson forces, the Mondale forces might lose on it. Donilon has been negotiating with Hart aides on it, and says that Mondale and Hart will talk about it in their meeting tonight. Now the Hart aides, too, are saying that they have to have a victory for their people, and that they have to give their activists something to organize around. The Convention is not only a bazaar, it is a summer camp where pent-up energies must be given a chance to be released, and where the counsellors must soothe psyches. Winning the election does not seem to be foremost on a lot of people's agendas at the moment.

AT shortly after six, Jimmy Carter is addressing the Convention. (This will have him be seen in prime time in the East.) Carter was greeted by the Convention warmly, and there seems to be some real affection for him in the hall—perhaps a feeling that he has been judged too harshly. He and his wife, Rosalynn, have been giving a number of television interviews since they got here yesterday, and it is clear that Mrs. Carter still feels that her husband was treated badly by the Party in 1980. Now Carter is cheered when he talks about human rights and arms control. It is not within his power to lift this Convention by his speech, but a reconciliation of sorts is taking place.

GIVING the keynote address is a perilous act. A keynoter is expected to put on a performance, inspire the crowd. Some keynoters have bombed (John Glenn in 1976). Though the Democrats assembled here tonight are in a better frame of mind—thanks to the choice of Ferraro—than they might have been, they still have a morale problem. They lost badly four years ago; Reagan, though vulnerable, eludes them; their all-but-official candidate ran a campaign that left him far more scarred than when he started out; and the last few weeks, until the choice of Ferraro, were not encouraging. Few people give the Democrats a chance of winning this year. Though it is still mathematically possible for Mondale to win, what he and the Party went through during the primaries and afterward has raised the odds against its happening. As a party, the Democrats are still searching for how to define themselves—to the extent that the Democratic Party, given its diversity, can be coherent on such a subject—how to explain what they are for. Even those who admire and like Mondale—and many people here do—are aware that he has liabilities as a candidate. Part of the Democrats' dilemma is that the economy is undergoing a strong recovery—albeit one produced by Keynesian economics of borrowing and spending rather than by the supply-side theory of enhanced investment which was offered as the rationale for the President's 1981 tax cuts. Unemployment is now at 7.1 per cent, or slightly lower than it was when Reagan took office. (However, business investment is down.) If the realpolitik theory—that people vote according to their economic well-being at the moment—is correct, the Democrats have to get around this by summoning up the memory of the 1982 recession and raising fears of the future effects of the deficit. They have to portray themselves as more fiscally responsible than the Republicans, which will take some adjustment of long-held preconceptions. Each danger sign will be pointed to with alarm: rising interest rates, falling housing starts, decreased exports, a poor farm economy. But though almost everyone who has seriously thought about the matter believes that there will be a heavy price to pay for the deficit, no one is sure when that will become due, and few think that it will occur before the election. So the voters will be presented with two realities, the present one and a potential one, and it is hard to know how concerned they can be made to get about the potential one.

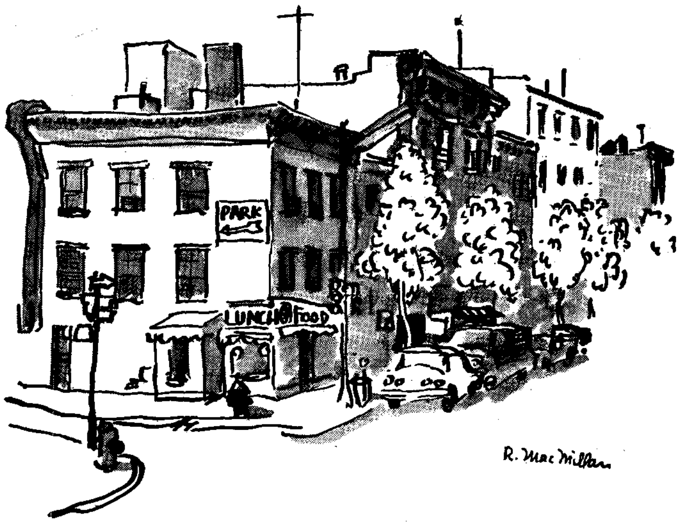
Mondale chose Cuomo as the keynoter because he admires his speaking ability—Cuomo's inaugural address, when he became governor of New York, in January, 1983, made a big impression on Mondale—and because Cuomo's politics, an unembarrassed affirmation of the Party's liberal tradition and an ability to talk about middle-class values, fit with what Mondale wants emphasized here this week. Cuomo had somehow allowed himself to get maneuvered into representing Edward Kennedy's interest in being the keynote speaker, but Mondale insisted to Cuomo that he wanted him to give the speech. Now, in his speech, Cuomo gently draws the audience to him, speaking in quiet tones—no bombast here. He makes the moral case: that while Reagan refers to America as "a shining city on a hill . . .

there's another city, another part of the city, the part where some people can't pay their mortgages and most young people can't afford one, where students can't afford the education they need and middle-class parents watch the dreams they hold for their children evaporate." He continues, "In this part of the city, there are more poor than ever, more families in trouble," and he graphically, dramatically—even melodramatically, but in this kind of situation it works, as people want to be moved—describes the life of the poor. "There is despair, Mr. President, in the faces that you don't see, in places that you don't visit in your shining city," he says. Cuomo has appropriated one of Reagan's terms and turned it back on him.

Before Cuomo turned to politics, he was a trial attorney, and he has a lawyer's ability to pose an argument, and a certain deftness with a verbal knife. He has come into high political fashion of late, is considered a "hot property"—a development that obviously pleases him. He gives off the impression of a man who never expected to become charismatic—he runs down his looks in private conversation—and quite enjoys the impact he is making. But while Cuomo is not a classically handsome man, his gentle looks and voice draw the audience to him; he establishes an intimacy with the audience. It is something close to what Reagan does, but with more warmth. With Reagan, one is aware of the acting skills; Cuomo seems to know exactly what he is doing, but, perhaps because the skills are less honed, he seems more natural. Tonight, Cuomo is papal, rabbinical—talking to the audience like a stern but loving papa, making it feel better about itself. His hands are used expressively; he times his pauses carefully. He criticizes Reagan for practicing "social Darwinism"—he had talked about this in his inaugural speech, and Mondale also talked about it in the course of his campaign. Cuomo draws a contrast between what he sees as the difference between the inhumane traditions of the Republican Party and the humane traditions of the Democratic Party—thus trying to give the Party its moorings. He praises the diversity of the Democratic "family"—his referring in his inaugural speech to society as a family whose members must care for one another was one of the things that impressed Mondale, and it has been much imitated. Now Cuomo says, "Here we are at this Convention to remind ourselves where we come from and to claim the future for ourselves and for our children." He continues, "Today, our great Democratic Party, which has saved this nation from depression, from Fascism, from racism, from corruption, is called upon to do it again—this time to save the nation from confusion and division, from the threat of eventual fiscal disaster, and most of all from the fear of a nuclear holocaust."

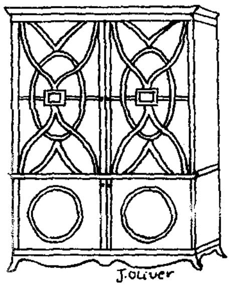
Now Cuomo instructs on how to confront Reagan. He says, "In order to succeed, we must answer our opponent's polished and appealing rhetoric with a more telling reasonableness and rationality. We must win this case on the merits. We must get the American public to look past the glitter, beyond the showmanship—to reality, to the hard substance of things. And we will do that not so much with speeches that sound good as with speeches that are good and sound. Not so much with speeches that will bring people to their feet as with speeches that bring people to their senses." He is trying to appeal to his listeners' intelligence as well as their emotions. He moves them to applause and cheers as his speech builds, and sometimes he gets them to their feet. He is making them feel better, and encouraging them to believe that there is a point to their trying to win the election, and that there is a way to crack Reagan's "Teflon" coating. But he also warns that the Democrats will have "no chance" of convincing the nation of their cause "if what comes out of this Convention is a babel of arguing voices." One wonders whether the audience will really listen to what he is saying. "We Democrats must unite," he says. "Now, we should not be embarrassed, we should not be embarrassed or dismayed or chagrined if the process of unifying is difficult, even wrenching at times." He makes a case against the Reagan record. He says that inflation has been reduced since 1980, but by the worst recession since 1932; that the deficit—"the largest in the history of this universe"—is one "that can be paid only in pain and that could bring this nation to its knees." He asks, "What chance would the Republican candidate have had in 1980 if he had told the American people that he intended to pay for his so-called economic recovery with bankruptcies, unemployment, more homeless, more hungry, and the largest government debt known to humankind?

"That was an election won under false pretenses," Cuomo says. But, of course, it was won for other reasons, too. He says that the Reagan Administration claims it has made the world safer, and adds, "By creating the largest defense budget in history. . . . By escalating to a frenzy the nuclear-arms race. By incendiary rhetoric. By refusing to discuss peace with our enemies. By the loss of two hundred and seventy-nine young Americans in Lebanon in pursuit of a plan and a policy that no one can find or describe." Democrats seem to have mixed feelings about attacking the policy in Lebanon (Mondale's problem is that he supported the policy for a long time), but Cuomo believes strongly in doing so. And now he is cheered. It is a kind of release for the Democrats, who are frustrated at Reagan's ability to glide away from the Lebanon collapse. The audience is unusually attentive for a Convention audience. Cuomo has drawn them in and held their interest as well as fed their partisan spirit. His own rhetoric escalating, Cuomo gets a tremendous cheer when, in a reference to El Salvador—and going a bit far, it seems—he says, "We give money to Latin-American governments that murder nuns and then lie about it." He adds, lest anyone conclude otherwise, "Of course, Democrats believe that there are times when we must stand



and fight." He refers to the need to protect human rights, whether those of Sakharov or Bishop Tutu in South Africa, thus covering a wide ideological band.

Cuomo says that the American people's lack of full understanding of the Republican record "I can only attribute to the President's amiability and the failure by some to separate the salesman from the product." Cuomo believes that the way for the Democrats to get a handle on Reagan is to say that he seems to be a very pleasant man and then go after his policies. Mondale has taken to saying lately that Reagan offers "salesmanship, not leadership." Now, his voice rising, Cuomo says that the Party must "remind Americans that if they are not happy with all the President has done so far they should consider how much worse it will be if he is left to his radical proclivities for another four years unrestrained. Unrestrained." And the audience cheers. Referring to Reagan's recent appointment to an advisory committee on environmental policy of Anne Gorsuch Burford, the former administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, who resigned under pressure in March, 1983—an appointment that appalled some of Reagan's own strategists—Cuomo says, "If July brings back Anne Gorsuch Burford, what can we expect of December?" He is cheered and applauded. One of Mondale's devices, which he began to use in the primaries and is expected to use more in the coming months, is to say—in a conscious parody of the Republicans' predictions in 1980 that Carter planned an "October surprise" having to do with the hostages in Iran—that Reagan will spring a "December surprise." In this case, the "surprise" is generic, a code for anything anyone fears that Reagan might do. Some Democrats, in their speeches to constituents, say that Reagan will widen the war in Central America if he is reëlected; some warn of dire budget cuts. "Where would another four years take us?" Cuomo asks. He has the audience totally with him now. The healing has begun to take effect—at least for the moment. He lists some of the fears: "How much larger will the deficit be? How much deeper the cuts in programs for the struggling middle class and the poor to limit that deficit? How high will the interest rates be? How much more acid rain killing our forests and fouling our lakes?" He adds, "And, ladies and gentlemen, the nation must think of this: What kind of Supreme Court will we have?" At this, the people in the audience, who have been cheering each question, cheer, applaud, and stamp their feet. Democratic strategists have been divided over whether much of an issue could be made of the possibility of Reagan's appointing more members of the Supreme Court, but I have heard politicians raise the issue all year, always to applause. And the Court's recent rash of rulings cutting back on individual rights has made the subject more immediate. A senator I am standing near on the Convention floor says he still doesn't think that the Supreme Court issue "cuts" with the electorate. Perhaps not, but it certainly had an impact here.



"The election will measure the record of the past four years," Cuomo says. "But, more than that, it will answer the question of what kind of people we want to be." And then, offering the Democrats a credo, he says, "We believe in only the government we need but we insist on all the government we need." He continues, "We believe in a government that is characterized by fairness and reasonableness." He says, "We believe in a government strong enough to use the words 'love' and 'compassion' and smart enough to convert our noblest aspirations into practical realities." Some of his lines are a bit simplistic: he refers to "the simple truth that peace is better than war because life is better than death." He continues, "For fifty years, we Democrats created a better future for our children, using traditional democratic principles as a fixed beacon, giving us direction and purpose, but constantly innovating, adapting to new realities." He lists the "innovations" of various Democratic Presidents. Democrats have done it before and can do it again, he says; he uses the word "intelligent" often, to indicate that clear thinking can solve problems. He talks of "marrying common sense and compassion." The struggle to live in dignity, he says, "is the real story of the shining city," and he says that he lived the story, and talks, movingly, about the story of his immigrant parents. He calls his own

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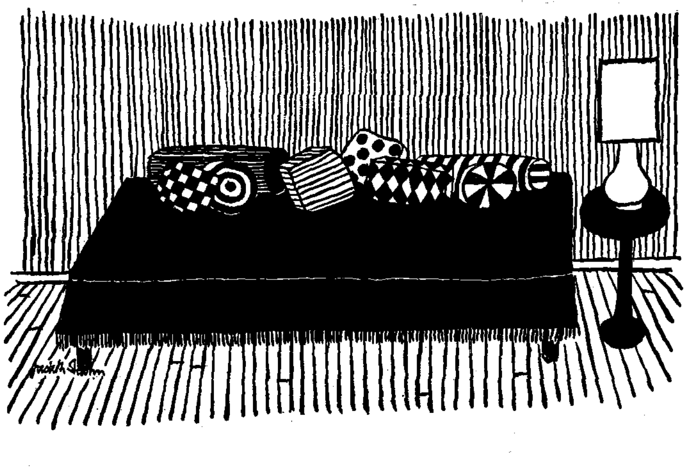
story "an ineffably beautiful tribute to the democratic process." He has managed to work in religion, patriotism, values, family: he is moving onto Reagan's territory but also saying that the Democrats have reason to be proud of their tradition. Some of the newer, cool Democrats are not comfortable talking about that tradition. He has conducted a psychological as well as a spiritual exercise, and one can sense that a change has come over the hall. He concludes, quietly, "I ask you now, ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters: for the good of all of us, for the love of this great nation, for the family of America—for the love of God—please make this nation remember how futures are built."

JULY 17

LATE Tuesday afternoon. The Moscone Center. The platform issues did come to the floor this afternoon, after virtual around-the-clock negotiations in which deals were made and came unstuck, and some negotiations were going on right up until the time of the voting. In their meeting last night, Mondale, Hart, and Jackson did not negotiate but did talk a bit about what has now become the Central American resolution, and Mondale made the case to Jackson that he very much wanted to avoid a floor fight over the subject of quotas. Hart and Jackson pressed their concerns about the makeup and direction of the Fairness Commission. They're thinking ahead, and raising the price to Mondale for peace at this Convention. (While the three candidates met, their aides, gathered in the next room, started negotiating over who would head the Fairness Commission.) Talking to the press after the meeting, Jackson said that there would be some "creative tension during the next forty-eight hours." Mondale opposes quotas, and his people knew that the issue had the potential of exacerbating further the serious tensions that had grown within the Democratic Party in recent months and of causing an ugly scene at the Convention. The issue of quotas sets blacks against Jews, labor against blacks. Furthermore, overriding all the Mondale people's actions here is a determination to put on a show before the country which says that the Democratic Party, though it may have its differences—it *is* the Democratic Party—can pull itself together, and could govern. An afternoon dominated by the subject of quotas would not be conducive to such a picture. (This part of the Convention was scheduled so that it would not appear on network television.) Moreover, though the Mondale people knew that they had the votes for the nomination, the votes on the platform issues were less certain. And, especially after the Lance-Manatt mess, the Mondale people wanted to show that they were in command. A number of things had "loosened" some of the Mondale votes for the platform, including the Lance-Manatt mess itself and the pressure that Jackson had been putting on black women, saying that white women had got something out of the Convention already (Ferraro), and black women were owed something. Black Mondale supporters were under pressure in general.

The tensions between blacks supporting Jackson and blacks supporting Mondale had been in evidence all year, and came to a head at the Convention, where they all converged for the first time. Many blacks who had supported Mondale, often against great odds, and even tides, in their own areas felt that they weren't being taken sufficiently into account by the Mondale campaign. They noticed that there were few blacks in high positions in the Mondale campaign—a point Jackson and his allies emphasized. They wondered during the primaries if they had gone on the line for Mondale only to have their votes largely written off in light of the likely strong support for Jackson. At the Convention, blacks who had supported Mondale were under pressure to show some solidarity with Jackson's blacks on the platform—especially on the matters of runoff primaries and quotas, which many of them believe in. After the meeting of the three candidates, Mondale, encouraged, phoned Jackson and said he wanted to see if they could reach an agreement on the quotas section, and so Beckel and two associates went to meet at the Hilton with two key figures in the Jackson entourage—Mayor Richard Hatcher, of Gary, Indiana, and Walter Fauntroy, the District of Columbia's delegate to Congress. At the same time, Donilon and Paul Tully, the Mondale campaign's political director, were meeting with Hart advisers at the Meridien. (Hart's aides, still hoping to stop Mondale on the first ballot, wanted to help Jackson on the questions of quotas and runoff primaries, as well as the chairmanship of the Fairness Commission—hoping to crack Mondale's support. They had hoped to meet and plot with the Jackson people after the candidates' meeting, only to find that the Mondale people had sequestered the Jackson people, and were negotiating with them. And some Hart aides didn't know that other Hart aides were negotiating with the Mondale people.) In keeping with their penchant for thoroughness, the Mondale people set up a centralized control system in one of their offices on the third floor of the hotel, so that both sets of negotiations could be kept track of at once.

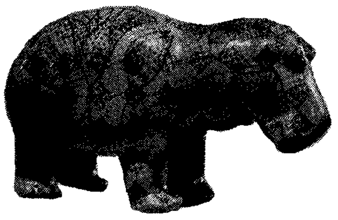
Some white liberals who supported Mondale also wanted to support certain Jackson platform positions—because they believed in them, because they had a substantial number of blacks in their districts, or both. Moreover, many of Mondale's delegates are to the left of him, and could be told to vote against their real views only so often. Too much discipline presents its own dangers. And, as the Convention gathered, inevitably some people's minds turned to who would have what role in the general election, and this was another source of tension between the Jackson blacks and the Mondale blacks. A black who had gone on the line for Mondale was not eager to see a high position in the general-election campaign taken by a prominent Jackson supporter. At the same time, Jackson and his advisers were arguing for important roles in the general-election campaign for his supporters, and Jackson was making certain demands in connection with his leading a voter-registration drive.



So while the Mondale people were trying to mollify, pacify, keep people at bay, they were also involved in intricate three-way negotiations designed to prevent any major embarrassment to Mondale this afternoon. Through the night, there was quite a bit of calling back and forth, and of histrionics, but by the time the negotiators finished, at about four-thirty in the morning, the Mondale people believed they had made a lot of progress. They had an agreement with the Jackson camp on the quotas issue, and thought that they had agreements with it on compromises on the no-first-use and defense-cut planks. The negotiators with the Hart people got an agreement that Mondale would accept the Persian Gulf/Central American minority report with the proviso that Mondale, who wasn't happy about this, would put out a statement giving his own interpretation of it; that the Hart people would instruct their delegates to support the Mondale position on runoff primaries; that the Hart camp would let it be known that it supported the Mondale positions on no first use and defense cuts. Another part of the agreement was that Mondale and Hart would come to a meeting of the minds about the Fairness Commission.

Late this morning, the Mondale camp learned that the Jackson people had decided that all deals were off—some of those around Jackson were unhappy that he had given in on anything—and the Jackson people started talking again about "linkage" of the various platform proposals and about needing some victories. The Mondale people also learned midmorning that the Hart group had decided their deal was off, that they wanted assurances about the Fairness Commission. Donilon met midmorning at the Meridien with the Hart people—with a good bit of carrying on and walking out of rooms and banging of doors—and then, as the negotiations continued, Johnson met with them in the early afternoon, and agreed to some of their demands. These had to do with a fairly prompt appointment of the commission—while the Mondale people were still around to honor their pledge—and with how the chairman and members would be selected. The Convention had been delayed while all this was going on. At that point, Donilon, who is twenty-nine, shouted to an aide, "Tell them they can start the Convention; I'm on my way." But there was still an important unsettled matter. Around noon, Mondale had made another call to Jackson, in which he spoke in fairly strong terms to the effect that he thought there had been an agreement, and that a floor fight over quotas would do great damage to the Party. Jackson suggested that Beckel come around again and negotiate some more. As the Convention proceeded, the negotiations continued; speakers were scheduled and rescheduled and their speeches rewritten as events kept changing—speeches that had been written for a certain compromise had to be torn up. The order in which the minority planks were to be considered was being changed as the negotiations went on. Finally, the Jackson people came up with a substitute term for quotas: "verifiable measurements." This seemed harmless enough, and no one was clear about what it meant—and ambiguity was just what was needed at that point. The Mondale people checked out the term with their own delegation leaders and other supporters, with Jewish leaders, with trade-union leaders, with teachers' organizations, and on and on—they wanted to be sure they hadn't missed some nuance, that no sudden explosion would ignite on the floor.

Meanwhile, on the Convention floor the minority planks on no first use and defense cuts were overwhelmingly defeated. Though the Mondale people had sought to avoid fights, once fights were at hand they did not mind having the opportunity to show that they were in control of the Convention and (after the Lance matter) competent. The elaborate Mondale floor operation was at work as if the nomination depended on it. Cluster leaders, in orange vests, and whips were briskly counting their votes and searching for lost delegates. (Some had taken the afternoon off to visit the vineyards in the Napa Valley.) Since superdelegates don't have alternates, their votes were gone if they were—and several of them were. When Andrew Young stood up to defend the Mondale position on runoff primaries, the booing by blacks in the California delegation, where I was standing at the time, was quite loud, and it continued as Young, in obvious pain, tried to make his speech. This was the eruption of the tension between the Jackson blacks



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and the Mondale blacks. Young is an establishment black who deals in coalition politics—but who had withheld public support of Mondale until the end of the primaries because of the obvious strain of his situation. This manifestation of the deep tensions was disturbing to many in the hall, and even the cheers for Young, encouraged by instructions to the floor from the Mondale trailer, could not overcome the painful moment. The runoff-primary minority report was defeated by more than twelve hundred votes. As word reached the floor—having been sent out from the Mondale trailer—about the new term "verifiable measurements," the main reaction was bafflement. When one Mondale aide tried to explain it to one delegation leader, the delegation leader asked, only half jokingly, "Do you mean mutually verifiable measurements? Are you sure you don't have this mixed up with a debate on the nuclear freeze?" But, like all good lieutenants, he spread the word among his delegation that this new language was acceptable to Mondale and should be accepted on a voice vote. There was, however, one last wrinkle. Though Barbara Mikulski, a representative from Maryland and a Mondale supporter, told the Convention that the new language did not mean quotas, a Jackson speaker described it as "a victory for the Rainbow Coalition," and said that if people wanted blacks to understand the Holocaust and the importance of the State of Israel, why couldn't they "respect our need for verifiable measurements," and another talked about "verifiable measurements, such as quotas, such as goals." Further, Mondale aides, in order to keep the Jackson camp happy, since it was losing on everything, pronounced the compromise "a victory for the Rainbow Coalition." Some Jewish leaders decided that they had been double-crossed, and sought further assurances from the Mondale camp.

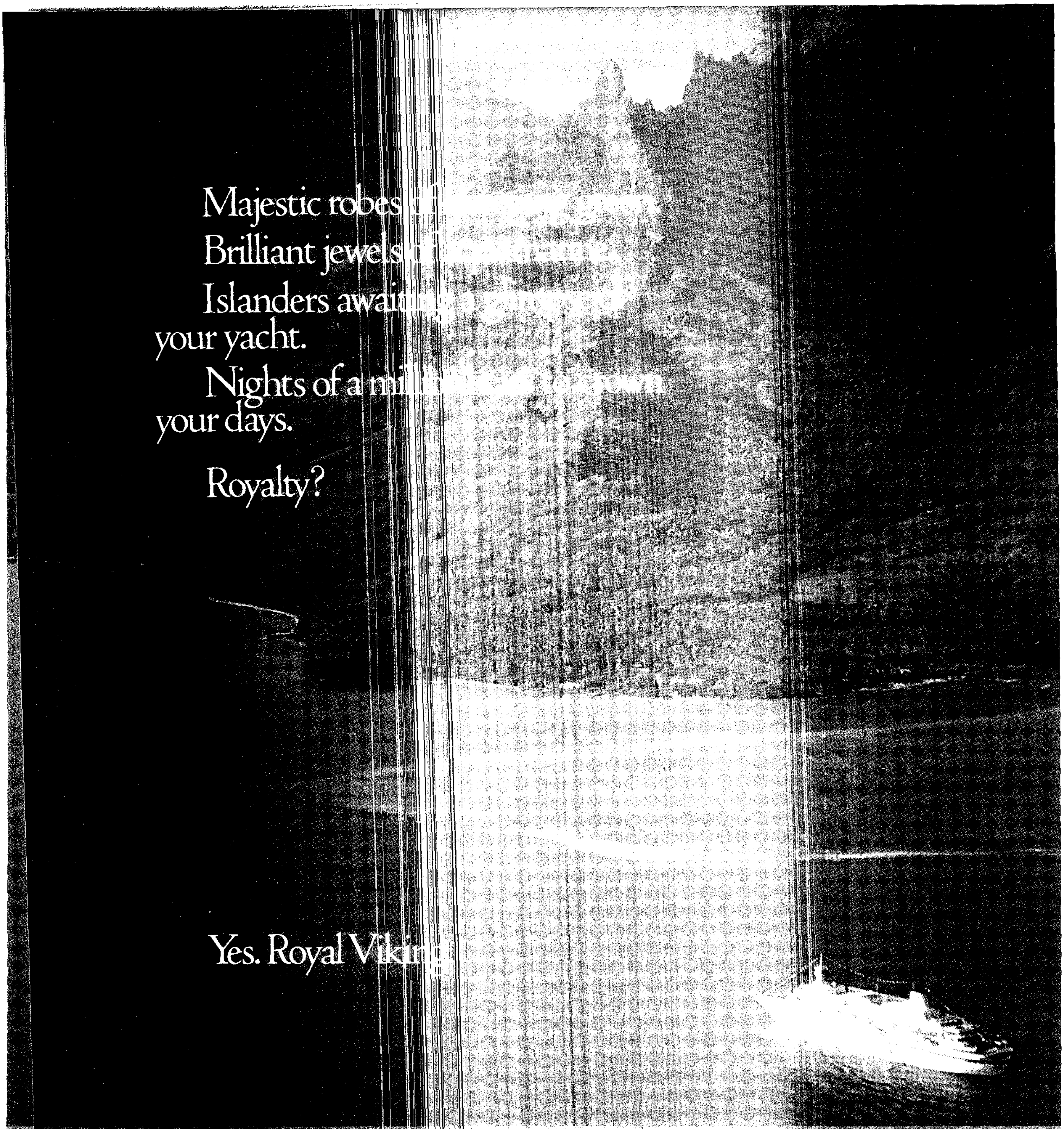
The Hart Persian Gulf/Central American minority report was overwhelmingly accepted.

WHILE all this was going on, Mondale and his speechwriter, Martin Kaplan, continued to work on Mondale's acceptance speech—a process that has been taking place for weeks now. It is Mondale's style to work on a speech up to the end—trying out various themes, seeing how they fit and feel. Mondale has also had to respond to the requests of the politicians who want to see him about one thing or another—including the Lance matter—and the interest groups trying to drain their last from him. And he has had to respond to the pleas of his staff to deal with this and that perceived or real crisis. So while Mondale is trying to redirect his efforts toward the general election, and toward making the case against Reagan about the future, he is still caught up in the last playing out of the nomination effort past. One close observer of all this says he believes that Mondale is more ready to get on with fighting the general election than his campaign organization is.

AT shortly before seven, Oliver Henkel, standing near the New Jersey delegation, says to me, "In Florida, we're picking up delegates right and left. Someone in New York switched to us. I think we're going to keep picking them up, and show real movement tomorrow, right up to the roll call. And having Gary speak just before the roll call is so important. The last time a major candidate spoke before the nomination was when William Jennings Bryan did his 'Cross of Gold' speech. There are some prominent public officials ready to go with us, but they don't want to do it alone. We're trying to put together a coalition of them now." Hart, at delegate caucuses today, referring to the Lance matter, warned against "deals and backroom maneuvers and manipulation, and the politics of the past and the old political arrangements." Aides, journalists are running around this Convention floor and acting as if the nomination were in question, playing out roles that are now irrelevant. A little earlier, a rumor—a false one—went around that NBC had said that Mondale is twenty votes short of the nomination.

NO one knows quite what to expect of Jackson's speech tonight, though it has never seemed that he had much choice other than to be conciliatory. Last night, a nervous Beckel, who had spent many, many hours negotiating with Jackson, told him he hoped he'd give a good speech and Jackson teased, "Tomorrow night, you'll either be a chump or a champ." There is so much tension surrounding Jackson that anything could cause further problems. Now, at shortly after seven, Pacific Daylight Time, as Jackson comes to the podium, black delegates cheer him emotionally, some white delegates give him polite applause, and some white delegates simply watch. Jackson, his face looking smoother, younger, and more handsome than in recent weeks, stands there proudly. His very being there is a triumph for him. He likes to point out how many other candidates he outlasted. He begins slowly, and low-key, and reading, which is unusual for him, but then one remembers that it is a Jackson technique to begin on a quiet note, and draw the audience in and build as he goes along. "Tonight, we come together bound by our faith in a mighty God, with genuine respect for our country, and inheriting the legacy of a great party," he begins. One begins to sense relief in the hall. "This is not a perfect party," he says. "Yet we are called to a perfect mission: our mission to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to house the homeless, to teach the illiterate, to provide jobs for the jobless, to choose the human race over the nuclear race." All year, he has been saying that he represents "the locked out," and now he says, "My constituency is the damned, disinherited, disrespected, and the despised." He says, "They have voted in record numbers. . . . The Democratic Party must send them a signal that we care." This is somewhat mysterious. When will Jackson decide that that signal has been sent?

Now, his voice rising, Jackson becomes more the preacher, and some of the audience, as if at a church meeting, respond "Yeah" as he says, "Leadership can part the waters and lead our nation in the direction of the Promised Land. Leadership can lift the boats stuck at the bottom." Then, hinting that he recognizes reality, he says, "There is a proper season for



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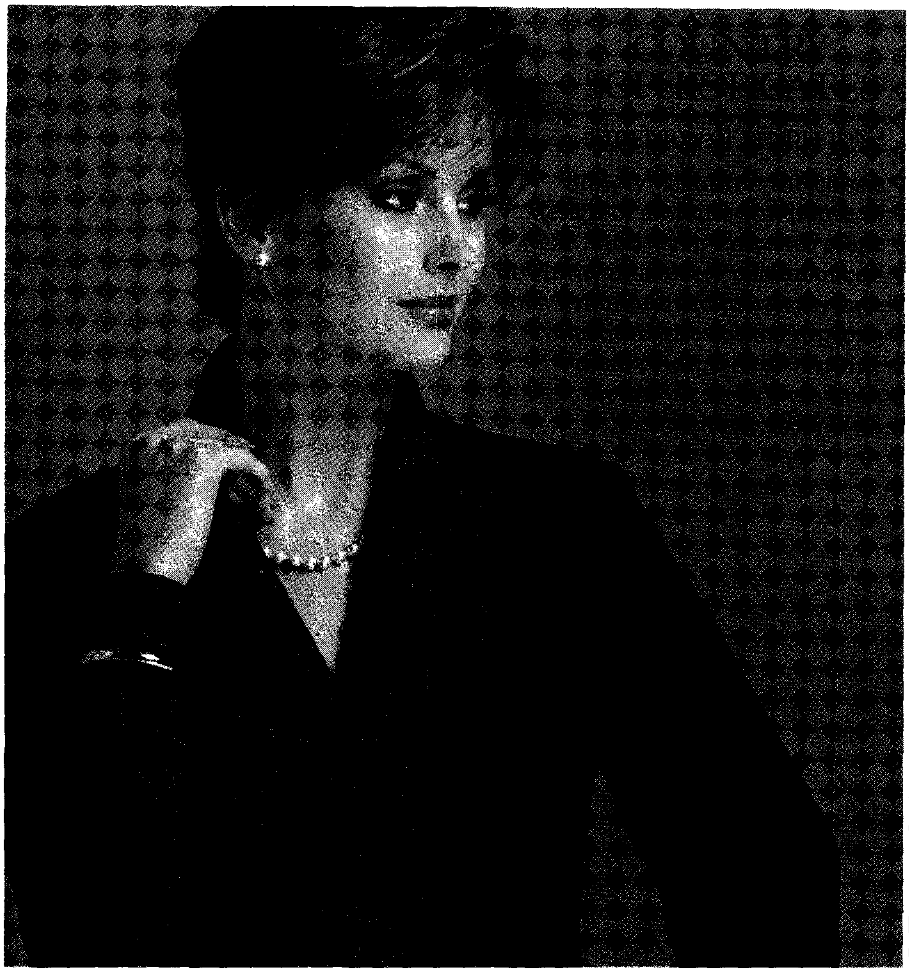

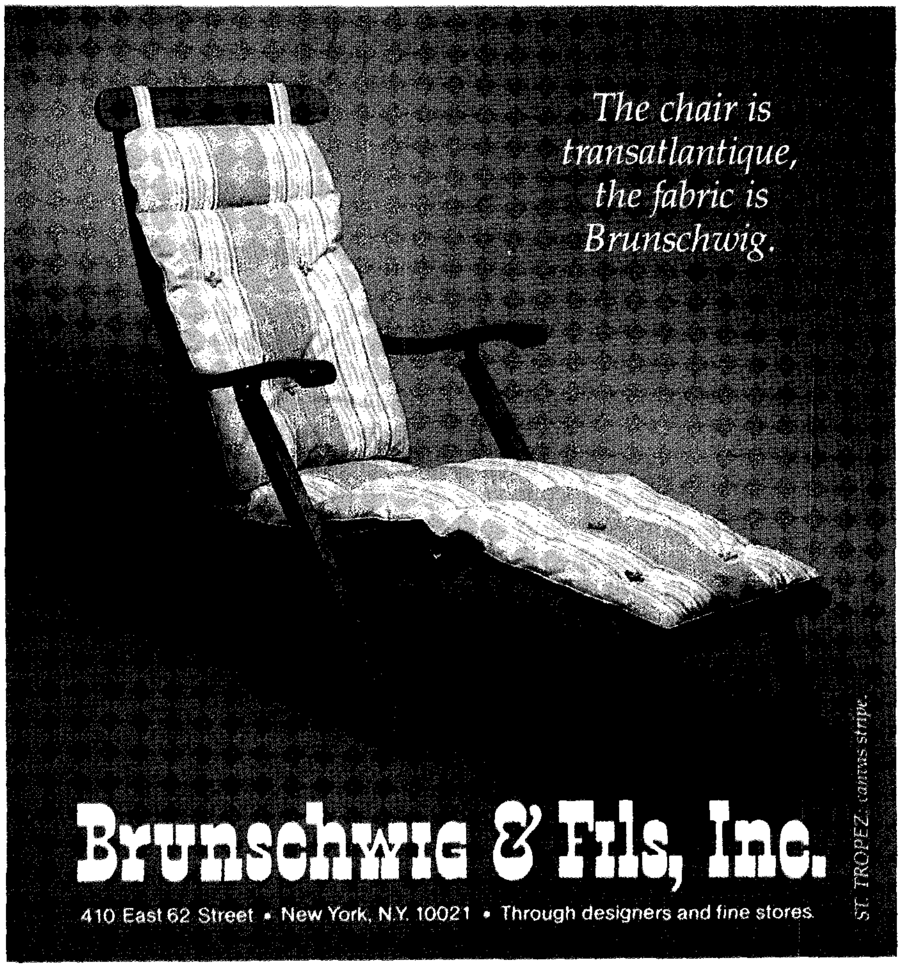
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everything. There is a time to sow and a time to reap. There is a time to compete and a time to coöperate." And then, to cheers from the black delegates, he says, "I ask for your vote on the first ballot . . . a vote of conviction, a vote of conscience." Jackson has been urging this on caucuses all week, and the Mondale people, loath to have any sign of "erosion," are not pleased. But Jackson goes on to say, to larger cheers, "But I will be proud to support the nominee of this Convention for President of the United States of America." He has wandered, and caused difficulty, but he has come home. At least for now. "If, in my high moments, I have done some good, offered some service, shed some light, healed some wounds, rekindled some hope, or stirred someone from apathy and indifference, or in any way along the way helped somebody, then this campaign has not been in vain," he says. More of the audience is moving toward him. And then he says something surprising, confronting the recent unpleasantness head on. "If in my low moments, in word, deed, or attitude, through some error of temper, taste, or tone, I have caused anyone discomfort, created pain, or revived someone's fears, that was not my truest self," he says. The hall is dead silent. He continues, "If there were occasions when my grape turned into a raisin and my joy bell lost its resonance, please forgive me." A very large proportion of the audience is visibly moved, and cheers him. One can think of no precedent for this, and part of the mood here is caused by the fact that we are all—Jackson, the delegates, observers—in a new situation. He holds us in suspension, waiting to hear what's next. Jackson's speech is the unfolding of a plot. He continues, "Charge it to my head, and not to my heart. My head is so limited in its finitude; my heart is boundless in its love for the human family." Actually, Jackson has a very smart, perhaps brilliant, if undisciplined, mind. Only a very smart mind would come up with the things he is saying now. The drama builds as Jackson continues, "I am not a perfect servant. I am a public servant. I'm doing my best against the odds. As I develop and serve, be patient." Now his voice is ringing out clearly; his sentences are clipped at the end. He pauses, and then says, "God is not finished with me yet." Only a preacher could get away with such a line. The hall explodes in cheers. He is asking the audience here, and those watching on television, to let him start over; Jackson often says he believes in redemption. The apology is very moving, but will it convince?

Now Jackson talks, as he did early in the campaign, about the American people making up a "quilt." He cites the long civil-rights struggle—from the time that Fannie Lou Hamer and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party were given seats at the Convention in Atlantic City in 1964. He talks of the martyrs of the civil-rights movement and of the three young civil-rights workers (two of them Jewish) who were murdered in Mississippi in 1964. He says, "Twenty years ago, tears welled up in our eyes. . . . Twenty years later, our communities, black and Jewish, are in anguish, anger, and pain. Feelings have been hurt on both sides. There is a crisis in communications. Confusion is in the air. We cannot afford to lose our way. We may agree to agree or agree to disagree on issues; we must bring back civility to these tensions." His head-on confrontation with the problem is almost breathtaking. But does he really understand it now? He talks about the Judeo-Christian traditions, and also Islam. He says, "We are much too intelligent; much too bound by our Judeo-Christian heritage; much too victimized by racism, sexism, militarism, and anti-Semitism; much too threatened as historical scapegoats to go on divided one from another. We must turn from finger-pointing to clasped hands." Jackson and the audience are responding to each other now, feeding each other; it seems that as Jackson senses the impact of what he is saying on the audience, he speaks even more strongly. All great speakers establish a relationship with the audience, and Jackson is without question a great speaker. Whatever happens, this is a very moving moment, and there seems through much of the hall—on the part of many of those who started out just watching—a will to believe. A friend of Jackson's has told me that he believed all along that Jackson is one of the two people in public life who are best able to make people feel better about things—the other, he said, is Reagan. Here Jackson is showing the good he can do—which makes the recent past all the more tragic.

Now Jackson talks about the groups that he says are part of the Rainbow Coalition—Arab-Americans, American Indians, Asian-Americans, the disabled. "Don't leave anybody out,"

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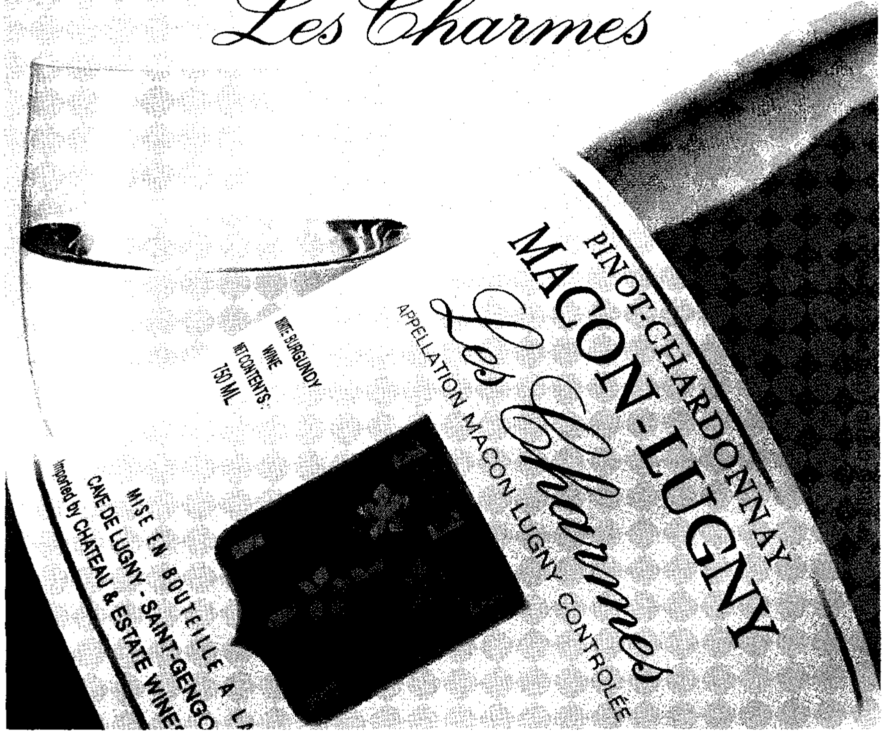

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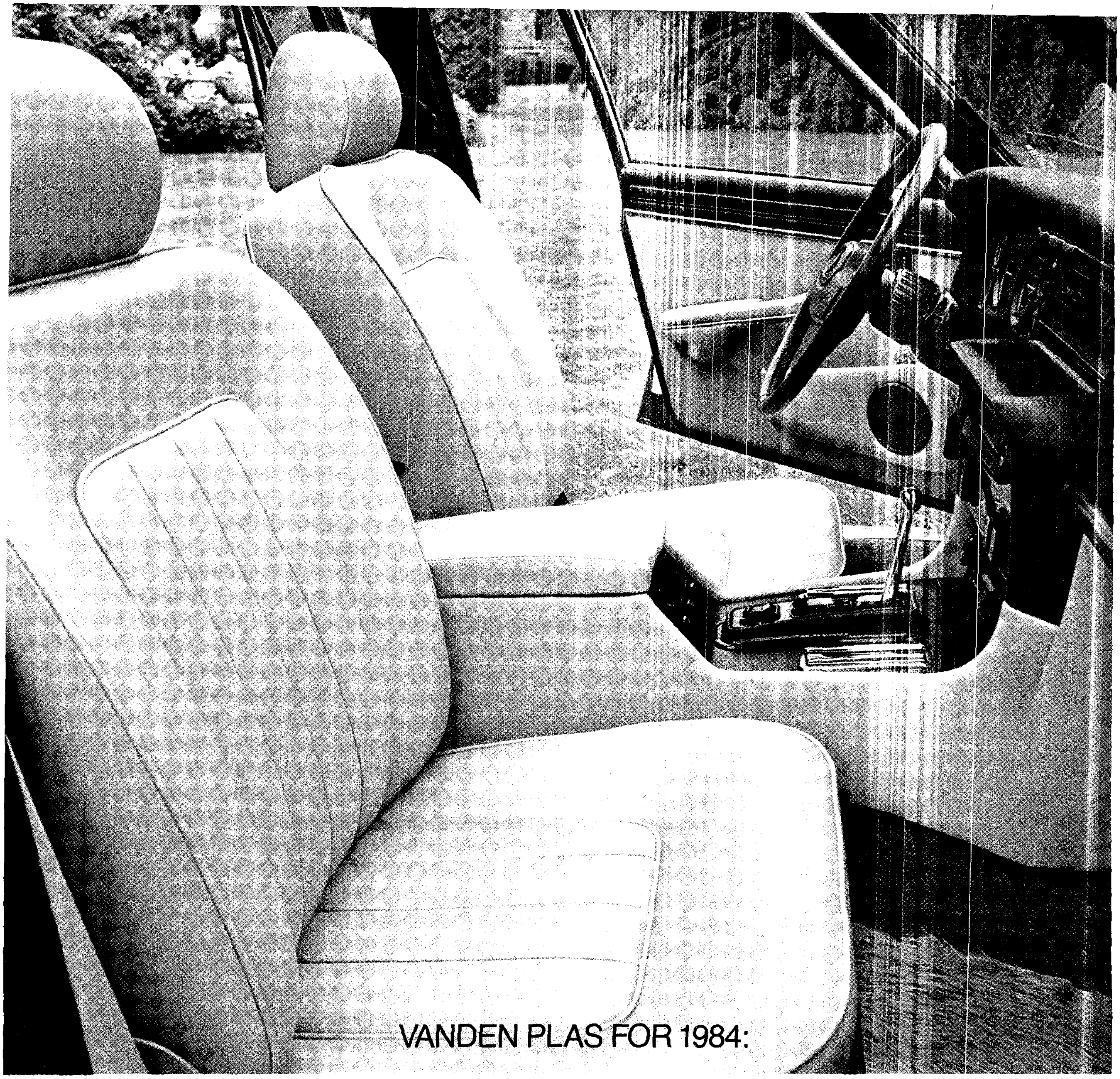

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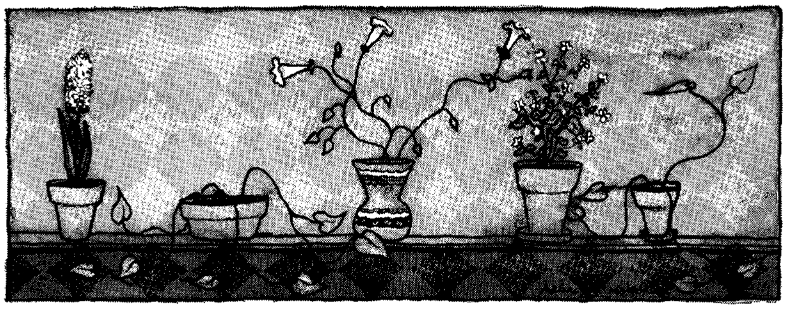
he says, and then, having perfected a line I first heard him use in New Hampshire, he says, "I would rather have Roosevelt in a wheelchair than Reagan on a horse." This brings the audience to its feet—laughing, cheering, applauding. Then he goes into a lengthy and detailed critique of the Reagan record, often using wit and sarcasm, and then he becomes ever more the preacher. His voice grows stronger still, until it turns into a shout. One wonders how this is going over on television. Referring to his losses on the platform fights this afternoon, he says, "We raised the right issues." He continues, "Our self-respect and our moral integrity were at stake. Our heads are perhaps bloodied but not bowed. Our backs are straight. We can go home and face our people." He again makes the case he has been making all along about the lack of black elected officials in the South and the need for ending certain voting practices, including the runoff primaries. Then, in a line that many Southern whites will not particularly like, he says, "We can save the cotton, but we've got to fight the boll weevil. We've got to make a judgment." His face is perspiring and his voice is becoming raspy. "If we lift up a program to feed the hungry, they'll come running," he says. As he goes through a litany along these lines, the audience cheers.

Then, in a dramatic moment, Jackson says, "As I leave you now"—leaving the stage is not easy for Jackson, and he will not really leave it—"I'll try to be faithful by my promise." He talks about the slums and barrios he stayed in in the course of his campaign, and then, his voice becoming even stronger, the perspiration pouring down his face, he says, "I just want young America to do me one favor: exercise the right to dream." This is reminiscent of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., with whom Jackson worked. But even if Jackson is consciously putting on a performance here, and he is, he is also giving his audience a memorable experience. We become not just listeners but participants in his drama. And Jackson seems to have a special feeling about talking to young people, trying to get them to see that their lives can be better. He continues, "Dream of a new value system: teachers who teach for life and not just for a living, teach because they can't help it. Dream of lawyers more concerned with justice than a judgeship. Dream of doctors more concerned with public health than personal wealth." His hands are waving, and the hall seems almost totally wrapped in what he is saying. Whatever the effect outside the hall, it is extraordinary, and often moving, theatre here. Jackson has always known that he has great speaking ability, and he is obviously determined to show that to the world tonight, to transcend even his own best. And he seems to be quite clear about what he is doing. "Our time has come," he shouts, in a line he has used all year—but now he is giving it new, and perhaps, to some, disturbing, power. His chest heaving as he gasps for air—to great dramatic effect—and with the audience now largely lost in his performance, Jackson does a revivalist peroration. The black delegates, and now many of the white ones, are responding with "Yeah!" and "That's right!" Jackson cries, "Our time has come. We must leave racial battleground and come to economic common ground and moral higher ground. America, our time has come." He goes on, the emotion he is conveying and that of those in the hall now locked, his face and much of his shirt now totally wet, "We've come from disgrace to Amazing Grace. *Our time has come.* Give me your tired, give me your poor, your huddled masses who yearn to breathe free, and come November there will be a change, because our time has come." And then he closes: "Thank you and God bless you."

Whitney Phipps, a gospel singer, sings, slowly and to a stilled hall, "Ordinary People," and the people in the hall, blacks and whites, stand and join hands and, silently, sway to the music. The soothing music helps calm the emotions that have been set loose in the hall. People need a moment to calm down. What started out as a tense meeting has become a gathering. Cuomo began the healing process last night, and Jackson continued it tonight. The platform fights, such as they were, are over. The people here seem to have wanted to feel better, and now they have begun to do so. Some rock music begins, and the people in the hall clap and move with the music.

JULY 18

WEDNESDAY. The Moscone Center. Late afternoon. Tonight, the balloting for the nomination will take place, preceded by Hart's speech. Last night, some black Mondale supporters met with Mondale and said that they wanted more of a role in his campaign and assurances of jobs in a Mondale Administration. This morning, Mondale met with labor leaders, with the Hispanic caucus, and with the black caucus, and he met with fund raisers about the large registration drive the Party still hopes to put on. The Mondale people figure that even if they hold much of their base and win a large number of independents it may not be enough, so there will be a targeted drive to get more blacks, Hispanics, and women registered. Considerable effort is being spent here, and will be spent in the coming weeks, in raising money for the Party and for nonprofit organizations that run registration programs. (Contributions to such nonprofit groups are tax-deductible, and are not counted against an individual's contribution to the Party.) Also, people will be encouraged to contribute to state Parties, which can accept money that cannot be contributed to federal campaigns—union dues, corporate funds, and individual contributions beyond the federal limit, or "soft money." These state Parties will be conducting registration drives ostensibly for state and local elections. Mondale also has a substantial debt—of about $2.7 million—to be paid off. His campaign spent a great deal of money in 1983—too much, in the view of some Mondale advisers—but it is also the case that the effort made in 1983 is a large part of what saved Mondale in 1984, in addition to his own efforts. A base was laid and commitments were made to him by people who helped pull him through. Hart has a debt of between four and five million dollars, and when Hart and Mondale met in New York they talked

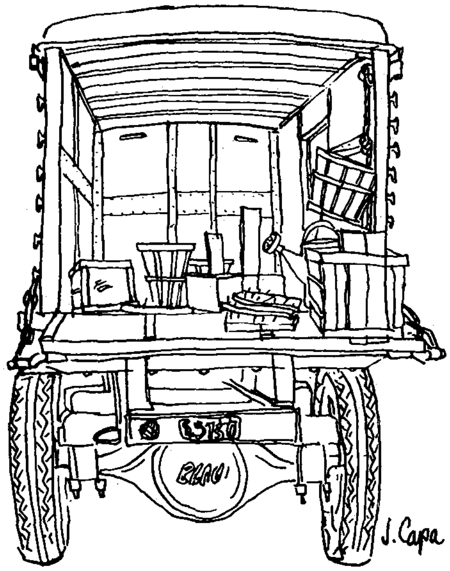


briefly about helping each other out, and their aides have been continuing the conversation. (Each can ask his own contributors who have given him the maximum to give to the other.) John Glenn is here, almost unnoticed, trying to raise money to pay off his still substantial debt. This morning, Mondale, referring to his fight for the nomination, said to the Hispanic caucus, which is still considering a boycott of the first ballot (this is mainly at the instigation of Hart Hispanic delegates, but it puts pressure on the others), "As you know, it wasn't easy. And I'm not sure if you hadn't been there I'd be here." He continued, in the Mondale style, "I said then, 'If you remember me, I'll remember you.' And I will. And I will." To the black caucus, he said, "There has not been a fight of any significance over the last twenty years where Walter Mondale wasn't there, fighting." A motion that the Hispanics boycott the first ballot failed today.

At a press briefing in the Meridien this morning, a pale, tired-looking Johnson was asked if labor leaders were complaining "about a lack of consultation with your campaign." Smiling wanly, Johnson replied, "I don't think they're unique in that respect." A number of people said here today that although Jewish leaders put out statements welcoming Jackson's remarks of last night, the tensions are not resolved. The Lance matter is said to be still taking a big toll on the Mondale senior staff. This afternoon, John Reilly went over to the Mondale trailers at the urgent request of Donilon, who wanted someone in the top echelon of the Mondale campaign to work on certain delegates, one by one, who might defect. Jackson is still pressing black delegates to support him on the first ballot, and the Hart people are still trying to figure out something that might prevent a first-ballot nomination. Jackson is said to be let down today after the excitement of last night, and also to be feeling that he has been the target of some new slights. He is pressing anew for a say in the Fairness Commission and in the blacks who will be brought into the Mondale campaign. At the black caucus today, he came under some criticism for not, as his critics saw it, having won anything on the platform. Jackson, instead of talking about what he had won along the way, emphasized the defeat; he apparently wasn't prepared for being accused of having let down the side—so he raised new obstacles to his support for Mondale. The Mondale camp is not seriously worried, but at a staff meeting early this morning Donilon predicted that Mondale would receive two thousand two hundred votes on the first ballot, and he wants every last one of them.

THERE are a number of striking characteristics about the Democrats at this Convention. One is that they seem more serious than Democrats gathered in the past. There are fewer funny, attention-asking costumes. There are fewer oddball events. And there have been no outbursts of causy demonstrations. There seems to be more of an acceptance that there are limits to what government can do. The Party seems, simply, more mature. This may be attributable to a number of factors: a sobriety brought on by the 1980 election; the fact that Reagan seems to be concentrating the Democrats' minds; the "reform" process of opening up the proceedings having reached a certain maturity—the once outsiders have long since been inside; the large number of labor, regular, delegates; the presence of the superdelegates. (Being Democrats, though, there are the usual number of demands that each group have a certain representation.)

Another noticeable thing is how much young talent there is among the Party's elected officials now—more, it seems, than at any time in memory. There is a strikingly large number of promising young senators, representatives, governors, mayors. (Democrats hold thirty-five of the fifty governorships.) Many of these people are part of the process of redefinition that the Party is going through: for some it is a self-conscious exercise, for some it comes more naturally. Senator Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey, thinks the Democrats should have no problem presenting themselves as seeking a government that nurtures a caring society and believes in social justice and also encourages technological change and a more productive marketplace (bringing along with it more fulfillment for the workers). In a conversation we had here the other day, Bradley told me that he believes the Party could find a way to talk about technological change that does not subvert human needs but in fact meets them. He seemed to be backing away from the cool, technocratic, "Atari Democrat" talk that, along with others, he flirted with a couple of years ago. Some of the Atari Democrats remain on the cool, technocratic side, seeming a little embarrassed about the subject of government except as it can foster technological change. Bradley said, "There is an opening for the Democrats to seize a more value-oriented approach than the Reagan Administration offers, and juxtapose that to the pure materialistic approach of the Administration. The challenge is whether everybody is going to be bought off with the illusion of prosperity or whether they will believe that there is more to life than material enhancement." Cisneros, who has been quite involved in bringing high-tech industry to the San Antonio area, said to me a little while ago, "I think the issue is which party can fairly prepare the country for the transition that's ahead. To me, that's really the guts of it. We're going through a transition from an industrial era to an era of new technology, but we can't leave old industries and cities to die. The Republican strategy would be to say, 'If they don't like it, they should vote with their feet and go elsewhere.' And that's not fair. And in the newer areas of the country it's not fair, either: the new service economies aren't providing enough for the poor. So we're in a transition; that's not in question. The question is which party can handle it so that there's a fairness about it—fairness in the context of change." Cisneros says that he believes that the Democrats ought to talk more, and positively, about free enterprise.



AT shortly after six, the Hart people get their moment. Red placards (the red shows up well on television) with Hart's name in white digital print wave throughout the Convention floor. The blue-and-white Mondale placards are out of sight; this next period is to be all Hart's. Hart's appearance on the podium is preceded by a brief film of him, looking very good in an open-necked Western shirt, accompanied by ear-blistering taped electronic music, including "Fanfare for the Common Man" and the score from "The Magnificent Seven" (also known as the score for Marlboro ads). Hart's delegates cheer him enthusiastically, but he doesn't arouse in them the deep emotion that, say, Edward Kennedy did in his followers four years ago. On the podium, Hart looks handsome, though up close in recent days his face has looked almost ravaged. I have never known of anyone who has unsuccessfully run for the Presidency and got over it. Losing candidates seek vindication, explanations, another chance. They entertain fantasies of the Presidency still coming their way. In 1980, just about everyone who had ever run for the Democratic nomination and was still alive was hovering with aides in New York, plotting and waiting for an "open Convention." Now Hart says that his was "a quest with many ideas but with one driving theme—that our Party and our nation need new leadership, new directions, and new hope." He says, "Together, we stand tonight at the gate of change." He graciously thanks his supporters and commends his competitors. One wonders whether he means it when he says, to Mondale, "You have honored me by being an opponent of unsurpassed grit, perseverance, and determination." And he warns the Republicans "to take no comfort from this Democratic family tussle." He adds, "Ronald Reagan has provided all the unity we need. Not one of us is going to sit this campaign out. You have made the stakes too high." And then Hart carries on his own campaign, as if not quite ready to let go and not quite sure of the purpose of this speech. Making, though not quite explicitly, the "electability" argument, he says, "You will decide which candidate has the best chance to defeat Ronald Reagan and become the next President of the United States." He does pledge—"whatever the outcome of your decision"—to "devote every waking hour and every ounce of energy to the defeat of Ronald Reagan." And he goes on to say that the country will continue to hear from him. "This is one Hart you will not leave in San Francisco," he says, and though the line feels contrived, his delegates cheer enthusiastically.

The conversations among Hart and his advisers these days have to do with how he can be in the best position to run for the Presidency again in 1988—the possibility that Mondale might be elected is not on the table. They saw the Vice-Presidential nomination as one route. Hart is considering not running for the Senate in 1986, when his term is up: he had a perilously close reëlection in 1980; he would have to raise funds for another Senate race while he is paying off the debt from the Presidential campaign. He is entertaining the idea of doing what many other Presidential aspirants, including Mondale, have done—find a private means of livelihood and spend the next four years running. Now Hart talks about the stakes in the election and, using a term he has used in recent weeks, the "moral imperative" of defeating Reagan. He poses a series of questions to the delegates, to which they lustily shout no: "Do you want Ronald Reagan to appoint the next Supreme Court? Do you want Ronald Reagan to have four more years to sell off our environment to the highest bidder?" He asks, "Can we allow Ronald Reagan to send our sons to die without cause in another Lebanon"—and then, repeating something he said throughout the primaries, though his meaning was never clear—"or to serve as bodyguards for dictators in Central America?" He asks, "Can we continue to tolerate a President who urges us to love our country but hate our government?" He cites the things he says Democrats are for, including social justice. He talks of his own interest in leading the Party "in recapturing the issue of a sound defense," and he continues, "Mr. Reagan, the American flag does not belong to you and the right wing of the Republican Party. It belongs to all the people." This receives big cheers. Then he repeats some of the gibes at Mondale he made during the primaries. He says, "To achieve our goals, our party and nation must disenthrall themselves from the policies of the comfortable past that do not answer the challenges of tomorrow." He says, "Promises are cheap, rhetoric is hollow, and nostalgia is not a program." And he says, "The Democratic Party must continue to be the party of experimentation, the

THE DUSE ENCHANTMENT

(or, how her heart caught fire over a Sambuca Romana.)

When they met, she was at the height of her powers, an actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

Both, it is said, were habitués of a certain Roman cafe. There D'Annunzio was introduced to the potent seduction of Sambuca Romana, Rome's remarkable liqueur distilled from berries of the wild elderbush. Its suavity and elegance appealed to his poet's sense of form; his ardent nature responded to the fire at its center.

It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

Thus began a relationship that for six years inspired them both: him to write plays for her to perform; her to performances of incandescent radiance.

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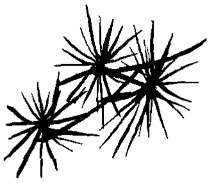
party of hope, not the party of memory." This all seems off-key for the occasion, but Hart is having trouble leaving the stage and also planting his own flag for the future. "We need nothing less than a blueprint for the new democracy," he says, in a reference to his own book, "A New Democracy." He talks about the need for an industrial policy, for rebuilding the urban infrastructure, for investment in education and training and scientific research.

The speech is going over well enough, but it is no spellbinder; it does not seem to be moving anyone who was not with him already, and though his own people are obviously with him, he does not seem to be giving them much of a lift, something memorable. The coolness and detachment that are characteristic of Hart prevent him from engaging his audiences on an emotional level. He holds something back. And the speech has a cut-and-paste feel to it, which keeps it from building. He talks about the importance of arms control and, as he reluctantly began to do during the primaries, about his childhood as a poor boy in Kansas. He talks about the political generation he claims to represent—the generation that lived through the deaths of John and Robert Kennedy, that marched in the civil-rights movement, opposed the Vietnam War, and was dismayed by Watergate. But the generation he appealed to in his campaign was largely a younger one, which now has another set of concerns. The term "yuppies"—for young, upwardly mobile professionals—was popularized by his own campaign, and this group was, broadly speaking, characterized less by idealism and social activism than by, as the term itself indicates, a seeking for comfort and economic well-being. It is not clear that Robert Kennedy and "yuppies" would have understood each other. This is the paradox of Hart's "generational" appeal. Hart's followers registered concern about arms control, the environment, and women's issues. The Kennedys may be part of the "yuppie" iconography, for their stylishness, their offering of something new, and their liberal social values. But Hart may have drawn young voters less by his summoning up of the social activists than by his cool, modern, hip demeanor, his non-old-hat-politician style—and the fact that he was not Mondale. Robert Kennedy had more in common with Mondale, and was closer to him in age. And in his campaign Hart consciously modelled himself on the cool, detached John Kennedy, not the more passionate and engaged Robert. Now Hart quotes from John Kennedy's inaugural address—"Let the word go forth from this time and place that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans"—and goes through a rather complicated piece of business about the torch on the Statue of Liberty and the torch his campaign had "tried to lift and light." It was, he says, "a torch of hope beyond the old arrangements and the favored alliances." Then, in Kennedy-like rhetoric, he says, "I see an America too young to quit, too courageous to turn back, with a passion for justice and a program for opportunity, an America with unmet dreams that will never die." And he concludes, "If not now, someday we will prevail." A loud, electronic version of the theme from "Chariots of Fire"—a popular theme song this year, along with the theme from "Rocky" (underdogness and striving are in political vogue)—fills the hall as Hart and his family wave to the delegates.

DURING the roll call on the balloting for the Democratic Presidential nomination, the Mondale trailer containing the delegate-trackers—each at a telephone—is run with military efficiency. Each time a state is called, Donilon orders a young tracker to check that Mondale got all the votes he was supposed to, and, if not, to find out why. A crisis occurred when Senator Claiborne Pell, a delegate from his home state of Rhode Island, couldn't be found, and a search party was sent for him. The balloting is taking place late, Eastern time, because following Hart's speech there were the nominating speeches for Hart, Jackson, and Mondale, and also for George McGovern, who wanted one more chance to bask, and made a little speech. By this evening, one could feel the morale of the Party rising still more. It is not that many people are predicting victory with any great sense of conviction, but they simply feel better. One experienced politician said to me a few moments ago, "The problem is, we have to leave here and go back to reality. But in 1980 we were not up at all going into the campaign. At least we will leave here more up than we came in. If we weren't up at all, it would be hopeless." A few minutes later, a Southern senator said he saw no way that Mondale would carry his state. Whether Mondale will win, or will lose to another Reagan electoral-college landslide, no one now knows, of course; the odds have changed in the past five months and may do so again. Reagan strategists were thoroughly enjoying Mondale's misery before this Convention began, and assumed, with good reason, that this would be a turbulent one. But by anticipating or dealing with hundreds of small and potentially large problems the Mondale people have thus far pulled off a remarkably smooth Convention. (The Lance matter was, of course, an exception, but it is, at least for the moment, fading from people's minds, though it is not resolved. A little while ago, I saw Lance going onto the Convention floor for the balloting—the large, usually genial and hearty man looking like a sad and wounded hound-dog.)

As the roll call proceeds, Donilon shouts orders to the delegate-trackers: "Henkel was just on the tube saying Gary Hart can't stop Walter Mondale's nomination. *Move it.*" The delegate-trackers, who have been spreading the word and putting out rumors all week, hit the phones and send word to the floor to spread this news. As the count moves along, Donilon, looking like a young, pudgy schoolmaster, paces, and clenches and unclenches his fists. One black delegate from the District of Columbia has switched from Mondale to Jackson, and Donilon swears. There is a temporary worry that some black delegates in North Carolina might switch. Hawaii casts all twenty-seven votes for Mondale; Donilon is pleased—these were delegates he had worked hard to get after the primaries ended. Joy comes with the news that Mondale picked up three delegates in Idaho—as if all this mattered at this point.

What irritates Hart and Jackson about the rules is clear as some of the vote tallies come in: in Maine, Mondale and Hart each get thirteen delegates, even though Hart defeated Mondale in the precinct caucuses there; and in Massachusetts Mondale ends up with ten more delegates than Hart, even though Hart roundly defeated him there. When Mississippi is called, Brad Dye, the lieutenant governor, who after much persuasion backed Mondale and brought along a number of delegates, announces twenty-six votes for Mondale, four for Hart, and thirteen for Jackson. In New Hampshire, the site of Mondale's first humiliation at Hart's hands, Mondale gets two more delegates than Hart. New Jersey passes. Some complicated business is going on: An arrangement has been made for Hart to come to the hall and, as soon as Mondale has the 1,967 votes necessary for the nomination, endorse his nomination. But Hart wants the votes in states where he has substantial numbers of delegates recorded before this occurs, so some Mondale states are getting out of the way—passing—in order to satisfy this arrangement. Others, like New Jersey and Pennsylvania, are passing because they are vying to be the state that puts Mondale over the top, each having been critical to his getting to this point. The Mondale people have promised these two states that they would be the finalists in the little contest, which seems very important at Conventions, to put the nominee over the top. (Campaigns also tend to think that such things can matter in the general election.) A further complication in the arrangements for tonight is that Jackson wants all his delegates counted before the balloting ends, and he has been promised that this will happen. For this reason, Hart will endorse Mondale rather than move that he be nominated by acclamation, and after he makes his statement the other states will be called. A big cheer goes up in the Mondale trailer when New York casts a hundred and fifty-six votes for Mondale—with seventy-five for Hart and fifty-two for Jackson. Donilon calls William Hennessy, the state chairman, on the floor, to congratulate him and thank him. Beckel, who has come into the trailer, sees a picture of Jackson on television watching the results and looking stone-faced. "C'mon, Jesse, smile, *please*," Beckel says to the television screen. At one minute past ten, some Mondale aides bring out bottles of champagne. Hart is in the holding room of the Convention hall, and at the end of the first round of voting, with several states having passed, Mondale has 1,726 votes. Donilon barks, "Florida, Georgia, Alabama—*vote 'em!*" And then, at 10:07, New Jersey—having been given the honor by a grateful Mondale camp (had Mondale lost New Jersey, there's no telling what would be happening tonight)—puts Mondale over the top.



There may not be, as is often said, much enthusiasm for Mondale out in the country, but the Convention floor is a happy place tonight. Now, at ten-thirteen, Hart comes to the podium and says, "There is a time to fight and a time to unite. Our Party has made its choice, and we must now speak with one voice." And he asks "all those in this hall and across this land who fought and bled with me" to support a move to make the nomination unanimous by acclamation. (The signals got confused, and now, after some frantic calls from the Mondale trailer to the podium, in keeping with the pledge to Jackson the roll call is resumed and Pennsylvania, the only remaining state, casts its votes.) Then Jackson appears at the podium and says, "We are now entering the last phase of our struggle," and he recites from the Psalms ("The Lord is my light and salvation; whom shall I fear?"). At the end of the balloting, the delegate count is: Mondale, 2,191; Hart, 1,200.5; and Jackson, 465.5.

Then, suddenly, there is the banging, bonging, bell-ringing music of the "1812 Overture," and fireworks and a red-white-and-blue light show. And then Mondale appears at the podium. His staff had been considering this appearance, and he decided on it this afternoon. Peter Hart, Mondale's pollster, suggested at this morning's staff meeting that Mondale had been long enough in the background of the Convention—that it was time to bring him onstage. Since appearances by a nominee before the acceptance speech are so unusual, the Mondale campaign, with its normal thoroughness (the recent exception notwithstanding), checked for precedents. John Kennedy was the last one to do it at a Democratic Convention; the transcript of what Kennedy had said was obtained. (Reagan appeared at the 1980 Republican Convention on the night he was nominated to put an end to rumors about his Vice-Presidential choice.) Now an

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obviously and understandably happy Mondale tells the Convention, "Tomorrow, I will accept your nomination," and he says that tonight he and his wife and their children wanted to thank the delegates. He commends his opponents, with a bit of Mondale hyperbole, saying, "Who could be blessed with finer opponents, more decent and honorable human beings than I have?" Then, graciously, he says, "Thank you, Gary, and thank you, Jesse, for what you've done for our nation, for what you've done for all of us." He thanks those who supported him, and says, "Sometimes it doesn't feel very good to lose. I know, because it's happened to me in the past." He adds, "But I've got to have the help of everyone. We're in this together. It's not just my cause, it's our cause." He concludes, "This week, we've made history. Tomorrow, we will make the American future." There was a time when Mondale was worried sick about what might happen at this Convention, when Donilon wasn't sleeping at night because he was so worried about it. All that's hard to remember now, as Mondale and the delegates sing "America the Beautiful" and the delegates sway to the music.

JULY 19

THURSDAY. This morning, Johnson, drinking a diet cola (his breakfast) as we talk, is, though thoroughly exhausted, feeling good. His mistake over the Lance matter obviously still troubles him, but he is pleased with how the Convention has gone, and with what the Mondale campaign's nightly polling is indicating. Characteristically, Johnson ticks off a list of goals for the Convention. "One, to improve the over-all image of the Party—by showing its diversity, strength, and the attractiveness of its spokespeople, to show that people felt better and better about being Democrats." He adds, "Winning the election depends on the percentage of our base we get; if we get a high percentage, we come close to winning." He continues, "Two, develop the case against Reagan with greater depth and specificity than has been done thus far this year. Three, use the Convention as a platform for Mondale and his ideas for the future." He reads me some of the figures that the polling has been turning up: That when Democrats and independents, who make up nearly seventy per cent of the electorate, were asked who best understands the challenges facing America's future, fifty-one per cent said Mondale and twenty-nine per cent said Reagan; when they were asked who stands up for the average person, seventy-four per cent said Mondale and thirteen per cent said Reagan; when they were asked who will help unify the country and bring all groups together, fifty-seven per cent said Mondale and sixteen per cent said Reagan. When they were asked whether Democrats' criticism that Reagan favors the wealthy is fair or unfair, sixty-eight per cent said it was fair and twenty-nine per cent said it was unfair. And he also reads to me, with obvious satisfaction, a poll result indicating that, as a result of the past few days, forty-four per cent of the people said they had a more favorable view of Mondale and twenty-four per cent said they had a less favorable view, while sixteen per cent said they had a more favorable view of Reagan and forty-six per cent said they had a less favorable view. As for general-election strategy, Johnson says, "There's no great mystery to it. There are about twenty states that you don't fight over, because they are Democratic or Republican, and we have to win most of the rest. And without California there's no way we can have simply a Northern-Midwestern strategy. We have to have some Southern states, and some Western states."

The targeting of the various states will change as the weeks go by and the poll data come in. Bob Beckel says that the reaction to the choice of Ferraro is so great that it can change assumptions about a number of states. One thing that has to be kept in mind when political strategists talk about states they are going after is that a fair amount of feinting takes place—trying to lead the opposition to spend time and money in a state that you don't really intend to fight for. Because of what they have gone through in the past few months, the Mondale people lost precious time in planning for the fall campaign. Following the Convention—and the getting of a little rest—they will have to quickly expand their organization, with little time to work out kinks; raise a lot of money; work out their media strategy. They will have to help Ferraro find a staff (this has already begun) and brief her on Mondale's positions and on foreign policy—fast. The Reagan-Bush campaign has no such pressures on it.

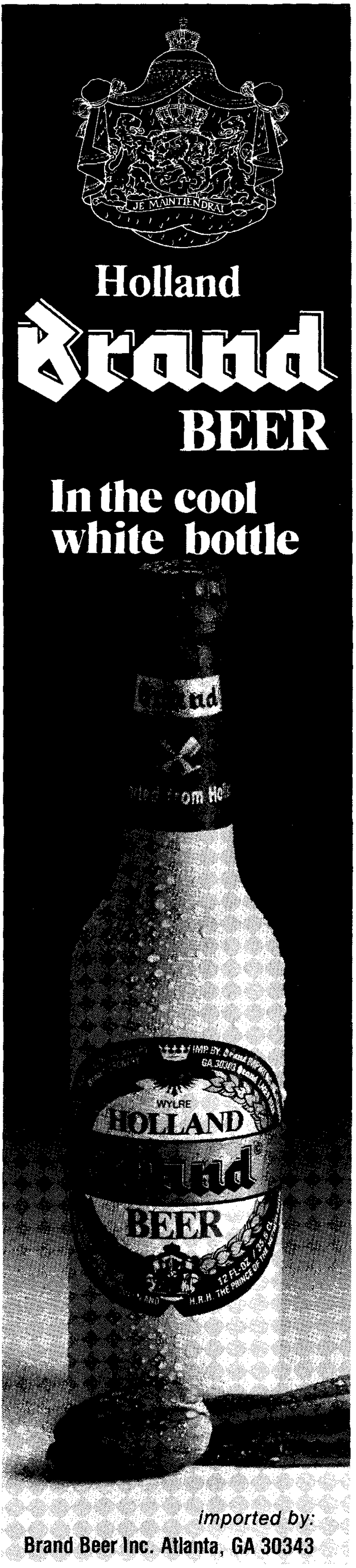
Right now, the Mondale campaign intends to try to get out its own base, increase the turnout, and reach independents, but at some point it will have to face choices of priorities. Most pre-Convention polls indicated that the Mondale campaign was reaching only seventy to eighty per cent of those who called themselves Democrats, and the campaign believes it has to get that number up into the ninety-per-cent range. If, as it assumes, the Democratic Party equals roughly forty-five per cent of the electorate, seventy-five per cent or so of that gives it only thirty-five per cent or so of the electorate. Therefore, it has to find other voters by expanding the base by registering new voters, and, through persuasion, attract "weak Democrats" who supported Reagan in 1980, and also attract independents. In some instances, the interests of weak Democrats and independents converge. Among the target voters—beyond the base—are people who are moderate ideologically: people who are in the middle-income and middle-age categories; some younger voters who were part of the Hart constituency; some blue-collar workers. According to Johnson, some states will be more winnable by registering new voters; some will be more winnable by persuasion, and the persuadables in one part of the country will not be politically like the persuadables somewhere else.

One polling statistic that has received a lot of notice from strategists of both parties is that younger voters—aged forty and under—are inclined to support Reagan. If these "baby-boomers," who could be entering the voting force in large numbers, and constitutes half

the voting-age population, continue this voting pattern, it would cause a fundamental realignment of party support. Various experts ascribe the Reagan support on the part of voters twenty-five and under to the fact that they have really known only two Presidents—Carter and Reagan. In general, the younger voters are said to be liberal on social matters but conservative on economic matters. Patrick Caddell, the pollster, says that young males under thirty tend to be very Republican, very pro-military. Stuart Spencer, one of Reagan's most astute political advisers, says that though younger voters tend to be more liberal than Reagan on social matters, they don't expect him to be liberal on them, and they are more in tune with him on economic matters than they are with the Democrats. Moreover, Spencer says, "They like his style—they like a guy who gets Michael Jackson to the White House and can handle it." (Jackson, the most famous entertainer in America at the moment, appeared—sequinned costume and white glove and all—at the White House on May 14th, to be praised by Reagan for writing a song that was subsequently used in a campaign against drunk driving.) Spencer says the younger voters know things weren't working the other way, and are looking for a change. In this election, both sides will be going after these younger voters, many of whom are in their child-rearing years. Reagan's about-face and sudden support of a federal law raising the drinking age to twenty-one a few weeks ago was one evidence of this, as is his talk about concern for missing children. Mondale will try to reach these people by talking about the future and what it might hold for their children if he or if Reagan serves for the next four years. It was no accident that on Tuesday Mondale and Ferraro went to speak with a group of junior-high-school students in San Francisco. It is not by accident that the word "family" is so much in vogue at this Convention. Cuomo was chosen as keynoter because Mondale likes the way he talks about the nation as a family and also stresses family values. The choice of Ferraro was intended, among other things, to reach out to younger voters, and Ferraro also exemplifies family. Actually, in talking about "family" the Democrats are talking about different things. Cuomo's metaphor is one of them. According to Martin Kaplan, Mondale's speechwriter, "family" is a proxy for a whole range of issues, including economic security—a way of talking about the effect of governmental policy on people's lives without talking about programs and statistics. To describe the effect of unemployment on a family, as Mondale has been doing, he says, is far more effective than getting worked up about a number. "Family" also reaches to parents' concerns about their children's education and future, and also about their own parents' economic well-being and health care. In the course of the year, Mondale has talked about policies in these terms, often drawing on his personal background. (He seems to have learned something from Reagan.) But the concept of the impact of policy on "the family" is not new to Mondale; this is something he talked about in his Senate days, but now he seems to have given the concept new political flesh. Talk about the family is also meant to convey a sense of concern about the community, about safety. Further, it is to suggest that there are other mediating institutions in our society than government, other vehicles through which certain values can be encouraged. If the Democratic Party is to be the majority party, the theory goes, it has to attract people who believe in those things—mainstream Americans. Reagan attracted enough of those people in 1980 to defeat the Democrats, and now the Democrats are fighting to get them back.

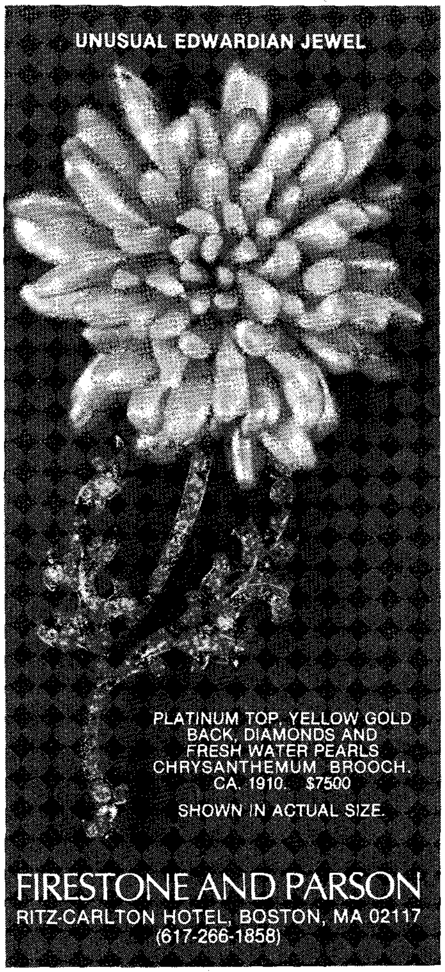
This evening, Beckel, now almost ill with fatigue, is still dealing with Jackson over Jackson's demands about the Fairness Commission and his role in the campaign, the people he wants involved in the Mondale campaign, and his role in the voter-registration drive. Beckel has been trying to explain to Jackson that he can't give him answers on everything by tomorrow.

NOW, at a few minutes past five-thirty, California time, Geraldine Ferraro is accepting the nomination to run as the Vice-Presidential candidate. The roll call on her nomination was changed to a vote by acclamation midway, because the Convention was running nearly an hour and a half behind schedule and Mondale's managers are determined to get his speech on television in prime time in the East. The emotion in the hall over Ferraro's nomination is a kind of joy I have never seen at a Convention: the fact of it has excited people all week, and the enactment of it this evening took the reaction to a new lev-



el. Though Ferraro has been all over town during the week, this is her first appearance before the Convention. There remains, of course, a large reservoir of questions about how she will go over in some parts of the country, how well she will hold up over time, whether she will wear well with the voters, whether many voters will decide that she simply isn't ready to step in as President. On the other side of it, a lot of experienced politicians think that the choice of Ferraro has released energies that will be of enormous help to the ticket, and has transformed Mondale in a lot of people's eyes. But a large part of the impact Ferraro is having right now is beyond politics, or political analysis, and it is, at least for the moment, affecting people who hadn't expected to feel a thing. Her standing up there reaches the experience of women who have been confronted with barriers, inequities, and indignities as they have tried to function in the world—reaches angers long buried and indignities long swallowed—and suggests that maybe now something has changed. (Men who understand what many women have gone through share their reaction now.) It is a feeling much like that which blacks have had about Jackson.

Ferraro tells the Convention, "I stand before you to proclaim tonight: America is the land where dreams can come true for all of us." She looks handsome in a white coat-dress; her blond hair, cut in a neither too soft nor too hard wedge, has already become a trademark. Her voice is clear, if not particularly strong, and tonight, in contrast to some other occasions, she paces herself carefully. She refers to her immigrant father and says, "Our faith that we can shape a better future is what the American dream is all about." This is one of the new ticket's major themes. She continues, "The promise of our country is that the rules are fair. If you work hard and play by the rules, you can earn your share of America's blessings." She works in references to her own life (the Mondale people believe that Ferraro's story is emblematic of the campaign's political message): she was a housewife, raised three children, was a public-school teacher, went to law school at night, became an assistant district attorney—"and I put my share of criminals behind bars." She says that when she first ran for Congress from Queens "the political experts" said that a Democrat could not win. "But I put my faith in the people and the values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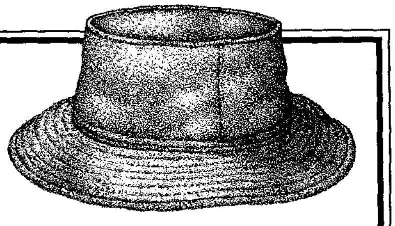
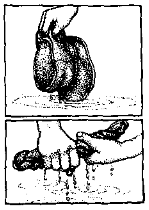
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that we shared.” (Her district has gone Republican in the last three Presidential elections.) She talks about the similarity of values held by the people of Queens and those of Elmore, Minnesota, where Mondale grew up, and where she and Mondale visited last week before heading West—the concern that their children have good schools, the “pride in supporting their families through hard work and initiative.” She is going at those mainstream values, trying to tug them back from Reagan. She criticizes the Reagan Administration, saying that “it isn’t right” that the tax system is as it is, that young people fear they won’t get their Social Security (Reagan mentioned this possibility not long ago), that “young couples question whether to bring children into a world of fifty thousand nuclear warheads.” She says that “it isn’t right that a woman should get paid fifty-nine cents on the dollar for the same work as a man.” She receives big cheers.

The writing of Ferraro’s speech was coördinated with that of Mondale’s, and as Mondale’s changed so did Ferraro’s. Her delivery is good, and she projects a combination of femininity and toughness—a subliminal message that says, “Don’t mess.” She gets enormous cheers as she says, “By choosing a woman to run for our nation’s second-highest office, you send a powerful signal to all Americans. There are no doors we cannot unlock. We will place no limits on achievement.” Unlocking doors was talked about as a theme when Mondale was connecting his Vice-Presidential choice with his campaign message in the discussions at North Oaks, and it was talked about by both Mondale and Ferraro when Mondale introduced Ferraro in St. Paul. She adds, to more cheers, “If we can do this, we can do anything.” Something has been unlocked, and Mondale unlocked it—the magnitude of the response seems to be something of a surprise even to the Mondale people. There are certain things that polling and data, and even intuition and instinct, can’t tell you—they can only be guessed at until they happen. A phenomenon, by definition, is not subject to prior analysis, and at the moment the reaction to Ferraro is a phenomenon—of what lasting intensity it is impossible to judge now. Right now, the message Mondale is trying to send through his choosing of her is working. This cannot be an easy performance for her—rarely, probably, has anyone been watched more

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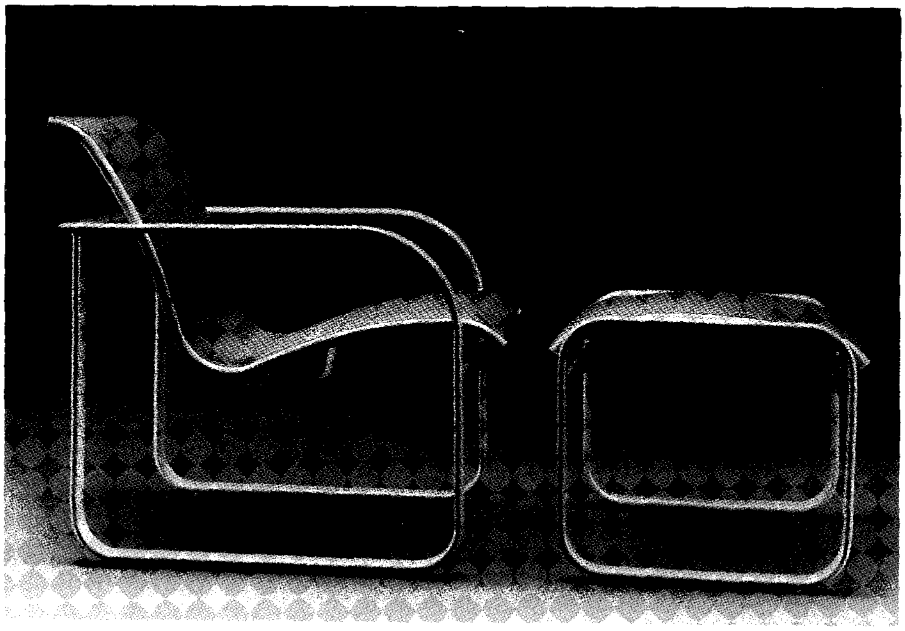

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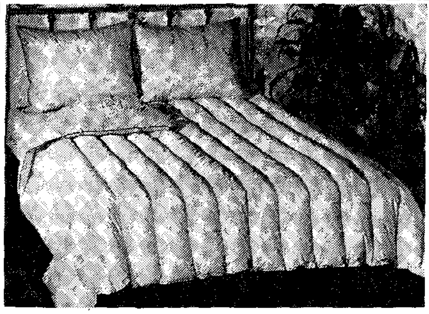
closely. She delivers her speech with assurance, probably born of the same confidence that made her go after the position she now has. Her performance and the reaction of the audience to her seem to legitimize her, make her choice seem neither an accident nor a payoff to pressure—though there will be weeks of seeing her in less glorious circumstances.

Firmly, she says, "To an Administration that would have us debate all over again whether the Voting Rights Act should be renewed and whether segregated schools should be tax-exempt, we say: Mr. President, those debates are over." These references to the Administration's delayed endorsement of an extension of the Voting Rights Act and to its attempting to extend tax-exempt status to Bob Jones University (a move that was rebuffed by the Supreme Court) bring more cheers. She says, "To those concerned about the strength of American family values, as I am, I say: We are going to restore those values—loving, caring, partnership." The Democrats are showing a new appreciation for emblematic talk. "To our students and their parents, we say: We will insist on the highest standards of excellence, because the jobs of the future require skilled minds." This will be another campaign theme. When she mentions the Equal Rights Amendment, there are, of course, enormous cheers. And, as part of the struggle for the votes of the younger generation, she says, "To young Americans who may be called to our country's service, we say: We know your generation of Americans will proudly answer our country's call, as each generation before you." And, moving in on more of Reagan's territory, she cites the recent commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the invasion of Normandy and the burial at Arlington National Cemetery, on Memorial Day, of an unknown soldier from the Vietnam War—a ceremony in which Reagan, as he did at Normandy, prominently, and effectively, figured. She says, "Let no one doubt we will defend America's security and the freedom around the world. But we want a President who tells us what America is fighting for, not just what we are fighting against." And she calls for the defense of human rights, making, like Cuomo, an embrace of ideologies—"from Chile to Afghanistan, from Poland to South Africa." She closes quietly (she knows how to modulate the voice) by talking, movingly, about using the "gift of life" to help others, by paying tribute to her own family, and by saying, "To all the children of America, I say: The generation before ours kept faith with us, and, like them, we will pass on to you a stronger, more just America." And then, as she stands there with her family, waving to the hall, another set of symbols is on display: we are seeing an amalgam, apparently successful, of the traditional and the quite modern—the family-oriented career woman with the strong, supportive husband. This is both a cultural and a political statement. The orchestra plays the theme from "All in the Family," which was set in a part of Queens—Ferraro lives in a wealthier section—and the Tarantella and then rock music, and a very happy crowd, a joyful one, bounces and sways to the music. I do not recall seeing a Convention so happy.

FOR all that the Convention has accomplished thus far, there is still much to be accomplished by Mondale's speech tonight. Mondale's own people are aware that he came out of the nomination contest with high "negatives"—the largest problem being that he was not seen as a leader. His fight for the nomination was themeless and lacking focus. A post-primaries poll done for the Mondale campaign showed not only that people thought Mondale lacked leadership but that he hadn't made his case: that people didn't make a connection between the stakes in the election and Mondale. It also indicated that people connected Mondale with "special interests" and "old ways." The data, Mondale and his strategists concluded, called for a bold departure. (One Mondale strategist says, "We spent twenty million dollars in the primaries and hadn't advanced his image very far.") Part of the problem was what Mondale and his campaign staff saw as the exigencies of defeating Hart, part of the problem was the way Mondale's mind works. He sees things on many levels and thinks in terms of lists. Here was a man who wanted to talk to the voters about misalignment of currencies. He is suspicious of themes. The three he started out the year with, in his speech to the Press Club in Washington on January 3rd—arms control, fairness, and restoring America's competitive edge—represented his staff's own best effort to pare the list. There is something to the point that Mondale was appointed to so many of his positions—Attorney General of Minne-



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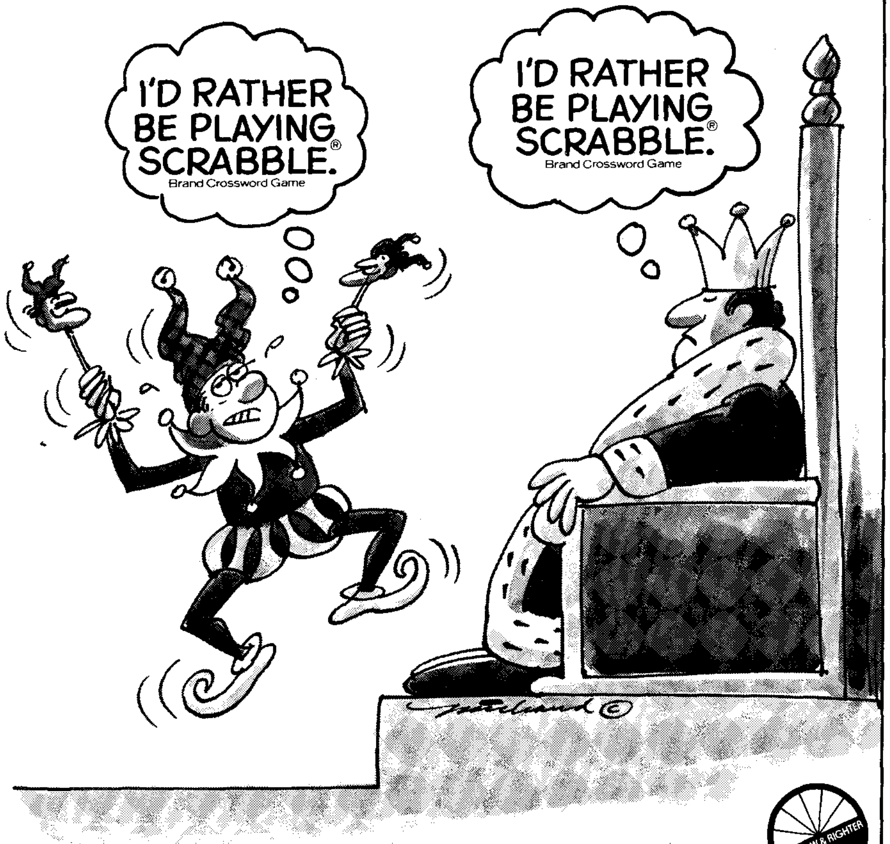
sota, senator (though he ran successfully for reëlection), Vice-President. He had never had to get out there on his own and establish his identity with the voters. He had never been on the line as a leader. This campaign was his first such test, and though he gave some very good speeches on occasion (Mondale's abilities as a speaker are generally underrated), he did not do it often, or with thematic consistency. And there is something ominous about the fact that up until only a few hours ago Mondale's campaign themes were still being worked on, revised. Reagan's themes have been in place for twenty years. (Reagan and Mondale, in fact, entered national politics at about the same time: Reagan as the instantly successful television spokesman for the Goldwater ticket; Mondale as Hubert Humphrey's ally and successor in the Senate.) Reagan's themes are in his bones; that is why he is so convincing. Mondale will have to show that his are not just in his head. And he will have to stay with them with a discipline that he has not yet shown in this regard. Reagan has always offered himself as the champion of a cause; Mondale was a Party man. Mondale did in fact champion causes in the Senate—the cause of civil rights, of migrant workers, of poor children—but this part of his past has receded from view. He still talks with passion, and obvious sincerity, about social justice, but somehow his *politicalness* blurred the picture of him. The "Fighting Fritz" of the nomination contest may have prevailed—and erased doubts about his determination and resilience—but it wasn't his most attractive side.

As for what kind of President he might be, people who have known Mondale over the years believe him to be highly intelligent, sophisticated in his thinking, knowing about government, competent, and decent. He has, for the most part, good taste in people, and admires intelligence and is intellectually curious, and he is probably the best-informed candidate to have run for the office in a long time. There are, however, two big questions about him. One has to do with his personal strength in dealing with others—not with stagy assertiveness that passes for strength but with the ability to say no, to not become paralyzed by conflicting demands. Mondale's campaign thus far has not put this question to rest, though Mondale himself, aware of the question, insists that he will be able to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mediate among those demands. The other question has to do with whether, simply, he can establish the kind of relationship with the American people that will enable him to lead. All the good will and intelligence in the world will not suffice if people do not want to follow him. If he cannot establish that kind of relationship, he would be another failed President. The coming campaign should tell us whether he can.

TONIGHT, Mondale is introduced by Kennedy, who comes to the podium amid big cheers. Kennedy won this spot after failing to be named the keynoter. Kennedy and Mondale have had a sometimes difficult political relationship. In 1980, Mondale was sent out to do the heavy campaigning against Kennedy in his challenge to Carter. This year, Kennedy had told Mondale that he would endorse him when it became necessary, but when, after New Hampshire, Mondale asked Kennedy for his endorsement Kennedy backed off, saying he had meant that he would help Mondale out against Glenn. Mondale was described as crushed (and the decision to write off Massachusetts was made at once), but some of Mondale's advisers think this disappointment was the thing that finally convinced Mondale that if he was to win the nomination he had to do it on his own. But Mondale and Kennedy are political professionals who understand the costs of nursing grievances and the benefits of understanding the other person's position (eventually), and have the ability to put things behind them.

Kennedy's speech is tough, partisan, and funny—the kind of meat-throwing speech that he loves to give. His voice is big and his head bobs in approval of his own effective lines. This is the "hot," partisan Kennedy, employing a style that caused him problems in the 1980 primaries—and that he set aside for his Convention speech then—but that the audience here is eating up. Kennedy, too, helps build the morale of the Party tonight. He says, "In the great struggle of social justice in our century, the Democratic Party has been the tribune of the people, the enemy of the interests. And I do not see how our opponents can ever dare to mention this question in 1984." He is helping Mondale redefine the "special interests" issue. He continues, "For the greatest collection of special interests in all American history has now assembled inside the cold citadel of privilege known as the Republican Party." Kennedy is almost a senior statesman in the Party now; this is the first Democratic Convention since 1968 at which there has not been speculation about him. Inevitably, he turns up on the lists of who will run next time, and clearly he is keeping himself before the Party, but he was rejected last time; it is true that the Carter White House waged a rough campaign against him, but it is also true that Kennedy started out with most people believing that he would prevail. And then the polls indicated that a large number of people still had questions about his character.

Now Kennedy mocks Reagan for calling for a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget: "They have had their four years in office—and where, oh where, is their balanced budget?" He refers often to what "President Mondale" will do—trying to help people get used to the idea. He says that all President Reagan's health needs are taken care of, "and if he has to go to the hospital for an X-ray all he has to do to call his helicopter is push a little button," and he adds, "I just hope it's the right button." The Convention hall explodes with cheers and laughter. He criticizes Reagan for his record on arms control and questions the sincerity of the Administration's recent moves to resume talks with the Soviet Union. Kennedy says, "Until now, Ronald Reagan has never met an arms-control agreement he didn't dislike." He says, "In the Cabinet Room in the White House, Mr. Reagan has taken down Harry Truman's picture and put up the portrait of his hero"—and he says, slowly and playfully—"*Calvin Coolidge.*" The audience roars with laughter. Kennedy is giving it a good time. "And how appropriate that is," he adds.

Then Kennedy says something that he talks about in private and that clearly troubles him: "The Reagan advisers now practice polarization politics as a conscious instrument of their campaign." He adds, fitting this speech into one of the themes of the Convention, "We can be proud that our Party has been the political home for generations of immigrants, of every color and from every country and faith." He describes Mondale as "a good man, a strong and caring man, tempered in the Vice-Presidency, tested in a long and hard campaign, a leader of rare gifts and great heart." He closes by saying, "And let me say to any of you who supported someone else: I know you may feel a sense of disappointment. But we have an election to fight and to win and a candidate who unites us in great and common purpose." He adds, "Even when we were on different sides in 1980, I never lost my friendship for Fritz Mondale. I admire his courage and commitment." He says, "The nation does not fully know him yet, but I remember how the best leaders of our time thought of Walter Mondale"—and, his voice breaking for just an instant, he refers to "my brother Robert Kennedy, who was close to him in the Senate." He concludes, with his big voice booming now—Kennedy has done his bit to unify the Party, and done it well—"My fellow-citizens, I present to you our leader, who never gave up in adversity, who came back against the odds, who won at this great Convention, and who will win an even greater victory in November: the nominee of the Democratic Party and the next President of the United States, *Walter Mondale*."

MONDALE comes to the podium to great cheers, and the theme from "Rocky" to a rock beat. (Mondale chose the "Rocky" theme for himself earlier this year.) No "Happy Days Are Here Again"—which has been played only a couple of times all week; the Party is doing everything to suggest that it is more modern, with it. The happy crowd shouts, "We want Fritz"—and Mondale beams and seems moved. Lord knows he worked hard for this moment, and at several points it almost eluded him. And even when, in June, he eked out enough delegates there was no reason to expect the mood that is here tonight—nor was there in subsequent weeks. Now the delegates are waving small plastic American flags—twenty thousand of them—in one more move on Reagan's territory, this move a visually striking one. The Democrats surrendered the flag in the nineteen-sixties, when student demonstrators burned it and the followers of Richard Nixon put tiny flag pins in their lapels. Why others didn't put on the flag pin, why they didn't refuse to let the right appropriate the flag, was never clear. As the Republicans became more political about patriotism, the Democrats became vaguely uneasy about it—associating it with militarism and phony bravado. The Democrats haven't known what to do about it—until now. (The idea for the flags tonight was offered by a young Mondale ad-

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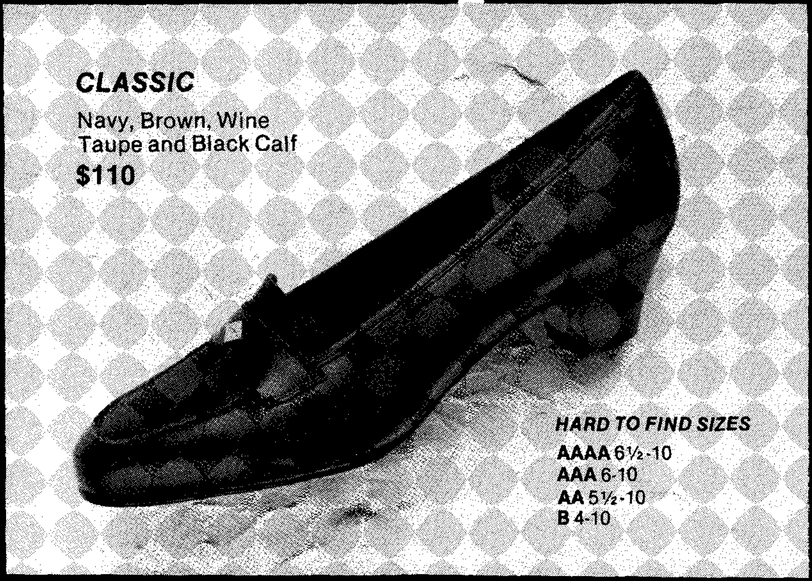

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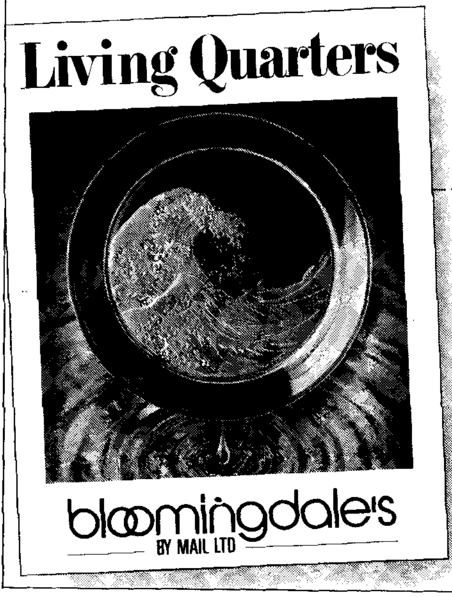

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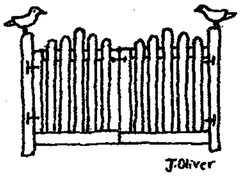
vance man.) The Democrats in the hall seem delighted by the spectacle of themselves waving the flag—they do it cheerfully, without menace. The last time—and the only time in a long time—that the flag was a unifying symbol was on the Fourth of July in 1976, when we celebrated the Bicentennial. The unexpected national happiness on that day was a clue to the desire to stop having patriotism be a divisive question—but then everyone seemed to forget about it.



The hall is utterly still as Mondale begins his speech. He refers to the long contest that led to the nomination: "It was hot—but the heat was passion, and not anger. It was a roller coaster—but it made me a better candidate, and it will make me a *stronger* President of the United States." One of the purposes of this speech is to introduce Mondale all over again to the American people. Peter Hart, Mondale's pollster, says that Mondale is well known but not known well. In his own celebration of the diversity of the Democratic Party, Mondale says, "I do not envy the drowsy harmony of the Republican Party. They squelch debate, we welcome it." He continues, "Just look at us here tonight: black and white, Asian and Hispanic, native and immigrant, young and old, urban and rural, male and female"—and, in a reach for the coalition he must put together—"from yuppie to lunch pail." He pays tribute to the other speakers and candidates—setting off cheers in each instance. And then, stating his basic theme, the one on which he has decided he wants to fight the election, he mentions his own children and says, "This election is a referendum on their future—and on ours." He is trying to establish the stakes. Then he says simply, "I'm Walter Mondale," and he tells some of the story of his life. It's odd that a political candidate has to do this, but in the course of doing it Mondale shows, as he tried to when he did this in some of his appearances on the campaign trail, something about the values that formed him, and tries to make himself seem more human. Referring to his choice of Ferraro, he says, "Tonight, we open a new door to the future." He continues, "Mr. Reagan calls it 'tokenism.' We call it America." The audience cheers happily. After going on with his biography a bit, he says a surprising thing: "And then in 1980 Ronald Reagan beat the pants off us." This is a disarming thing, and is the beginning of a section in which Mondale, surprising still more, says that he got the message in 1980. Reaching out to the coalition he needs, he says, "So tonight I want to say something to those of you across our country who voted for Mr. Reagan—Republicans, independents, and, yes, some Democrats: I heard you, and your party heard you." Mondale hasn't talked like this before. He talks of his four years of travelling the country and says, "I listened to all of the people of our country," and he makes a little joke about the bags under his eyes that developed in the campaign—this to show his self-deprecating sense of humor, and to indicate, too, that he's not oblivious to the picture people had of him.

He continues, laying out another of his themes, "So tonight we come to you with a new realism: ready for the future and recapturing the best in our tradition." Mondale, the transitional figure, seems to be making the transition before our very eyes. He was not unaware of new realities before this, but during the primaries he fell back on old habits of talking. It disturbed some of his backers that he allowed himself to be seen as old hat when, at least intellectually, he was somewhere else, and that with a little bit of adjustment he could have come across as a more contemporary figure. There was no reason, they thought, for him to concede "the future" to Hart. Now he says, "We know that America must have a strong defense, and a sober view of the Soviets. We know that government must be as well managed as it is well meaning. We know that a healthy, growing private economy is the key to the future." And then, referring to a figure he would like to be likened to, and also trying to deal with a question he and his advisers know is on people's minds, he says, "We know that Harry Truman spoke the truth: A President . . . has to be able to say yes and no, but mostly no." He invites his listeners to "look at our platform," and, once again trying to display a new realism, a pulling back of the Democratic Party from its image as a squanderer—and also anti-business—he says, "There are no defense cuts that weaken our security; no business taxes that weaken our economy; no laundry list that raids our Treasury.

We are wiser, stronger, and we are focussed on the future." Then, in a deft move, he says, "If Mr. Reagan wants to rerun the 1980 campaign, fine. Let them fight over the past. We're fighting for the American future." The Reagan campaign does want to rerun the 1980 election, and this may just undercut its efforts. Much of what an election is about is a competition to control the agenda—to be on the offensive instead of the defensive. If Mondale can stick with this, can give references to the 1980 election the back of his hand, he will have accomplished a lot.

Then, in another deft move, Mondale tells those who voted for Reagan what he believes they did not vote for: a two-hundred-billion-dollar deficit, an arms race, turning "the heavens into a battleground." He continues, "You did not vote to destroy family farming. You did not vote to trash the civil-rights laws. You did not vote to poison the environment." He is trying to get those who voted for Reagan out of unhappiness with Carter to stop and think. Anticipating an argument Reagan is bound to make, Mondale says, "Four years ago, many of you voted for Mr. Reagan because he promised you'd be better off. And today the rich are better off. But working Americans are worse off, and the middle class is standing on a trapdoor." He has to convince the middle class of that. He repeats something he has said throughout the primaries, about Lincoln's saying that ours should be a government of, by, and for the people, but now we have a government of, by, and for the rich. He goes into a populist attack on the Reagan record. But he will have to keep the populism under control if he wants to broaden his constituency, and to be able to govern.

"If this Administration has a plan for a better future, they're keeping it a secret," Mondale says, and he continues, "Here's the truth about the future: We are living on borrowed money and borrowed time." He says that by the end of his first term he will reduce the budget deficit by two-thirds. This ups the ante from where it was during the campaign, when he said he would reduce it by half. His people say that they can find the extra thirty billion dollars or so to meet this goal, that they are working on "alternatives" for fulfilling this pledge and will lay out the plan in due time. They will be under pressure to do so. And then Mondale does something very surpris-

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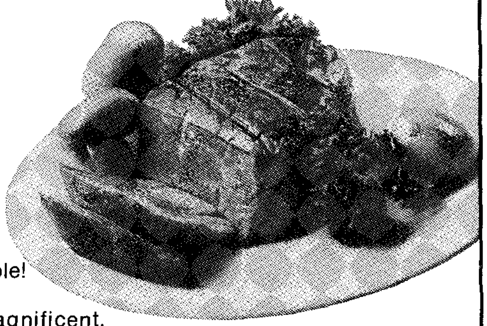

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ing. He says that taxes will have to go up. He says, "Mr. Reagan will raise taxes, and so will I. He won't tell you. I just did." This is greeted with great cheers and applause. It was another bold and clever stroke, accomplishing several things at once. During the primaries, Mondale had said that taxes would have to be raised and there was no question that Reagan would come after him for that, so he has turned a potential liability into a virtue through a bit of preëmption. By doing something bold, he is still changing the picture of him that people have. The theory is that people see strength in a politician who does something that people don't expect politicians to do. (That's why politicians are always prefacing some not particularly controversial proposal with "I shouldn't say this, but . . ." or "My advisers warned me not to do this, but . . .") In this case, Mondale really did something people don't expect politicians to do. Another purpose of the line is to lay in a challenge to Reagan's credibility. As Mondale said the line about taxes, a delegate near where I am standing shouted "Go, Harry!" and said to a fellow-delegate, "It's a new Harry Truman." This whole section of Mondale's speech is part of another theme: that Mondale will speak realistically about the present and the future—leaving people to draw a contrast with Reagan. Now the newly fiscal-conservative Mondale says, "To the Congress, my message is: We must cut spending and pay as we go. If you don't hold the line, I will: that's what the veto is for." Would Mondale really be like that? "Now, that's my plan to cut the deficit," Mondale says. "Mr. Reagan is keeping his plan secret until after the election. That's not leadership; that's salesmanship. And I think the American people know the difference." He challenges Reagan "to put his plan on the table next to mine," and to debate him on it. He is trying to pull Reagan off the plane of symbols and optimism, and down into a sharp debate over what each of them would do. This is probably Mondale's best hope.

Touching on another theme, Mondale says, "It is time for America to have a season of excellence. Parents must turn off that television, students must do their homework, teachers must teach, and America compete." Mondale had toyed with this theme earlier, in part as a response to the charge that he was too tied to the "special interests." He had thought to try to make the point that his connections with teachers, labor, and so on would enable him to encourage them to meet higher standards; while what he says here starts to get at that point, it seems a bit fainthearted. This passage is also a sign of his new interest in symbolic leadership, in what a President can accomplish, beyond programs, by what he says. Whether the interest will last cannot be known now. Mondale returns to the subject of trade, which he talked about during the primaries. At this point, the speech is getting a little listy after all. He talks about human rights, and says, "We know the deep differences with the Soviets." But then he goes on to talk about the importance of arms control, and condemns the Administration's record in this area. "Why has this Administration failed?" he asks, his voice rising. "Why can't they understand the cry of Americans and human beings for sense and sanity in control of these god-awful weapons?" And, to the loud cheers of the audience—the last bit was an interpolation—he says, passionately, "Why? Why?" For the most part, however, his delivery style tonight has been firm and deliberate—no red-faced jowl-shaking tonight. He renews his proposal for annual summit meetings with the Soviet Union. And then he talks about what he wants to see by "the second term of the Mondale-Ferraro Administration" (a deft way of trying to get people to think about what a Reagan Administration might look like four years from now, as well as of laying out the stakes as he sees them): he talks of children no longer having nuclear nightmares, of students saying that they want to be teachers, of there being no hungry children, of America having got its competitive edge back. He says, "By the start of the next decade, I want to point to the Supreme Court and say, 'Justice is in good hands.' " He mentions, of course, the E.R.A. He has won the audience to him with this speech in a way he has never won an audience over before.

The preparation for this moment began Monday, and the Convention proceedings have been a straight line to this—with the Mondale people constantly warding off trouble in the background. The Democrats have been through a sort of therapy session, and they feel far better about themselves than they expected to, or than there was any reason to expect them to. They have their morale back, which is a major achievement. How long they will keep it is a question, but for now it is as if one has witnessed a healing. Challengers have been dispatched with as much grace as was possible. The Party, shattered, demoralized, and confused after 1980, has a new focus. Not a perfect focus—these are Democrats—but more focus than it had a few days ago. Now Mondale, speaking quietly, concludes, returning to two of his basic themes, "My friends, America is a future each generation must enlarge; a door each generation must open; a promise each generation must keep. For the rest of my life, I want to talk to young people about their future." And he says that he wants to hear some of them, "whatever their race, whatever their religion, whatever their sex," say what he is saying tonight "with joy and reverence," and he says, "I want to be the President of the United States."

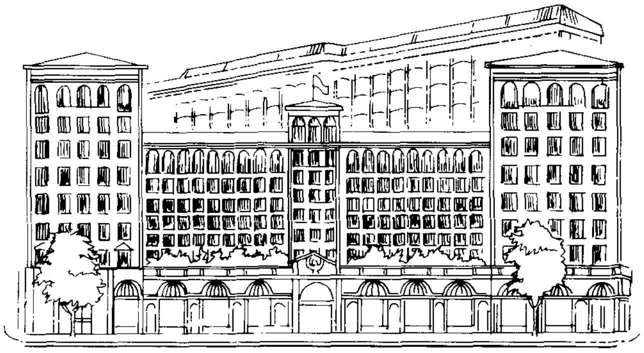
As more rock music breaks out, a remarkably happy Convention cheers its candidate, then its candidate and his family, then its Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. The delegates stomp, rock, and clap to the music. Red, white, and blue balloons drop. Whatever reality waits outside and in the future, there is a reality here that the delegates are consciously treasuring. Not all the followers of Mondale's opponents are overjoyed, of course, but there are fewer stony faces than usual at the end of a contested Convention. Several Hart people say that they give Mondale much credit for what he said tonight. And now people seem to simply want to have a good time. The other candidates appear at the podium, along with a large number of Party notables, and the music turns into a patriotic medley—with the audience happily waving the flags and singing along: "You're a Grand Old Flag," "The Marine Hymn." Then Jennifer Holliday sings a slow, heartbreakingly beautiful version of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," as the hall is utterly silent. A rabbi asks the people in the hall to join hands while he offers a prayer. And then the Convention ends as thousands of flags wave and the band plays "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

—ELIZABETH DREW

◆

Shark, prepared in the seafood industry booth, won praises from first-time shark-eater Gaynelle Schnell, and the shrimp wrapped in bacon.—*San Diego Union.*

Who ordinarily keeps to himself.



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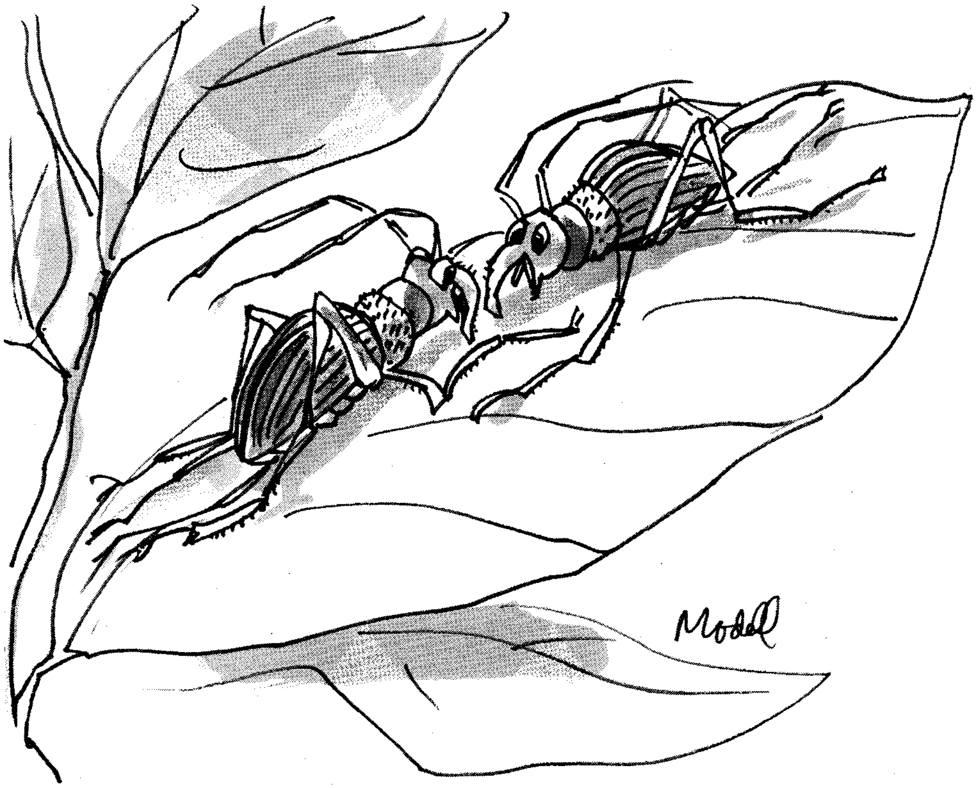
ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A CONTEMPORARY TOUCH

Dr. Taylor—David N. Taylor, an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer attached to the Enteric Diseases Branch, Bacterial Diseases Division, of the national Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta—pushed the telephone away and sat for a moment glancing over his notes. Then he gathered them up and walked down the long hall, the fifth-floor hall, to the office of his superior, Dr. Roger A. Feldman, the director of the Bacterial Diseases Division. That was around three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, January 28, 1981. Dr. Feldman, a tall man with a pepper-and-salt beard, a wide smile, and a riveting eye, was at his desk, and he smiled Dr. Taylor into a chair. Dr. Taylor—slim, straight, neatly parted sandy hair, small sandy mustache, steel-rimmed glasses—is thirty-three years old and a product of Kenyon College, Harvard Medical School, and the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. He took out his notes and made his report. He had, he said, just received a call from an epidemiologist named Frank Holtzhauer, at the Ohio State Department of Health, in Columbus. Holtzhauer was calling for Dr. Thomas Halpin, the State Epidemiologist, and his call was a call for federal help in investigating a perplexing outbreak of gastroenteritis in the town of Steubenville. The outbreak had begun on December 10th with the illness and subsequent hospitalization of a five-month-old girl. Since then, in the course of the past six weeks, twelve more cases, both adults and children, had been reported to the local authorities, and it was expected that there were more to come. The nature of the outbreak had been established. The enteritis was bacterial in origin. Laboratory analysis of stool samples of the victims had shown the microorganism involved to be a member of the genus Salmonella and of the species known as *S. muenchen*. But that was all. There was no other apparent link between the several victims.

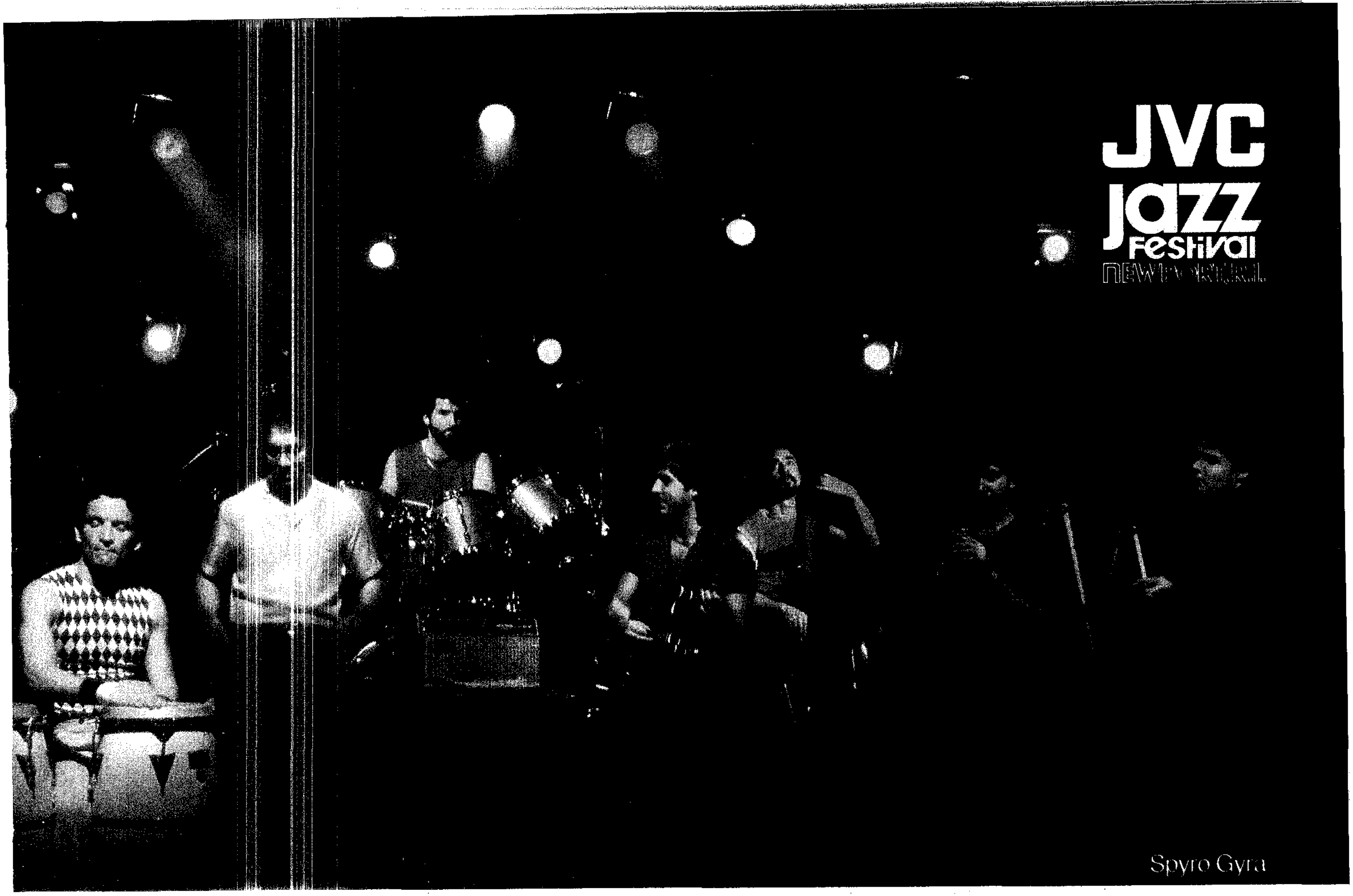
"Roger listened and smiled and nodded," Dr. Taylor says. "He asked a couple of questions. I knew he would be calling Dr. Halpin for a formal confirmation and for a formal invitation to intervene. But the handwriting was already on the wall. I was going to Steubenville."

Salmonellosis, as the disease caused by the Salmonella organism is properly called, is the most frequent single cause of what is commonly called food poisoning. It accounts for at least twenty-five per cent of the numberless outbreaks of mingled nausea and vomiting, abdominal cramps, diarrhea, and fever that occur in this and every other country every year. Its name commemorates the nineteenth-century American pathologist Daniel Elmer Salmon, who first identified the genus, and it is a commemoration of international reach. "Bacteria of the genus Salmonella," Robert H. Rubin and Louis Weinstein, both of the Harvard Medical School, noted in a 1977 monograph, "are perhaps the most ubiquitous pathogens in nature, affecting, in a worldwide distribution, not only man and his domestic animals but also reptiles, wild mammals, birds, and even insects." The usual cause of human salmonellosis is contaminated (and insufficiently cooked) beef, lamb, pork, duck, turkey, chicken, or, particularly, eggs. Other causes include food or drink contaminated by the excreta of infected animals or by tainted equipment. An outbreak in Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital in 1966 was traced to contaminated carmine dye, a diagnostic staining material. The salmonellae are almost as various as they are abundant. Since 1941, when the Danish bacteriologist Fritz Kauffmann perfected a serotyping technique by which the different salmonellae could be specifically identified, the number of species that make up the genus has grown from a handful to the hundreds. Some twenty-two hundred distinct serotypes are now known. The names of these (with two or three exceptions) indicate where they were first isolated—*S. moscow*, for example, and *S. panama*, *S. miami*, *S. senegal*. Some of these are still found only in their place of discovery, but most have long since achieved a cosmopolitan prevalence. The ten most frequently reported serotypes in the United States (as of 1979) are *S. typhimurium/copenhagen*, *S. enteritidis*, *S. heidelberg*, *S. newport*, *S. infantis*, *S. agona*, *S. saintpaul*, *S. typhi*, *S. montevideo*, and *S. oranienburg*. *S. javiana* is No. 11. No. 12 is *S. muenchen*.



"At first I thought you were scary, too."

"S. muenchen wasn't much of a clue," Dr. Taylor says. "A really uncommon—a relatively localized—serotype can make things somewhat easier. At least conceivably, it



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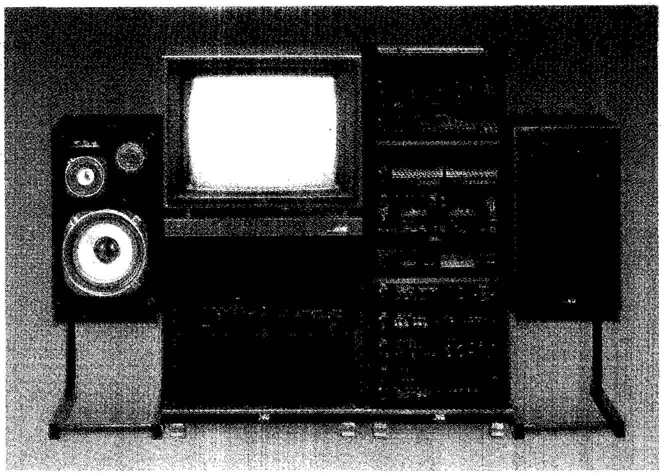

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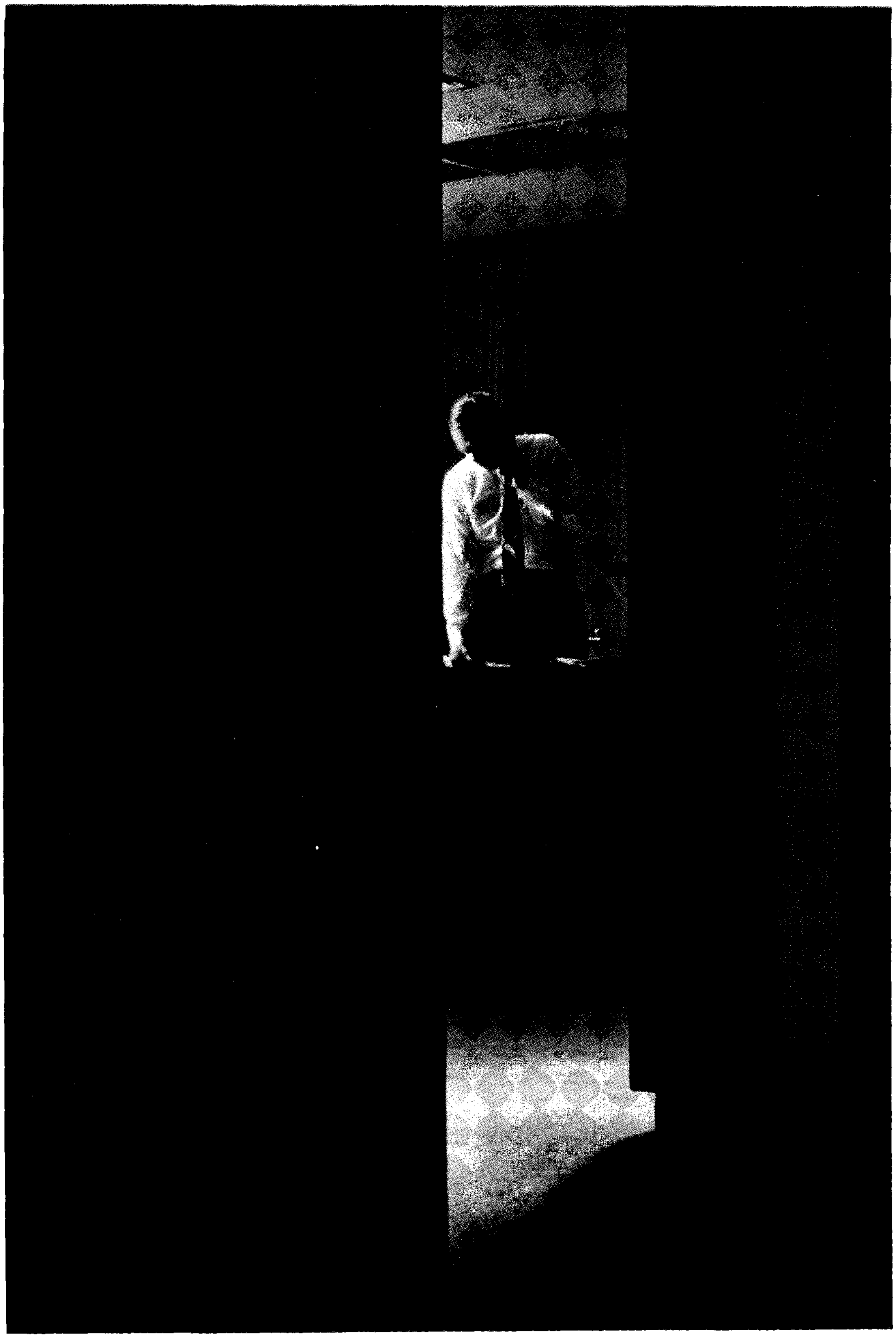

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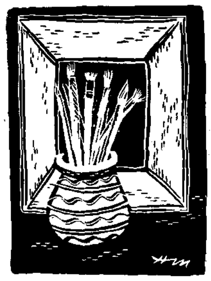
can tell you where to look, and even what to look for as the source of contamination. But *S. muenchen* turns up everywhere—all over the country, all over the world. Around three hundred and fifty cases are reported to the C.D.C. every year. So I was prepared for some hard work, for plenty of old-fashioned shoe-leather epidemiology. I should say *we* were prepared. I had an assistant—a fourth-year medical student at Duke who was assigned to the C.D.C. for a term as a sort of interne. A very bright guy named Emmett Schmidt. Emmett and I left the next morning—Thursday morning—by plane for Pittsburgh. We rented a car there and drove on down to Steubenville. Steubenville is in the eastern part of the state, across the Ohio River from West Virginia. I come from Ohio. I was raised in Columbus. But Steubenville was an Ohio I had never seen before. It's a mill town—a steel town, down in a deep valley, very old and very run-down. I don't know—maybe it was the time of year, the dead of winter, or because most of the mills were barely running and everybody was out of work, but I've never seen a more depressing place. It took the heart out of me.

"There was a Holiday Inn. We registered there and then drove around to the city Health Department and met some of the people we would be working with. We met Maurice Pizzoferrato, the Steubenville Commissioner of Health, and two state epidemiologists—Charlene Steris and Robert Campbell—and Janice Schrader, a microbiologist. It was Janice who had determined that the cause of the outbreak was Salmonella, later serotyped in Columbus as *S. muenchen*. The first thing we learned was that the outbreak was still going on. I've forgotten just how many new cases there were—I didn't keep a daily report card. But I can tell you the total. By the time the outbreak had finally run its course, we had thirty-six confirmed cases. Janice Schrader was a remarkable person. She was doing *all* the laboratory work for the whole area, and she was still able to find time to help us every way she could. She was a big help in working out our game plan and getting it into action. She seemed to know just about everybody in town. She was involved, she cared about what had happened. Charlene briefed us on the cases—age, sex, date of onset. The incubation period for salmonellosis is about three days. The date of the appearance of symptoms indicates the approximate time of exposure and can often indicate its place and nature. We learned that the outbreak was, on the whole, pretty severe. There is no treatment for salmonellosis. Antibiotics tend to do more harm than good. But eighty per cent of the affected children here were sick enough to be hospitalized, and about sixty-five per cent of the adult cases. The age range was enormous. It stretched from a one-month-old boy to a woman of seventy-three. It was hard to know what that signified. The cases were scattered all over town, and only a few of them even knew each other. In such outbreaks, there is always a common denominator—an eating place, a wedding reception, a picnic, a dinner party, a church social. Something in which everybody was involved. This one was a total mystery.



"We formed two teams. I joined up with Charlene, and Emmett worked with Bob Campbell. There was nothing to do but start almost from scratch—to start visiting the households of the patients. I was especially interested in the first two cases reported—the five-month-old girl and a twenty-five-year-old man. That was because the baby's father—a man I'll call Frank Lowell—was bosom buddies with the second case, whom I'll call Gene Russell. And then there was Case No. 3, a close friend of both Lowell and Russell. He was a twenty-seven-year-old man I'll call Paul James. Russell was out of work, but Lowell and James both had jobs on a municipal garbage truck. The three of them had been friends since high school. My thinking was this: Young guys, young couples, do things together, so let's see what the Lowells, the Russells, and the Jameses do for recreation. They all lived in the same neighborhood, down by the river. We decided to start with Mrs. Lowell. It's easier to talk to the mother of a sick infant than to a sick adult. The mother cares, the adult tends to shrug it off. Mrs. Lowell was sort of typical—twenty-seven years old, pretty face, overweight. And very nervous. Her house was old and run-down, but it was scrubbed clean. Not a speck of dust. The baby's illness seemed to embarrass her, as though it reflected on her as a mother and a housekeeper. She didn't see how a thing like food poisoning could have happened in *her* house. I asked about formulas, about Christmas or holiday foods. There was a famous outbreak of *S. eastbourne* that involved contaminated chocolate Christmas candy. I asked about deli meats—a notorious vehicle. About restaurant meals. All dead ends. The Lowells couldn't afford to eat in restaurants or patronize delis. During the holidays, they had eaten turkey, ham, and some venison. Gene Russell had shot a deer, and dressed it himself at home. They rarely went out. They sometimes played cards with the Jameses and the Russells, or just hung out together.

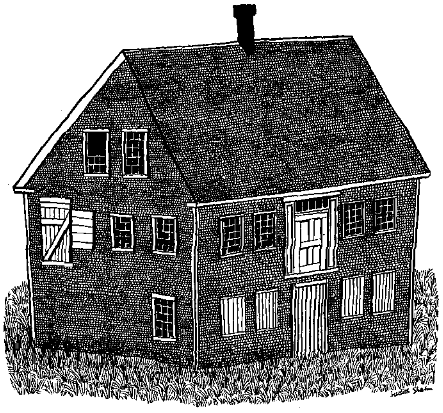
"So Charlene and I moved on down the street to the Russells," Dr. Taylor went on. "Same kind of household—father, mother, two-month-old boy. Russell was out of work and at home. But this wasn't like the Lowell house. These people were relaxed. Mrs. Russell said that she hadn't been sick, and neither had the baby, even though later tests showed that both had been infected. And Russell himself was the picture of unconcern: 'Gee, Doc, I don't know what happened. I got sick, but I feel O.K. now. What do you think it was, Doc? Could it have been that deer? I shot it out near an old abandoned dump. But, what the hell, it's all over now.' Another dead end. It was the same with the Jameses, around the corner. James was at work and his wife was at home with two children—a boy of five and a daughter of six. James and the boy had been sick, and were treated at the Ohio Valley Hospital. The Jameses hung out with the Lowells and the Russells, played cards, drank a little beer. Had a ham for Christmas. That was interesting. I had never thought of ham as a holiday food, but everybody around here seemed to eat it at Christmastime. I filed the thought away. And on we went, from house to house, still fishing, still getting nowhere. But two things did take shape—three, including those Christmas-ham dinners. The first thing was that the cases seemed to fall into three groups. There were the blue-collar cases down in the valley. There were a couple of middle-class cases up on the hill, in a neighboring village called Wintersville. And there were some cases in a middle-class neighborhood of a suburb called Mingo Junction. Which, of course, was the reverse of helpful. It simply made things more mysterious.

"The other finding was a little

more positive. It was only a statistic, but it had the feel of something solid. This was the age breakdown. The largest single age group in the outbreak was the one between twenty and twenty-nine. That group accounted for twenty-eight per cent of the cases. But the national average of salmonella outbreaks in that group is just twelve per cent. This suggested that something a little different was happening here. Why the prevalence of young adults? Was there a preponderance of families of young adults in Steubenville? We decided to find out. So we picked out a set of controls. We selected at random thirty-two households in the neighborhoods of our established cases and called them up. What was the makeup of the household? And—aha! It was *not* usual in Steubenville to find a young adult in every family. All our case households included persons aged from fifteen to thirty-five, but only forty-one per cent of the randomly selected households included persons in that age range. Well, now we had a common denominator. Maybe not *the* common denominator but *a* common denominator. The next question was: What do young adults do? Where do they go? Bars. Fast-food places. We went back to shoe leather, walking the streets. Nothing came of it. These people still didn't have any haunts in common.

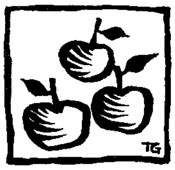
"There were two cases up in Wintersville. Both were students—a seventeen-year-old boy and an eighteen-year-old girl—at the local Catholic high school. The boy was in the hospital. The girl had been treated in the emergency room and sent home. We talked to the boy, and he gave us the story of his life. Video games. Pizza parlors. A few private parties. We talked to the girl's parents. The mother had a theory: her daughter had been poisoned by frozen king crab. I thought of the Lowells and the Russells and the Jameses. They had probably never even heard of king crab. And then the girl's mother seemed to finish things off. She said that her daughter and the boy in the hospital moved in entirely different circles and hardly knew each other.

"I'M going to go back a few days now," Dr. Taylor continued. "The morning that Emmett and I left Atlanta, I had had a few words with Roger Feldman, in the Bacterial Diseases Division, and he showed me a yellow office-memo slip. It said, '*S. muenchen*, Michigan.' It was dated about a week earlier. Roger told me what it meant: Michigan had reported an outbreak of *S. muenchen* and wanted to know if the C.D.C. had had any similar reports. Roger said he had told them about Steubenville. He would pass my reports along to them. O.K. So on the way back down the hill to the Holiday Inn after that wasted day in Wintersville, I got to thinking about that Michigan outbreak. *S. muenchen* is common enough, but still . . . Back at the motel, I called a man I knew in the Michigan State Department of Health named Harry McGee. Harry told me they had twenty-odd cases, all with onset dates much like ours here, and all were in Lansing. Not in East Lansing, the university town, but in Lansing, the blue-collar auto town. They hadn't a clue to the source. Eight of the cases were young adults, and nine or ten were babies—infants—which meant that they were in households that included young adults. I began to get a little excited. I thanked Harry and called Roger Feldman. I told him the situation here, that we were stymied. The people were getting tired of us. The Health Commissioner wanted the case solved and cleared up and ended —he had all the eating places in town on his back. I suggested that a trip to Lansing and a look at those very similar cases might give us a new perspective. Or something. Roger said no. He said to stay where we were. He said that the answer was there and that we'd find it. And to let him know when we did. That was on Thursday, February 5th. It was snowing. The charm of motel life fades very quickly. Emmett and I were homesick for our wives, who kept asking when we were ever coming home. We went out in the snow and found a new place to eat and had another awful dinner. Then we went back to the motel. We stared at our data, turning it this way and that, until about 2 A.M. And the only item that meant a thing was all those young adults.



"WE started out the next morning on a new tack. I still had ham on my mind—those holiday ham dinners. So we decided to settle the question one way or another. Commissioner Pizzoferrato lent us one of his department's sanitarians, and with him as our guide we undertook a tour of the city's meat markets. We picked up samples of different kinds of ham at each place, and Janice Schrader would culture them for possible salmonellae. Most of the markets were ethnic—Polish, Italian, Greek. Steubenville is that kind of town. The proprietors were a little suspicious. They didn't want to get involved in food poisoning. But we got what we wanted. And, all in all, it was a pretty dull tour. There was one incident. It was at the third place we visited. As we were leaving, a young woman came in. Pretty but bedraggled. She was crying, her eye makeup was smeared, and she was acting strange. Stoned. Spaced out. Something. The proprietor went over to her and soothed her, and she left. It was sort of sad, and we talked about it on the way to the next market. Was she drunk? Or was she on drugs? The sanitarian said something about a relationship between unemployment and drugs and alcohol. Looking around Steubenville—those crippled mills, all that depression—I could believe him. Anyway, we finished up and took our samples to Janice. And that, as it turned out, was the end of the ham idea. The cultures all were negative.

"Emmett and I had dinner that night with Janice. We ate at an Italian place she knew about, and for once it wasn't bad, and we sat there afterward, drinking coffee and shooting the breeze about what the heck was going on. We got to talking about those first three families—the Lowells and the Russells and the Jameses. In case you've forgotten, the outbreak was still not over. We were still getting new cases, and all the cases, new and old, were being monitored once a week. Their stool samples came to Janice, and she cultured them. Well, Janice said we might be interested to know that one of the cases had just been cleared. That was Mrs. Russell. For the first time, her weekly sample was negative. The rest of her family was still positive, and so were the Jameses and the Lowells. It *was* interesting. We wondered why her. Janice said that Mrs. Russell was also pregnant. Maybe that had something to do with it. Then we broke up, and Emmett and I went back to the motel. I remember that Emmett called his wife and they talked and talked, and he mentioned the woman in the meat market and they talked about drugs. When he hung up, we started talking about drugs. I was thinking of tranquillizers and Quaaludes and things like that—drugs in capsules that could get contaminated in processing or packaging. It was a thought.



"It still seemed like a good idea in the morning. Janice had mentioned Mrs. Russell, and she seemed as good a place as any to start. We went around to the Russell place right after breakfast, at about nine o'clock. Mrs. Russell received us. Russell was still in bed—and why not? He was out of work and it was a dismal morning. We asked Mrs. Russell once again about food, about mixes, about condiments. We did a thorough kitchen inventory, and it was the kind of kitchen you wouldn't be surprised to find any kind of contamination in. These were real easygoing people—not like Mrs. Lowell. But that was all just thrashing around. Finally, I got down to business and asked her if she or anybody in the family was taking any kind of drugs. She said, 'You mean like medicine? Oh, no.' What about the other kind—illicit drugs? Like, say, 'ludes? 'Oh, *no*—certainly not.' Then there was a funny kind of silence. Then she said, 'Well, Gene and I and most of our friends, we do smoke a little pot when we're hanging out together. But I stopped last week. I mean, I'm pregnant, so I thought I'd better.' Pot? Marijuana? I was thinking capsules—swallowing something contaminated. Pot was smoking. I didn't know what to think. And then Russell came strolling into the living room. I guess he'd waked up and heard us talking. He was very cool, very relaxed. He said, 'Sure, we smoke a little pot. What else is there to do in this town?' I was still trying to think, to adjust. I asked him very carefully if he happened to have any marijuana on hand—if I could have a sample for laboratory analysis. He looked at me for a moment. Then he said, 'Sure.' He said, 'Man, I'll roll you a joint.' I told him just a sample for the lab would do. But I was aware of what he was doing. To him and his wife, Emmett and I were some kind of Feds. He wanted to get me involved. He wanted to get me neutralized. Anyway, he just shrugged and laughed, and went off somewhere and came back with a couple of grams in an envelope—about enough for one joint. Emmett and I exchanged a look. We finally, at last, had something concrete. It was a weird idea. I had never heard of marijuana as a vehicle for salmonella. Nobody had. But it was an idea. It was concrete, and I had it in my hand.

"Our next move was going to be a little more difficult. Russell had nothing much to lose—he was unemployed, and who cared if he smoked a little pot? But that wasn't true of most of the other cases. The Lowells and the Jameses were city employees. It was going to be hard to get anything out of them. I decided that our best move was through Russell. I explained to him that our interest in marijuana had nothing to do with the law. Emmett and I weren't any kind of police. We had no intention of getting him or anybody else in trouble. We were only trying to get at the source of the outbreak. We rapped like that for a little while, and then I said that we would need to talk to the other cases, including his friends the Lowells and the Jameses. I wondered if he would try to sort of pave the way for us. Would he mind calling Mrs. Lowell? Be glad to. He went to the phone and called her. He was very good, very persuasive. You remember that she was a very nervous, worrying kind of woman. But she agreed to see us. We went right over. She was very stiff and strained. I guess this was as close as she had ever come to a drug bust. But she was making an effort to be calm and sophisticated. She said, well, yes, they did smoke pot. She said, well, yes, they did have some in the house. She went off and came back with about two grams in a plastic bag. She said it came from the same guy that the Jameses and the Russells bought their pot from. She asked me if I really thought that the outbreak was caused by pot. I said it seemed to be a possibility. 'Well,' she said, 'I'm not really surprised. I thought this batch had a kind of funny smell.' That made me smile. But I really wanted to shout. A possibility, of course, was all it was. But it was a possibility that seemed to fit in very nicely with that preponderance of young adults. We were cooking. We were really cooking.

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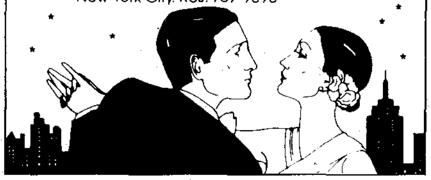

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valley, down here by the river—this was only one neighborhood, only one part of the outbreak. There was Mingo Junction, and there was Wintersville, up on the hill. When we made our first round of house calls, we had talked to a young woman at Mingo Junction—Linda Something-or-Other. She was the one confirmed case there, but her brother and her boyfriend were both subclinical cases—positive but asymptomatic. Linda was twenty-one, a salesgirl in a nut shop by day and a dancing teacher evenings. She never had any reason to go down to the valley. She took sick on December 28th. She lived at home but very seldom ate there. She told us she lived on tacos, submarine sandwiches, and such. When we finished up with Mrs. Lowell, we went out to Mingo and ran Linda down again and had a talk. Pot? She said she never used it. Her brother did, though, and so did her friend. She thought she could get us a sample from her friend. We arranged to meet that evening. Then we went on to Wintersville. We got nowhere with the two high-school kids. We had to be careful, and they weren't telling: getting caught using pot meant expulsion from school. But I talked with a counsellor at the school, and he told me that while our two kids moved in different circles, the circles they moved in were very far from the best. We met Linda and her friend that evening, and they had a nice sample for us. I don't know how Emmett and I got through Saturday night. We were really keyed up. I called Janice on Sunday morning and told her what we had, and she agreed to meet us at her lab. Very quietly. This was ticklish business at this point—we didn't know how the Health Department would react. On Monday afternoon, Janice told us that preliminary results showed evidence of contaminated pot—all three samples. By Tuesday, it was definite. She had cultured salmonellae from the samples, and they were salmonellae of a group of eighty-odd serotypes called C/2. C/2 includes *S. muenchen*. On Wednesday, Janice went on to make it certain: our marijuana samples were definitely contaminated with *S. muenchen*. But on Tuesday morning the C/2 finding was enough. I called Roger Feldman, and he said, 'Well, well! I'll be damned!'

"MAURICE PIZZOFERRATO had very much the same reaction. Only more so. Roger was naturally

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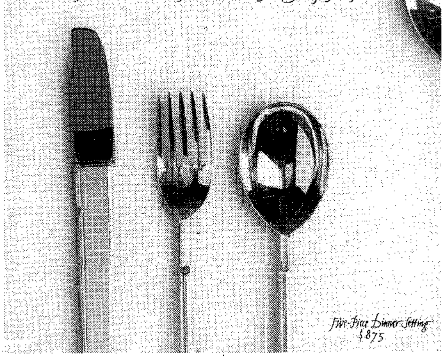

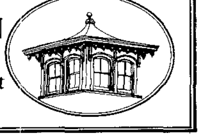

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pleased that we had solved the problem, and as a professional he was very much interested that we had found a new vehicle for salmonellae. But Maurice! Maurice was euphoric. He had been getting very edgy, very impatient. His lab was tied up, his people were on call to us, and all the eating places in town were on his phone every day and afraid of hearing the worst. And, of course, the press was pressing. Marijuana was an absolutely perfect answer. It took him entirely off the hook. Illicit drugs were no responsibility of his. He wanted the world to know what we had found. He wanted me to call an immediate press conference. And Roger, when I asked him for instructions, agreed. Emmett and I worked up a statement, and the conference was set for ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, February 11th, in Maurice's office at the Health Department. They even had me sitting in Maurice's own big chair, at his own big desk.

"It was my début in this sort of thing. All the media were there—the local newspaper, the local radio, the local television, and the stringers for the wire services. I read our statement. I told them that the source of the outbreak wasn't water, it wasn't any eating place, it wasn't any food. I told them—and this is from our prepared statement—'Our most important lead suggests that a noncommercial product with an unknown distribution is the source of this salmonella. We have tested samples of marijuana associated with three different cases, and we have found the identical salmonella which has been isolated from the ill persons. This finding suggests that the marijuana currently in use in Jefferson County has become contaminated with salmonella and represents the primary vehicle of transmission for the illness.' I told them that having diarrhea caused by salmonella didn't necessarily mean that the person was a *user* of marijuana. Many of our cases, I said, were infected indirectly from a person who was a silent carrier, or from environmental sources. The salmonella was in the marijuana. When a marijuana smoker rolled a cigarette, his hands became contaminated, and when he put the cigarette in his mouth his lips became contaminated. Then a touch or a kiss or any sort of contact could spread the infection. I said we didn't know yet just how heavily contaminated the marijuana was—actually, it turned out to be *very* heavily contaminated—but even a light con-

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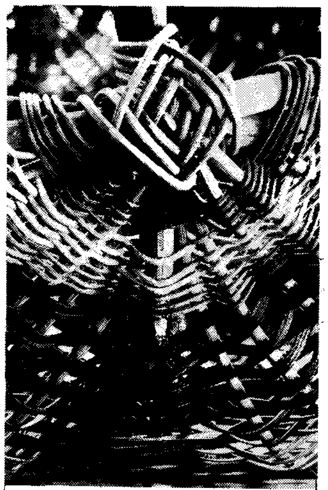

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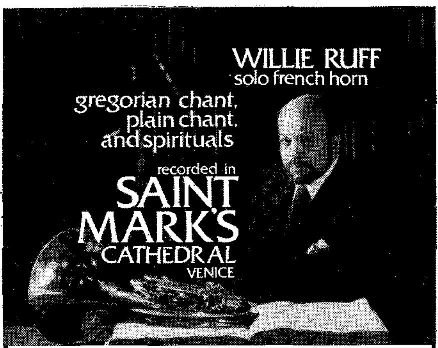

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tamination would be enough to make a susceptible person sick. And not only that. Pot decreases the gastric acid, and gastric acid is an important defense against infections of all kinds. Regular pot smokers are especially susceptible to infection. Then came the tricky part. Here's what I said in our statement: 'To substantiate our theory that marijuana is the culprit, it is most important that we continue to test marijuana samples from the area. If it were a commercial product, we could just pull it off the shelves and test it—but that is not possible with marijuana. We therefore need the community to help us by allowing us to test additional marijuana samples. People may drop off their samples either at the Jefferson County Center for Alcoholism and Drug Abuse . . . or the samples may be brought directly to the Steubenville City Health Department. Because we think this is a major health risk, we are testing marijuana free and anonymously. Your sample will be given a number . . . ' And so on. The police had agreed to look the other way for a day or two. Then came the questions. I did the best I could. It was really very exciting. A big story. And not only locally. Both the wire services carried it. It wasn't so much that we had solved the mystery. It was the marijuana. That gave it a contemporary touch.

"THAT was our last day in Steubenville. There was no reason for Emmett and me to stay on for the windup of the investigation. We flew back to Atlanta that afternoon. I had a day at home—Thursday, February 12th—and then on Friday Roger sent me off to Michigan. I wasn't exactly eager to leave, and yet, of course, I wanted to go. I felt that Steubenville was only one side of the coin. I didn't feel that we had absolutely proved our case. What I wanted was what I had wanted before—to do a good case-control study. Our studies in Steubenville weren't really precise. The supreme court for an epidemiological problem is a case-control study, and I wanted that supreme-court verdict. As I said, my contact in Michigan was Harry McGee, of the Michigan State Department of Health. Nothing had really changed in Lansing since Harry and I last talked. There was a total of seventeen confirmed cases. The source of the outbreak was still unknown. But now, after Steubenville, we had a lead to work with. The study went like this: We selected thirty-four households to serve as controls. These households matched the case households in neighborhood and in general social and economic status, and they had much the same prevalence of young children and young adults. The one crucial difference was that the controls were households in which there had been no diarrheal illness for at least two months. We did our interviews in person. People respond to a personal visit with trust. We asked a comprehensive set of questions. We asked about restaurant meals. About deli foods. About alcohol. And then about marijuana. The results were very satisfactory. The case households used marijuana more than three times as often as the control households. We also collected eight samples of marijuana from six households. Only one of them was positive for salmonella—for *S. muenchen*. But that was enough.

"I went back to Atlanta feeling very pleased. The news there made me feel even better. The final reports from Steubenville were in. The public appeal had brought in fifty-four new samples of marijuana, and five of them were positive for *S. muenchen*. Then came some totally unexpected news: There had been two outbreaks of *S. muenchen* gastroenteritis that were more or less coincident with Steubenville and Lansing—one in Alabama, involving two cases, and another in Georgia, in and around Atlanta, involving twenty-one cases. When the health people there saw our first Steubenville report, they sat up in a hurry. They went back to their cases and interviewed them all over again and collected some samples of marijuana and analyzed them, and the results were positive for *S. muenchen* contamination. The contamination in every instance was very considerable. It was almost incredible—four million organisms to a gram of marijuana. That was so high that it enabled us to make a very reasonable assumption. This was that the contamination could not have occurred by accident—by contamination on the hands of the processors. It must have occurred either in the field—from untreated animal manure used as fertilizer, or by contamination during drying or storage—or by direct adulteration of the marijuana with dried manure, to increase the weight and therefore increase the profits. We generally favor the last hypothesis. A good reason for this theory was that *S. muenchen* was not the only contaminating pathogen found in the marijuana. All the samples also showed the presence of such organisms as *Staphylococcus epidermidis*, *E. coli*, *K. pneumoniae*, *Ps. aeruginosa*, and Group D *Streptococci*, which would also be present in manure. Our only disappointment was that we were never able to determine where the stuff came from. The Drug Enforcement Administration of the Department of Justice estimated that in 1980 about seventy-five per cent of the marijuana consumed in the United States came from Colombia, about ten per cent from Jamaica, and about eight per cent from Mexico, and that the rest is grown locally. Locally grown marijuana is consumed locally, and Mexican marijuana is consumed largely in the Southwest. So we can assume that our marijuana came from either Colombia or Jamaica.

"There was one last piece of news. Samples of the marijuana collected in Ohio, in Michigan, in Alabama, and in Georgia were passed along to the C.D.C. They were then turned over to a research microbiologist in the microbiology laboratory in the Enterobacteriology Branch. She was Dr. Kaye Wachsmuth. She examined the samples by a very delicate technique developed in 1975 as a research tool by Stanley Falkow and his associates at the University of Washington, in Seattle. What Kaye did was to apply this technique for the first time to an epidemic situation. To put it very simply, the cultured *S. muenchen* is broken down and its DNA is extracted and the molecular weights of its parts are measured. These weights are distinguished by a pattern of plasmid banding. Different strains of *S. muenchen*—and every other serotype—have different banding patterns: different, as we say, plasmid fingerprints. Kaye examined all our samples and compared the results with the fingerprints of other—non-marijuana—*S. muenchen* strains. All the marijuana *S. muenchen* were identical, and distinctly different from the non-marijuana strains. That was the ultimate confirmation. That was the final touch. That put the icing on the cake."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Give Her Black Eyes

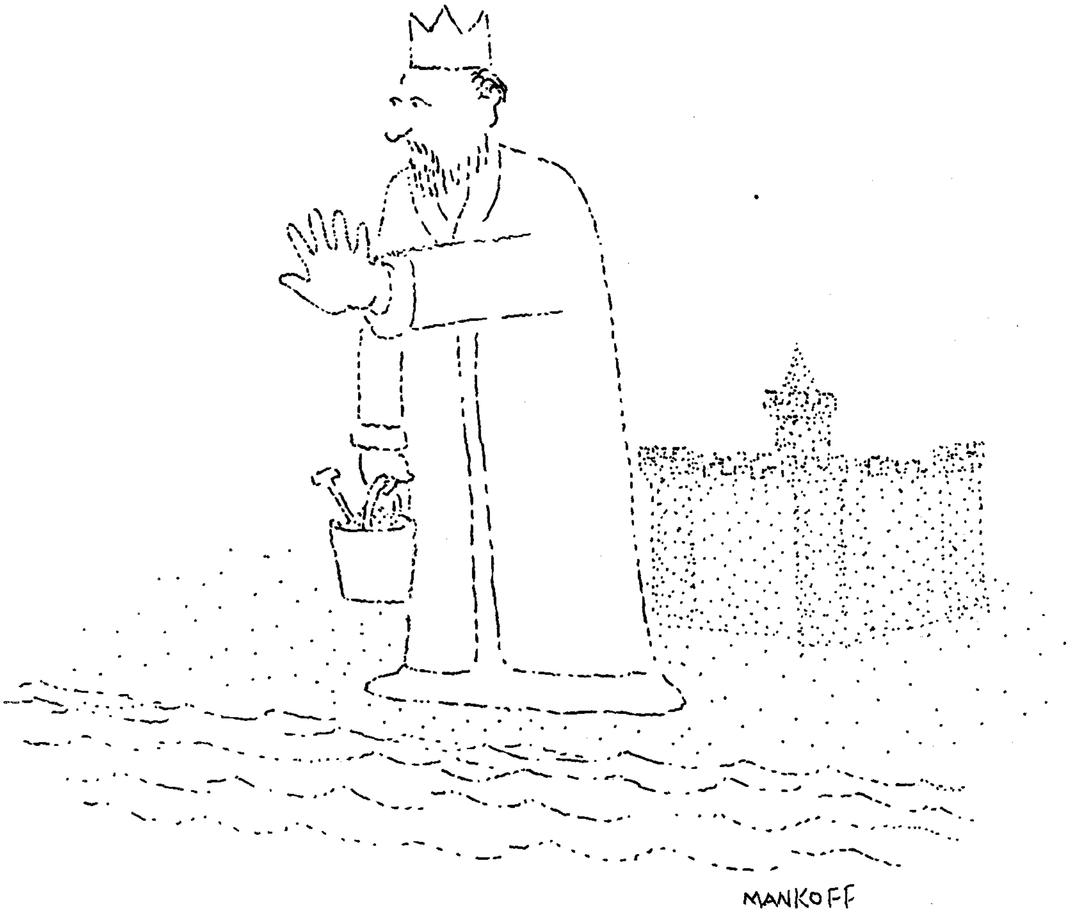
THE City Opera's 1984 season began, last month, with a senseless and deplorable new production of Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia," directed by Toby Robertson, who seemed not to have noticed that the plot turns on gaining entrance to and escaping from a close-guarded house. Ladders led up to its second-floor balcony. Even before Rosina's appearance there, Almaviva and Fiorello had been charging through the house; Figaro began "Largo al factotum" inside it and made his entrance down a ladder. This was not a high-spirited, neatly fashioned comedy of intrigue and character but an any-old-joke affair. Bartolo had a laboratory in a corner of his salon; at the climax of the calumny aria, retorts exploded and a skeleton began to waggle. Twelve supers (one of them dressed as Rossini) mimed the overture and remained onstage to share the action with the singers. Judith Forst gave Rosina some well-turned phrases; for the rest, the singing tended to reflect the stage horseplay and was without grace, charm, or supple, individual inflections. Lloyd Evans' décor was hideous. Christopher Keene's conducting was careful but chilly, unsmiling.

The company put on five shows—three of them Puccini operas—during the first three days of the season. A matinée "Magic Flute" (done in my English translation) was intelligently staged by Jay Lesenger and brought the company début of Walter MacNeil (Cornell MacNeil's son), as Tamino. The sound was good, the interpretation dull: he tended to give equal emphasis to each word and each note of a phrase—singing, as it were, "Can These Be Pangs Of Love I Feel?" Let him study Plunket Greene's "Interpretation in Song." William Parker, on the other hand, was a Papageno whose clear diction and feeling for musical and verbal stress delighted a translator's heart. "La Bohème" that evening brought another tenor débutant, Richard Leech, whose light, pure, blessedly unforced Rodolfo did much to redeem a mainly ill-sung performance. He has an easy, natural stage presence. The next day's matinée "Butterfly" I've already written about, and I missed the "Turandot" that followed.

A week later, there was a new production of "La Traviata," directed by Frank Corsaro, in Zack Brown's dowdy 1981 scenery "remounted" by Mr. Evans. Its spaces are poorly defined. The sets, with rostra left and right, look like store displays of crude period furniture, not rooms that anyone really lives in. In the new staging, Violetta and Flora have swapped salons, to mutual advantage. Marianna Christos's first New York Violetta was promising. She is a vivid and passionate artist, with a gleaming presence, a voice both flexible and lustrous, and strong musical and dramatic instincts. But she seemed ill at ease, and she had reason to be so: in the pit, Klaus Weise, the music director of the Kiel Opera, showed no idiomatic feeling for the flow of Verdi's music and no consideration for the artists he should have been accompanying. Miss Christos's "Sempre libera" was moving—the first verse sung with reckless determination, the second (after Alfredo's declaration of love drifted in to her) as if with a breaking heart. Her Alfredo was a fairly good young tenor, Robert Grayson, with a light, free-flowing, and well-focussed voice and an honest manner. He wasn't quite aristocratic in style; his rhythms were a shade metronomic, but hardly more so than in most modern performances. Although Mr. Corsaro's production had its oddities—Alfredo reappeared in person at the end of the first act (a modern cliché, and a bad one); Annina, forgetting her station, settled down unbidden for a cozy chat with the master; Violetta spent the Act III prelude wandering about on the terrace in her ball dress but with bare feet—on the whole the characters' emotions and behavior were nicely observed.

"Candide" as performed at the City Opera is a coarse, cheap travesty of Bernstein's opera. The shape and spirit of the original are destroyed, and number after number is deprived of meaning. This season's revival was made tolerable, just, by David Eisler's light, true, frank singing of the title role. Leigh Munro was a brittle, edgy Cunegonde. It's been a season, so far, marked mainly by acceptable tenors. Its summer segment (the first ten of the twenty weeks) is also a Corsaro-Evans season: six of the thirteen operas are directed by Mr. Corsaro, and six of them are designed by Mr. Evans.

The revival of their "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" was not happy. The sets are ill-painted; the "Cav" church is an architectural muddle. The direction is one of Mr. Corsaro's most perverse, not because of any freakish change of period or place—the basic style is stock traditional: realism from the principals, and a chorus of stooge peasants who line up like a choral society—but because he seems to have gone out of his way to destroy every theatrical effect devised by the composers. An entry of red surplices, lace, and blue-and-silver banners takes the attention from Santuzza and Mamma Lucia during the tense pause while they await the outcome of the offstage duel. Nedda shares most of her aria with a dwarf, and the latter part of it with Tonio. Her pretty little pantomime as Columbine is appropriated by two acrobats. During Canio's "Vesti la giubba," an onstage Nedda provides an alternative focus of attention; Silvio does so during "No! Pagliaccio non son;" and "La commedia è finita!" is capped by a chorister's scream and prominent exit. These are not little things; they're big theatrical moments of the dramas diminished. I've never known a "Cav" and "Pag"—or, for that matter, a "Butterfly"—so untheatrical, so feeble in emotional impact. It's puzzling. Mr. Corsaro evidently gives thought to motivation and character. But sometimes he directs as if he were tone deaf, missing the point of the music, muffing dramatic point after point that has been made with notes as well as with words. Sometimes he seems merely contrary: the composer, using a rich operatic language compounded of words, notes, and stage actions, asks for one thing, and Mr. Corsaro does something else; words and music can't be changed, but he changes the actions. (This is equivalent to saying, "I'm a better dramatist than Mozart, Verdi, Puccini." But Mr. Corsaro isn't. He usually provides inferior—albeit novel and interesting—variations on successful dramas.) Sometimes he reminds me of a conductor who, faced with a familiar work, decides to refresh it by "bringing out inner voices" even if the main theme is thereby obscured. And sometimes he's like a conductor who adds inner voices of his own composition: most Corsaro casts include characters uncalled for by the dramatist. I like elaborate, detailed stagings of "Cav" and "Pag" (though a plain, starkly beautiful Brechtian production I once saw in Parma was also impressive). Franco Zeffirelli's are far more elaborate and realistic than Mr. Corsaro's: the chorus looks and moves like a crowd of individuals; the priest behaves like a real priest; real water trickles from a public fountain; the Francofonte wine is of authentic color. (I'm recalling the Covent Garden productions; I've not seen Mr. Zeffirelli's versions for the Met.) But the musical and dramatic focus is sure. At the big moments, all attention is directed on the principals. Composer, director, and singers work together, help one another.



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OPERAS are often staged nowadays as if to help audiences in every way from having to do anything so exacting as to use their ears, and listen in detail to what is being sung, said, and played. Overtures and instrumental interludes are made accompaniments to pantomime. (An excellent episode in the "Candide" overture was drowned by the gabble and cries of an assembling chorus; the "Cav" and "Pag" intermezzi were mimed.) Audiences do their bit by blotting out passages with their applause for the scenery, for visual gags, or when a slow curtain starts to fall on a quiet coda. It's true that the City Opera's "Cav" and "Pag" casts were hardly worth listening to (with the exception of Frederick Burchinal's firmly sung Tonio); that the intermezzi were dryly played, without ripe portamento, as if they were twentieth-century compositions; that Mr. Weise's conducting was leaden, without emotional surge. But the production was surely not planned with those as données; if one doesn't intend to *use* the music, spoken drama would be preferable.

The employment of supertitles further encourages people to pay but small attention to the singers—to what they are saying and with what tones, inflections, and expression they say it. Audience reaction at the State Theatre this season has been determined by and timed to the words on the screen above the stage; jokes projected there are laughed at before the actors have made them. These supertitles are evidently planned for intent, not occasional, following: whenever, having missed a sung line and forgotten what it should be, I've glanced up for guidance, it has been to a screen already blank. Stray lines that have caught my eye at other times have been as often as not somewhat misleading. In the bohemians' mock-formal farewell to their landlord, "vostra signoria" ("your lordship") became "your wife." Santuzza's "A te la mala Pasqua, spergiuro!" was "May you be punished this Easter." Canio-Pagliaccio, returning home earlier than expected "ma in tempo!"—in good time to witness his wife's infidelity—was made to say "not early enough." In the "Traviata" second-act finale, Germont, who had the dominant line, seemed to be declaring that "Baron Douphol's sword shall defend her honor." Alfredo's exclamation "Mille serpi divoranmi il petto" ("A thousand serpents devour my bosom") was glossed over; if it's thought to be too strong an expression for modern ears, why not change the Italian, too? There's been nothing quite as jolly as the supertitle reported from Houston which accompanied Tosca's sly, tender, cajoling remark to Cavaradossi as she looks at his painting of the Marchesa Attavanti. To the displeasure of the prima donna, Eva Marton, a rehearsal audience roared with laughter when she sang the line. It read "Give her black eyes!" (in itself, a not inaccurate translation of "Ma . . . falle gli occhi neri!").

Mistakes and miscalculations can be righted. It's the device that—for all its evident usefulness—bothers me. The main fault of most American singing is already insufficient care about the text. "Make the words live, let them determine the timbre and the timing, and the music will be brought to life" has been the counsel of singers through the centuries. Supertitles are likely to encourage audiences, and then singers, to care less and less about the way the words are sung. Beverly Sills is on record as saying, "This will revolutionize opera. You don't have to sit there for hours anymore, wondering, 'What the hell is going on?' " Is that all she thought people did when, with careful attention to word color, she sang Manon, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart?

—ANDREW PORTER

BOOKS

Perelmania

Philip Rahv once ingeniously divided American writers into palefaces and redskins, with Henry James, of course, supremely exemplifying the first, Whitman and Hemingway as obviously illustrating the second. One might feel a similar urge to sort our country's humorists into two classes—the hicks and the city slickers. Such nifty categorizations can be stimulating both as seminar fodder and, on the simpler layman's level, as parlor-game fun. But those driven to drafting them must be prepared for more classification trouble than they bargained for, what with boundaries overlapping and marshy-edged definitions leaving even the nimblest exegetist ankle-deep in semantic mud—to say nothing of the assorted geniuses themselves perversely refusing to stay put in their appointed corrals. Eliot and Fitzgerald are clearly palefaces, and the best, while as a redskin Dreiser has no peer (besides being unlikely, whatever the critical fashions, ever to bite the dust). But these cases occupy obvious ends of the spectrum. There is a middle span where a writer may be neither one nor the other—or both.

It seems suggestive that in the famous essay in which Mr. Rahv's witty conceit is coined there is no mention, for example, of Faulkner, one of the first writers many of us would be curious to see ticketed. That presumably leaves the amateur free to improvise. The Faulkner of "Barn Burning" and "As I Lay Dying" is, then—to have a go at it—arguably redskin, but "Lo!," a short story about actual redskins, is executed with an adroit paleface cool, to say nothing of its putting Faulkner squarely in the front rank of American humorists. So now we have—to borrow some verbiage from the natural scientists—*inter*specific as well as *intra*specific confusion. Not only has Faulkner eluded labelling within his own species, that of novelist; he has blurred beyond recovery the distinction between it and that of the humorist. The drollery of "Spotted Horses" and "Mule in the Yard" is rustic, while the hilarity of the two Snopeses in "Sanctuary" who set out for a brothel oblivious of the fact that they're lodging in one is viewed at a more sophisticated remove. We have Faulkner now both a novelist and a humorist, simultaneously redskin and paleface in the former class and, in the latter, both hick and city slicker. That some regional redskin literature deals with palefaces who happen to be rednecks adds an unforeseen twist to the chaos. All is in disarray. Yet our definition troubles have only begun.

As soon as you have instinctively placed Mark Twain at the head of the hick class (ignoring the fact that as a writer per se he is a redskin), you remember his incomparable platform polish and begin to wonder whether you yourself are on horseback or afoot. As a de-facto Londoner and potential British subject, Henry James could affectionately refer to Mark Twain as "quaint," but there was nothing quaint about Twain's gibe that he would "rather be damned to John Bunyan's heaven" than read "The Bostonians." That's citified wit by any reasonable standard, besides verging palpably on the paleface. My God, is there more trouble? Quite. "The cleavage," let us say you are going to tell the Am. Lit. 203 class you teach, in the Monday lecture you plan to deliver—"the cleavage is cleanly historical. Petroleum V. Nasby, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, George Washington Harris (who created that all-time monster of the sticks, Sut Lovingood), Will Rogers, and, finally, Finley Peter Dunne—these are *en bloc* of the hick, or cornball, period. Benchley, White, Corey Ford, Woody Allen, Wolcott Gibbs, Dorothy Parker, Jean Kerr, Russell Baker, Veronica Geng, and, of course, Thurber and Perelman are as indubitably city slickers."

But soft. Haven't we forgotten someone, subconsciously sensing he disobligingly has a foot in each camp? Let's recall a few of Ring Lardner's lines (not including, for once, " 'Shut up,' he explained"). One of the mock bedtime stories is about a girl named Zelda who is forced by her cruel stepsisters to sleep in the trash can and is called Cinderella "on account of how the ashes and clinkers clang to her when she got up noons." For pure unadulterated hick, ain't that better'n bran'-new! But in a sketch of quite another kind we come across a man who thinks he is drinking good Scotch but may be "deceived by some flavor lurking in the mustache"—a phrase that for sheer diamond-hard urbanity would do credit to Evelyn Waugh himself. Well, the coup de grâce to our neat little differentiation is delivered by the term familiarly applied to Lardner's archetypal protagonist—the "wise boob." Overlapping and mutually devouring categories indeed!

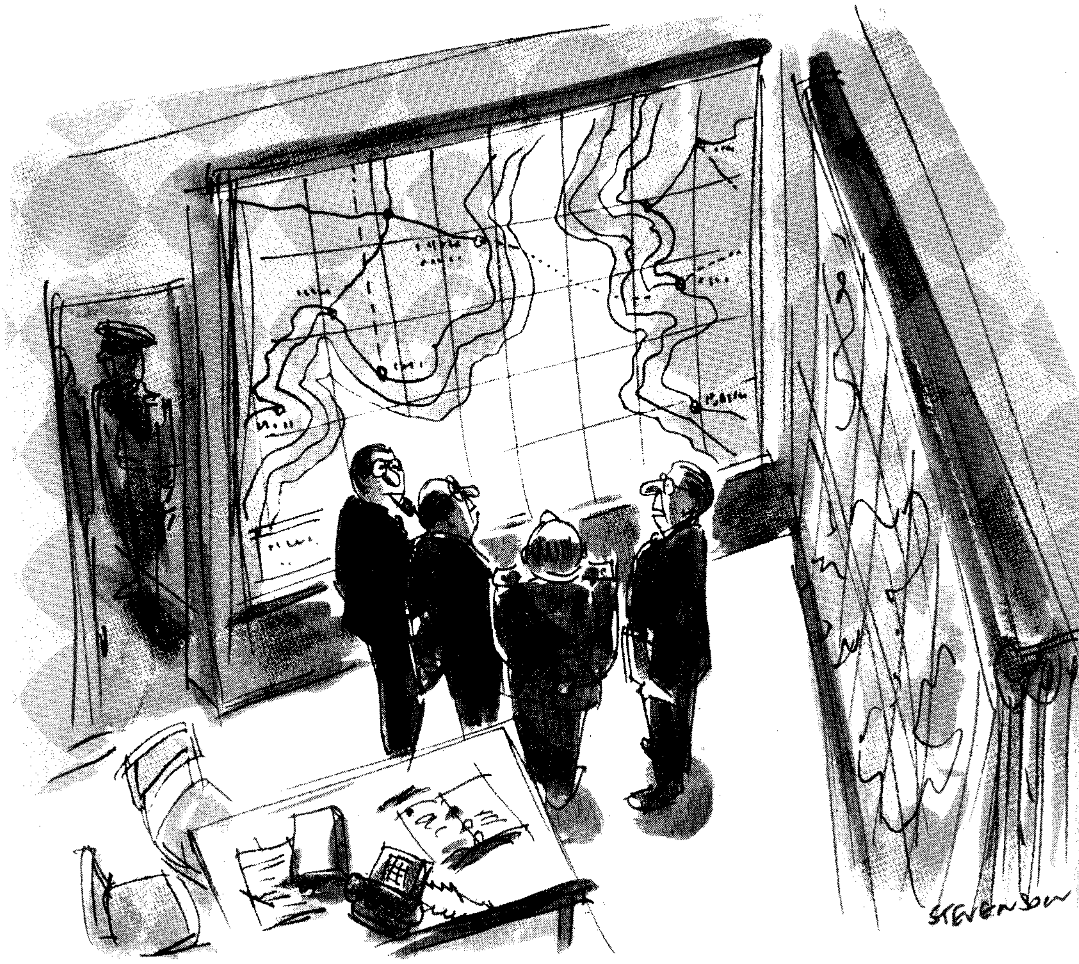
This is not to say that we have liquidated our parlor game—only played it. And the academic stubbornly clinging to his dichotomy can still face his class at least firm in the certainty that S. J. Perelman will monopolize the far end of the city-slicker half of the spectrum for the duration of the teacher's tenure, and possibly for all time. Too, with the publication of "That Old Gang O' Mine" (Morrow; $12.95), all the œuvre relevant to professorial study or reader pleasure has been brought between covers. It contains fifty-five pieces and over a hundred cartoons written and drawn by Perelman during the salad years immediately following his graduation from Brown, in 1925. The author himself never saw any reason to collect these apprenticeship efforts so typical of his own and our century's twenties; they are gathered and reprinted thanks to the editor Richard Marschall, who has performed a positively herculean feat of disinterment, spending years and, indeed, decades tracking down old copies of *Judge* and other humor magazines of the day, and preparing his compilation when he decided the hunt was complete and there were no more tattered periodicals to unearth with loving hands. The contents may not make a lasting contribution to the gaiety of nations, but they offer up the fascinating embryo of a writer whose mature work does. Even in the sketches spun out on the obvious college-humor level of the era we see the wild free association, anarchic wordplay, maniacal non sequiturs, preposterous names, and surrealist juxtapositions prescient of the accomplished pyrotechnician to come. While most of it is thus period rather than vintage, plenty of vintage stuff appears. "I have Bright's disease and he has mine" is here, and not as a line in a story, which many devotees who quote it as their favorite gag think it is, but as the caption to a cartoon.

That's one of the chief surprises—Perelman as the cartoonist he first was. As an artist he was quite good, principally in the woodcut tradition of the day, although, Perelmanesquely enough, the captions rarely have anything to do with the pictures, parts of which, to extend the absurdity, have nothing to do with each other. Mr. Marschall, in an understandably idolatrous foreword, cites one scene in which a character's vest is "patterned with a photographic detail of tenement windows—without the vaguest connection with the subject of the drawing or even its reliably unrelated caption." Determined students of American humor may detect here a kinship with the skewed connections and visual dissociations of the lamented Ernie Kovacs' early television shows: a conversation scrambled by cutting the participants' faces in two and splicing them together wrong, so that each has half of the other's mug and the exchange is reduced to gibberish; inexplicable quantities of fully clothed people rising out of a bathtub whose occupant remains at her normal ablutions against a musical background of "Mack the Knife" sung in German, and so forth.

There seems one marked difference between the early cutup and the mature craftsman we know. The former is frequently pulling the reader's leg, if not the rug from under his feet, in an unending series of unpredictable twists and turns, while the latter tends more to invite the reader to join him on mockouts of his innumerable targets, which as often as not, of course, include himself. There is a more exhilarating joyride from the master in full control of that polyphonic style, a prose ingeniously blending high literary allusion, slang, show-biz hype, Yiddishisms, unabashed puns, canyon leaps of the imagination, fantastic coinages of proper names, all compacted into a manner at once densely droll and featherlight. "Wit lasts no more than two centuries," Stendhal pontificated. Humor has an even shorter life span, so that the statistical chances of a humorist's outliving his own stuff are great—hardly a consoling thought to anyone but executives of life-insurance companies. Most perishable of all is topical humor, but the best of Perelman's improvisations in that category manage to transcend the journalistic springboards from which he does his high diving, and the brand of wit with which he executes his aerial acrobatics gives him at least a fighting chance against Stendhal's aphorism.

Shaw once drew a distinction more than slightly germane to all this—typically, in the form of a querulous complaint. In reviewing "The Importance of Being Earnest," he admitted the play had amused him but objected to having been "tickled" and "bustled" into laughter rather than touched or moved to it. Absolute adherence to such a standard would mean the death of farce—a fate Shaw himself would hardly have mourned. But is his distinction valid? Are we ever, or can we be, "moved" to laughter? No, says Bergson in his famous treatise on the subject, in which we encounter the dictum that "laughter has no greater foe than emotion." It is incompatible with feeling, for when we laugh we undergo "a momentary anesthesia of the heart." A pretty turn of phrase indeed, and close to the heart of his hypothesis. Is it true or false? Do we momentarily suspend our affection for Huck Finn when he says, "Then Miss Watson she took me in the closet and prayed, but nothing come of it"? For Holden Caulfield when he relates, of a phone that keeps ringing, "Nobody kept answering"? For S. J. Perelman when he describes his face as possessing "the melancholy grandeur of a carp at Fontainebleau"?

Certainly in tickling, or even galvanizing, our funny bone Perelman has never exactly plucked our heartstrings, so from that point of view alone he hardly meets Shaw's criterion for le-



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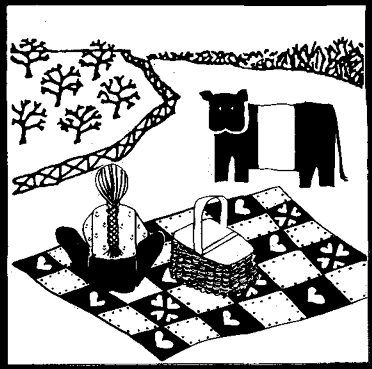

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gitimate amusement. He "bustles" rather than moves us to mirth. But to find no emotion in a work of comedy is not to assume that none has gone into its making. Considerable pain and anger must have underlain Perelman's satires. Humorists are a breed generally regarded as basically hostile wretches working out their conflicts and aggressions on paper (it's the tale that dogs the wag, you know), and Perelman himself openly scorned the notion that there was any such thing as kindly humor. He and Lardner both detested Will Rogers and his never having met a man he didn't like. There are as many theories of laughter as there are cures for hiccups, and one of them holds it to be a civilized snarl—an evolutionary refinement of the baring of the teeth among predatory lower animals. Hostility, however salubriously directed against our common enemies and nuisances, is hostility still, and has a common thread, however tenuous or sublimated, with the primitive shenanigans marking the work of George Washington Harris, whom we have left momentarily unattended at the opposite, or hick, end of our spectrum. Harris's most famous fictional creation, Sut Lovingood, is a corn-guzzling Tennessee prankster who makes our so-called black humorists look like the pearl-gray of a diplomat's homburg. Sut's idea of fun was to break up Negro funerals and drive a crazed horse into a quilting party, causing the hostess to be trampled to death. The sight of a sucking lamb really turned him on. He wanted to grab it by the tail and fling it into the nearest blackberry patch, "jis' tu disapint hit." If that was how Sut got his jollies, we can imagine how he might pleasure himself today: by riding his horse up the down escalator at Bonwit Teller, say, or galloping roughshod through the Century Club, scattering the dapper in all directions. We take helpless relish in the conjured scenes, even without having been outpriced at the former place or blackballed at the latter. Why? We are, as William James emphasized, one fabric with lunatics and criminals. And, if such, one fabric with humorists as well, be they savage as Swift or Perelman or loutish as Sut. This is not a nice can of peas to have opened, what with the charge of at least second-degree *Schadenfreude* hanging over us all, be it pleasure in a rival playwright's bad reviews or in a drubbing dealt a competitive neighbor by a market in which we ourselves may have taken a

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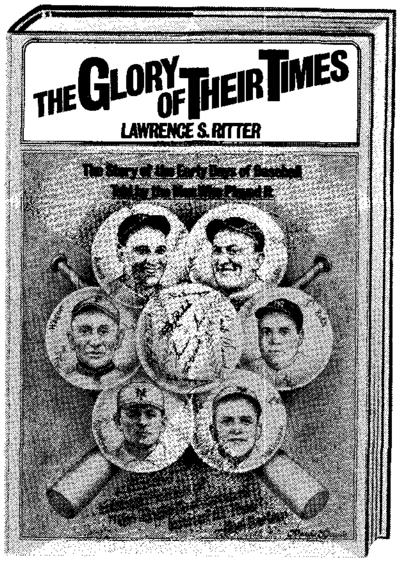
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bath. *Schadenfreude*—only one of the German words dear to Perelman for their unfailing phonetic delivery. *Schadenfreude* is so much fun to say it almost clears us of the indictment: delight in the misfortune of others.

WE have let a paradox slip by us which deserves a moment's attention, even if only that of inconclusive puzzlement.

Note has been taken that Perelman's derision is frequently turned on himself—a phenomenon embracing nearly the entire roster of city slickers. Why is that? Why did American comic writing suddenly become so preponderantly a matter of self-disparagement (much of it entailing far worse than carp at Fontainebleau)—a mystery deepening with the fact that this development coincided precisely with what Walter Blair, the sedulous scholar of our national legacy of laughter, has called "the urbanization of American humor"? How came the city slicker, who by all the laws of logic should be a model of aplomb, to be his own best butt—to be so much worse served by himself than ever he had been by the rubes and roughnecks of the frontier period? No answer is attempted here, but it's a safe guess that more than one graduate student or Ph.D. candidate is working up a lucubration on the subject right now, what with all the sociopsychiatric critics pullulating in the academic breezes. Anyhow, there they all were and are: Benchley, Thurber, Perelman, and the esteemed rest, running themselves down at such a rate that we would be hard put to it to name from among them the greatest of the self-deflators, our particular Laureate of Discomfiture.

Henry Steele Commager has remarked that great cosmopolitans are often also great provincials, citing Jefferson as a case in point, Goethe as another. Might we not in all conscience tuck Perelman in with a pair already dissimilar enough? For he was both globe-trotter insatiable and New Yorker incurable. His wanderings, solitary and *en famille*, gave us as much hilarious prose as the Sixth and Seventh Avenue delicatessens in which he professedly forged his cast-iron digestion—and everywhere he wandered he seemed to function as our ranking boulevardier. Or, to hear him tell it (and take a last note of our paradox), boulevardier manqué. The fact that he had a lover's quarrel with the Big Apple only proved his passion for it. Many of us remember with what fanfaronade he shook off the dust of New York as "pestilential" in 1970 and settled in London, only to return two years later as one might hurry back to a hectoring wife from an exasperating mistress.

We have lumped Perelman in with Jefferson and Goethe. For an even more refreshingly outlandish conjunction, and by way of leave-taking, we might say of him what Robert Frost said of Edwin Arlington Robinson—that his life was a revel in the felicities of language. What "serious" author among us, redskin or paleface, can lay claim to a wizardry more stunning, a grasp of the cadences and phonetics of our beautiful tongue surer than his? More still might be pertinently borrowed from what Frost said, which happened to be in his introduction to Robinson's "King Jasper": "The style is the man. Rather say the style is the way the man takes himself; and to be at all charming or even bearable, the way is almost rigidly prescribed. If it is with outer seriousness, it must be with inner humor. If it is with outer humor, it must be with inner seriousness. Neither one alone without the other under it will do."

Ave atque vale. Leave has already, of course, been taken, but we can now confidently choose the epitaph unwittingly drafted for us by a poet who himself perfectly exemplified that inner-outer occlusion. "His life was a revel in the felicities of language." We know it can be safely chiselled in stone.

—PETER DE VRIES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOPE DIAMOND REFUSES, by Iris Owens (Knopf; $13.95). Hope Diamond is a Jean Rhys heroine with gumption and a salvational sense of irony. She is also an American, and we meet her in a grubby Village apartment in New York surrounded by a hippie homosexual, a married sportswriter from the Ozarks, and the stingy, shifty owner of a celebrity restaurant, also married. When life threatens to cave in on her, the resourceful Hope flees to the medieval Caspian kingdom of Ustan, the native land of her princeling former husband. But life is just as unrelenting there. This is a truly amusing novel, and, for all its hard-edged fun, a poignant one.

VOICES IN SUMMER, by Rosamunde Pilcher (St. Martin's; $13.95). Here,

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in Rosamunde Pilcher's well-spoken company, we escape for a time into an upper-class English world of ease and comfort: of lovely old London houses in still untroubled enclaves; of salmon-fishing holidays in Scotland; of, especially, a grand (but in no way stiff or stuffy) house on hundreds of scenic acres in Cornwall, with gardens of beautiful flowers and delicious vegetables and fruits and a view of a sunny sea. There is an attractive middle-aged banker with a lovely young (second) wife, a retired admiral and *his* lovely wife, the lovely young daughter of the banker's first marriage, a charming young man (the admiral's wife's son), a young woman flutist with an adorable (illegitimate) baby, an old *nanny*. All of them are agreeable, decent, honorable people, their comings and goings are diverting, and their problems, if any, are chiefly those of the heart. There is, to be sure, an unhappy widow, and there is a touch of mischief at the end, but those intrusions only heighten the flavor of morning tea, of elevenses, of picnic lunches at the all but private beach, of drinks at all appropriate times, of dinners of fine food and fine wines—and so contentedly to bed (single or double) with the sea breeze rustling the bamboo trees in the park.

THE HEROIC AGE, by Stratis Haviaras (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). "Ask Zeus to change you into birds"—that is the advice of a mortally wounded sympathizer with the Greek revolutionaries, or Andartes, to five boys (including the narrator) who are sick of three years of civil war and are heading north, in 1948, for Yugoslavia. The sympathizer has heard a rumor that Tito has conspired with the Nationalists and the Americans to have the border sealed, so that the Andartes may be cornered. The children remain children, but, obliged to turn south (the rumor turns out to be true), they change, over the next several months, into heroes: fighting under teen-age Andarte commanders and alongside other boys and girls, who have holed up in a strategic mountain cave, and whose guns and brave words are no match for the Nationalists' American napalm; then slaving, half-starved, as stonecutters on a prison island after the Nationalists and bitter weather have defeated them. Excerpts from blithe wire-service dispatches, heading some chapters of this memorable story,

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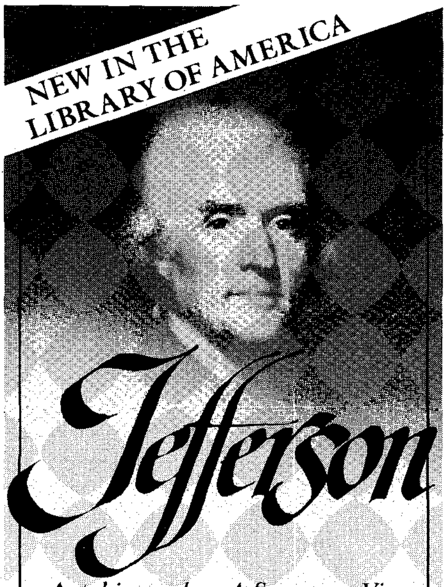
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suggest that Western newspapers were about as unbiased as the Olympians at their worst. Cautiously recovering his sense of hope once he has been paroled from the island to a nearby tourist town, the narrator (almost fifteen) recalls a wise aunt's words: that a boy's "heroic age" is from six to fourteen, but a girl's, in Greece, lasts a lifetime.

GENERAL

REQUIRED WRITING: MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, 1955-1982, by Philip Larkin (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). Mr. Larkin is by profession a librarian (at the University of Hull), by vocation a novelist and poet, and by trade a literary journalist, and it is as this last that he presents himself here. It is an impressive presentation: reminiscence that is richly autobiographical, book reviews that have the bite of criticism, reflections on jazz that reflect much listening. There is hardly a piece here that is not worth reprinting and rereading. He is a vigorous judge, and his judgments are sharp and lucid. On the novel: "Readability to a large extent is credibility." On innovation in the arts: "You have to distinguish between things that seemed odd when they were new but are now quite familiar, such as Ibsen and Wagner, and things that seemed crazy when they were new and seem crazy now, like *Finnegans Wake* and Picasso." On poetry: "We seem to be producing a new kind of bad poetry, not the old kind that tries to move the reader and fails, but one that does not even try." And he finds in the history of jazz "a capsule history of all arts—the generation from tribal function, the efflorescence into public and conscious entertainment, and the degeneration into private and subsidized absurdity."

REVOLUTION IN THE PHILIPPINES: THE UNITED STATES IN A HALL OF CRACKED MIRRORS, by Fred Poole and Max Vanzi (McGraw-Hill; $18.95). A novelist and a journalist join forces to describe how the Marcos dictatorship has wrecked the economy of the Philippines and established a reign of terror; how the Reagan Administration has lent legitimacy to this extractive system; and how, as a result, the Filipino population has been radicalized and begun to turn anti-American. The authors have toured the islands, and describe visiting the New People's Army—guerrillas who have bor-

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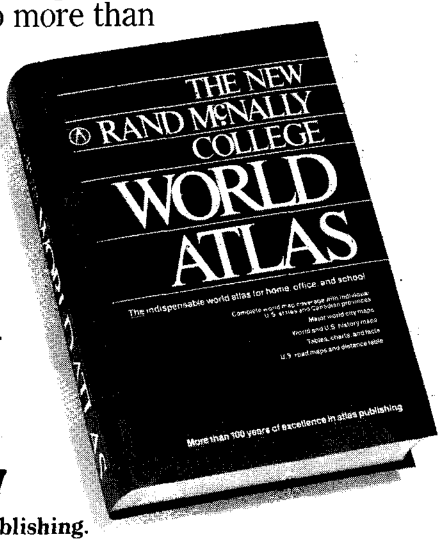
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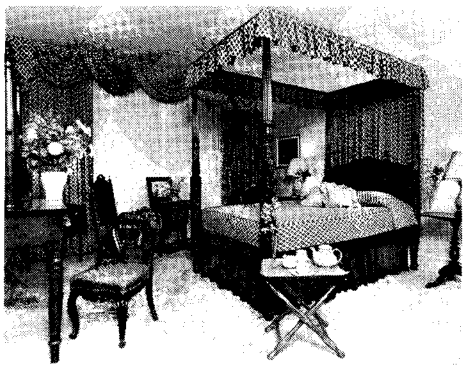

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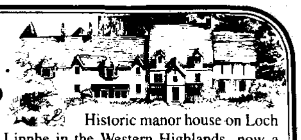

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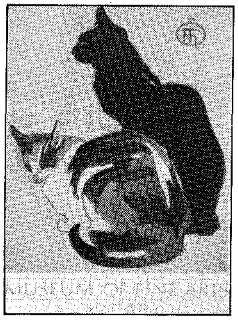

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rowed from Mao, and who seem more likely to prevail than the Communist Hukbalahap of the post-Second World War era. Marcos's successor, the authors believe, will probably be one of his generals, who will inherit a failed economy and a population sympathetic to a Communist-led rebellion. Mr. Vanzi travelled with Benigno Aquino on his fatal trip home last year: his account of that journey's end and the recollections of other travellers which he cites support claims that Aquino was killed by his Filipino "security" escort.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EMILY DICKINSON IS DEAD, by Jane Langton, with illustrations by the author (St. Martin's; $13.95). "A novel of suspense," the title page promises, but from the start the reader is in on who, what, where, when, how, and why. The setting is the Belle of Amherst's house, where a symposium is about to commemorate the centennial of her union, as she put it, with "the supple Suitor That wins at last." By the end of the symposium, which inspires more than one crime, including more than one act of forgery, two rivals for the honor of sleeping in Emily Dickinson's bedroom—one too dim to be a poet, the other too fat to be a belle—will be dead. The farfetched plot hinges on seasonal routines at a local reservoir and on the lack of all but one season in an Arizona university town called Pancake Flat. There is too much comic relief in a women's group dubbed "S.I.N.G.E.D." ("Singles for Emily Dickinson") protesting the symposium's all-male roster of speakers and in the criminally offensive cooking of the Thoreau scholar and ex-detective who has solved Jane Langton's previous mystery stories, and who has come over from Concord to lecture at Mount Holyoke.

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

IN the August 6, 1984, issue of *The New Yorker*, a sentence about the French *douaniers* in the Letter from Europe misreads, because of a typographical error. The sentence as it was written by the author read "They have time and license, and (when it is not to their advantage to be tolerant) they are brutally scrupulous."

—THE EDITORS

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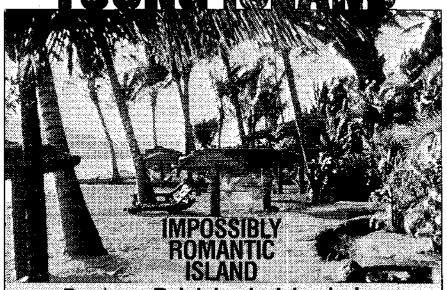

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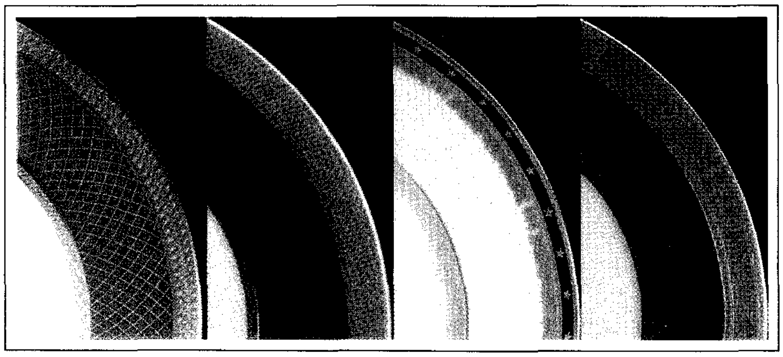

The current White House China (1982), the Truman (1951), Roosevelt (1935), and Wilson (1918) China Services.

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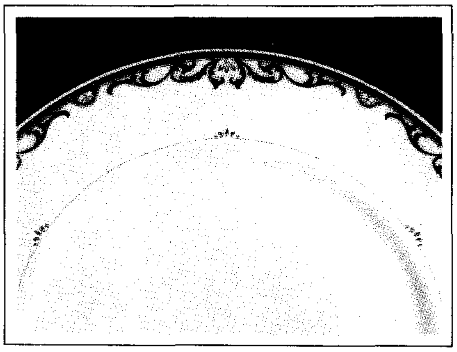

The "Liberty" pattern on The Presidential Shape. (1984)

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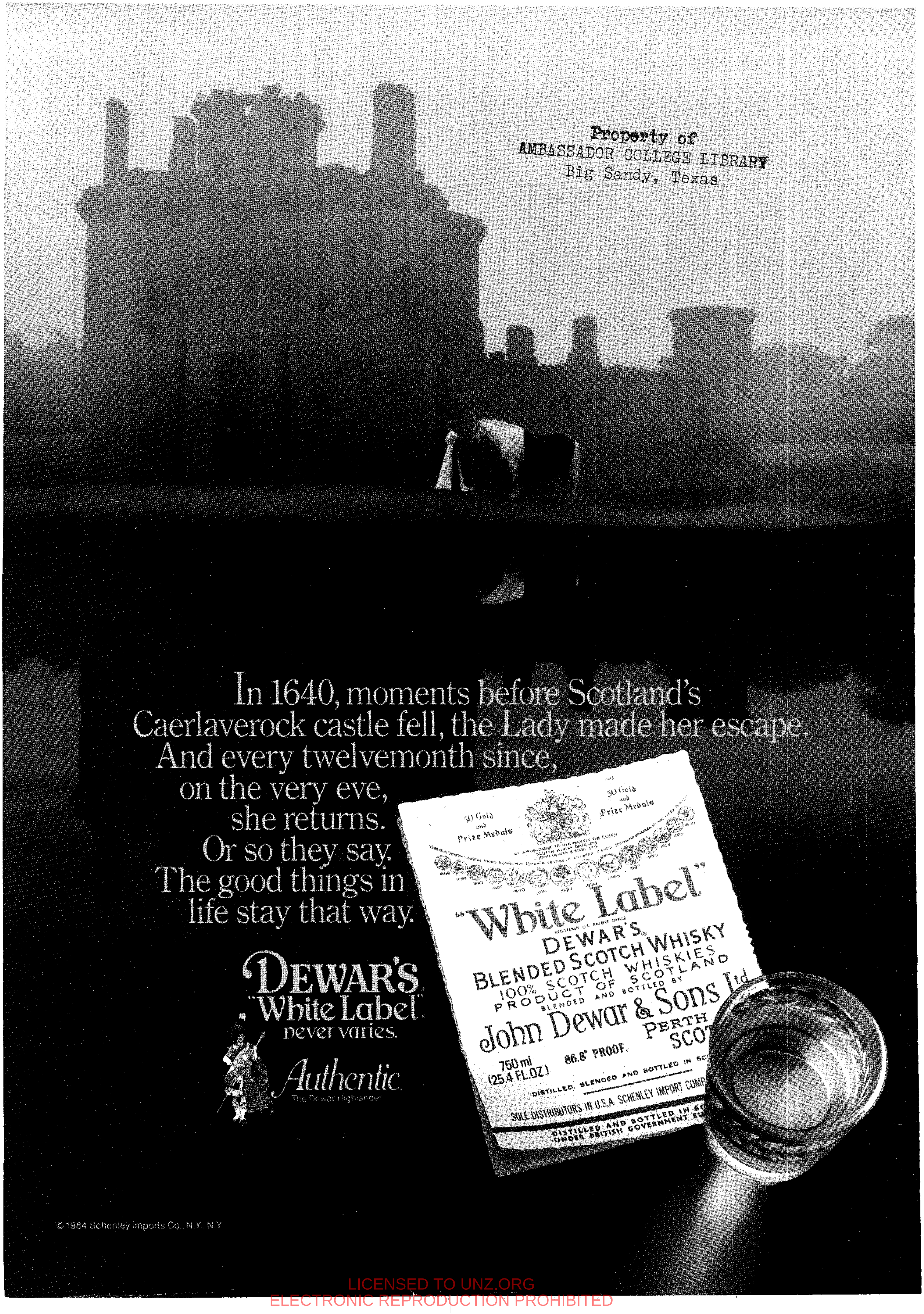

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